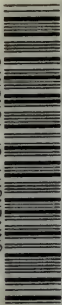


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THE *Stirling*
BRITISH NOVELISTS;

WITH
AN ESSAY;

AND
PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY
MRS. BARBAULD.

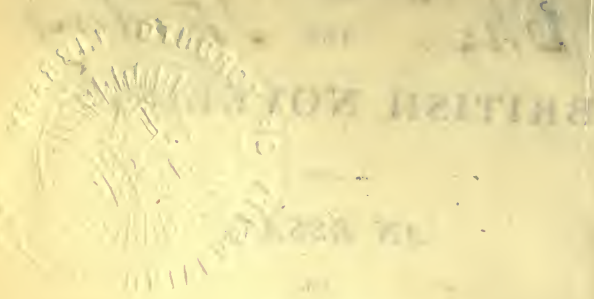
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VOL. XXXVII.

193102
17.12.24

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; W. OTRIDGE AND SON;
A. STRAHAN; T. PAYNE; G. ROBINSON; W. LOWNDES; WILKIE AND
ROBINSON; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN; J. WALKER; VERNOR,
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MATHEWS AND LEIGH; J. FAULDER; JOHNSON AND CO.; W. CREECH,
EDINBURGH; AND WILSON AND SON, YORK.

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1810.



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*Printed by T. C. Hansard, Peterborough Court,
Fleet Street.*

THE
OLD MANOR HOUSE.

—
BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

—
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE

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THE
OLD MANOR HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

SUFFICIENTLY punished by the alarm he had been in for his indiscretion, Orlando no longer ventured to appear where any of the tenants or servants of the hall might probably meet him; but, as he was afraid of returning to the house of his father till the whole family were assembled, lest he should hear more of the reproof he could so ill bear, he lingered about the coppices; and as a chain of them led to a sharp eminence clothed with wood, that overlooked a part of the park, where, among the venerable trees scattered around it, the Hall-house appeared, he sat himself down on an old seat which had been placed here for the prospect afforded by this woody knoll, and indulged reflections which, though far from pleasant, were mournfully soothing. He recollected that, in this copse, but a few years before, he had once been permitted with some other children to accompany Monimia in gathering the nuts with which it abounded—How gay and happy they were then! how unconscious of evils to come!—Under that tuft of hazel Monimia sat, while he threw the fruit into her lap; and there he pursued a squirrel for her, which escaped up that old beech tree!—The letters carved by the rustics, whose Sunday's walk in summer sometimes led them to this bench, remained: he remembered them well: and, for the first time in his life, felt disposed to take

his share of this species of fame* ; and, with his knife, he engraved on that part of this covered seat which had suffered least from

.....“ The sylvan pen
“ Of rural lovers,” †

the words—“ ORLANDO, 9th December 1776”—flattering himself that this rude memorial might be seen by Monimia, and draw from her soft bosom one sigh more of tender recollection, in his absence.

Thus passed the time till the hour nearly approached when he believed the whole family would be together, and when he should therefore escape any farther conversation with his father. He made his way towards home, over hedges and through the most pathless part of this woody country ; and, entering the house by the kitchen, he enquired for his mother and sisters. The servants answered, that their mistress was ill, and had lain down on the bed ; but that the young ladies were in the parlour.

Concerned for his mother, whom he fondly loved, Orlando hastened into the common parlour, where he saw Isabella leaning her head on her hand, in which was an handkerchief, and Selina hanging over her, her eyes streaming with tears. Orlando, imputing all to his mother's illness, enquired eagerly how she did, and how she so suddenly became ill? Selina, in answer, exclaimed: O dearest Orlando ! how glad I am you are come back ! we have been wishing and seeking for you.

* So admirably described in Cowper's exquisite poem of *The Task*, where he speaks of the alcove

.....“ Impress'd
“ By rural carvers, who with knives deface
“ The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
“ In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.”

† THOMPSON.

But, my mother! cried Orlando, my dear mother!

She is only very much agitated, replied Selina, and I hope will be better presently: but Isabella—

What, for God's sake, has happened to you? said he, interrupting one sister, and addressing his hurried enquiry to the other. Tell him, Selina, said Isabella, and ask him how he would act if he were situated as I am?—I will go to my own room.

What is all this, my dear girl? said Orlando as soon as she had left the room: Isabella seems less affected than you are!

Selina then related to him, that soon after breakfast her father and General Tracy had walked out together, at the desire of the latter: where the General had opened his intention of offering himself to Isabella as an husband—of making very great settlements if she accepted of him—and, in short, said Selina, he made the proposal appear so advantageous to my father, that the disparity of age seemed by no means a sufficient objection against accepting it:—he therefore referred the General wholly to Isabella herself, with whom he conversed as soon as he returned home, representing his own situation, which certainly affords us all but a melancholy prospect, Orlando. He even told Belle, in regard to our circumstances, some particulars which have been owing to Philip's expences, that my father says he has not ventured to tell even to my mother, because they would half kill her.—It seems that we shall not have any provision in case of our poor father's death, as Philip has stripped him of all he had saved; and as this estate would be Philip's, we should not have, to support us all, above fourscore pounds a year, my mother's settlement; which, as she had so small a fortune, was all she would let my father settle upon her.—This, you know, is not

twenty pounds a piece for us; and Isabella would not certainly be happy with such a pittance, if it were possible for her to live upon it: only, therefore, consider what a contrast the General's offers make—Besides the power such a match would give her to make our dear parents easy (which I own is the only circumstance that would shake my resolution were I in her place), she would be raised so much in rank! and have such a large fortune!—so much splendour round her! things which you know Belle has no dislike to, that I believe she will consent, though she has a hundred times ridiculed the General; and when he has been making love to her— Making love to her! said Orlando; has he long made love to her?

I *think* he has, replied Selina. I know very little how people make love; but I am sure if that was not making love, I cannot guess what is. Belle, at first, only laughed at him, and used to say such rude things about his wig and his false teeth, and the art he used to make himself look young, that I have wondered an hundred times how he bore it: but afterwards he grew more importunate, indeed I thought impertinent, and Belle threatened to speak to my father. As for my mother, we agreed to tell her the sort of language he held whenever he could get my sister alone, or with only me and Emma; and my poor mother, afraid of disobliging a man who she thought had been such a friend to you, and might be to the whole family, desired we would not tell my father, who would certainly have resented such behaviour, and contented herself with keeping us out of his way, and never suffering us to be out of her sight. So the poor General, not being able to succeed in carrying away Isabella on his own terms——

Curse on his insolent presumption! cried Or-

lando passionately; he never could dare to think of it.

My mother, answered Selina, believes he did:— but you see he repents of his evil intentions, and is determined to be generous and honest at last.

And does my sister Belle accept of him then?

That is the matter now in debate. My father has represented the situation she will be in, if he dies and leaves her unmarried. She knows all the pecuniary advantages that attend such a situation as the General offers her: and the question only is, whether, as she has no attachment whatever, the charms of grandeur, the chance of being a Countess (for the General's elder brother has but one son, a poor puny boy), and being called the Honourable Mrs. Tracy, are not sufficient temptations to make her forget that the husband who is to give her all these advantages, is a good deal older than her father?

— And how do you think the debate will terminate? said Orlando.

Isabella has been crying about it, as you see; and my mother's being so extremely affected made me cry: but I believe, Orlando, that the General need not despair. Isabella, however, has desired till this evening to consider of it; when she is to give him her answer herself. He said that he could not go to town and leave undecided a matter on which the whole happiness of his life depended: nor could he bear to be in the presence of the adored object, till the hour when this decision was to be made: so as soon as he had made his fine speeches, he mounted his horse, and is gone to dine at Stockton's.

Selina, enquired Orlando, tell me honestly, my sweet sister, what you would do, were you in Isabella's place.

I am very glad I am not, Orlando; but I will tell you honestly as much as I know of my own heart—Were my father to say to me, as he has said to my sister Belle, that to see me so opulently married would make his latter days easy, and save him from those hours of anguish that now torment him about the future fate of us all, I should certainly marry this old man, if he were ten thousand times more odious to me than he is. 'To make my father happy, Orlando, whom I now see often sinking under a weight of anxiety that is destroying him—to secure to our dear indulgent mother the comforts of affluence, if we should lose him—and to promote your interest, Orlando, and poor Philip's, and my sister's, I would throw myself alive into the fire; or, what would be to me much more hateful, I would marry a man whom I abhor.

The fine blue eyes of Selina, on which those of her brother were tenderly fixed, filled with tears as she said this—her voice failed her a moment—but her brother did not interrupt her, and she went on—

But were only myself in question: then, were I to see poverty and even servitude on one side, and General Tracy with his brother's coronet in one hand, and a settlement of ten thousand a year in the other, I do assure you that I should refuse him.

Generous, charming girl; cried Orlando; I do believe you, my Selina; and I rejoice that you are not exposed to the alternative. Belle, though I love her dearly, has not, I know, quite your heart; and I hope does not so much dislike this man, if it is indeed so probable that she will accept of him—Besides, the situation in life which he can offer, has charms for her gayer and more ambitious mind, which my soft Selina cannot taste.

What shall I say to my sister is your opinion, Orlando?

That she must consult her own heart, my dear ; for I cannot, in such an affair, give any opinion. But now, Selina, as we shall not have half a moment longer together, tell me, could you contrive to go with me this evening to meet Monimia for the last time ? Selina, at first, started some objections—If they both went out together their design in going could hardly be concealed ; and she should perhaps incur the displeasure of her father and mother, who would not be well content that Orlando, whom they probably wished to consult on the important affair in agitation, should quit them immediately after dinner. It was however, after some debate, settled that he should go first ; and that Selina, to whom every thing was soon rendered easy that could contribute to the happiness of her beloved brother, should follow him ; for she said that she might then perhaps not be missed ; because it was often her custom to sit of an evening with Emma up stairs, as they had usually a great deal of work to do for themselves and their mother ; and though this was not a day when they could make that excuse, yet their habit of doing so would make their absence little remarked on an evening when a business was in debate so momentous as Isabella's answer. The brother and sister had hardly settled their little plan of operations, before they were told the dinner was ready, and on their entering the dining room the rest of the family were already assembled there.

Mrs. Somerive, though she had collected resolution to appear at dinner, could not conceal the agitation of her mind—Orlando so soon to leave her, and the fate of her Isabella in suspense ! Her dread lest her daughter should sacrifice herself and be unhappy, opposed to her wishes that she might be established in such high affluence, made her mind a chaos of contending emotions ; while Somerive

himself, reading in her countenance all that passed in her heart, and knowing, even better than she did, how necessary such an alliance was to the preservation of all the family, was even more affected; but he had yet strength of mind enough to conceal it better, and to appear calm, though thoughtful and melancholy, frequently turning his eyes on Isabella, who seemed in a kind of elegant languor, the effect of her debate between duty and indifference; though, in fact, it had been held much more between aversion and vanity, in which the latter hardly needed the aid of any other consideration to come off conqueror.

In a family party so situated, there was not, of course, much conversation, and the dinner passed without any body's eating, though each pressed the other to eat, and affected to eat themselves. Orlando hardly spoke three words, and those were addressed to his mother, the interesting concern of whose still beautiful countenance wounded his very soul. Distracted between the fear of adding to that concern by his abrupt departure, and of a failing in his appointment with Monimia, he believed this dinner, useless as it was, was the very longest he ever sat down to. Just as the table-cloth was removed, he heard the clock strike five; and, looking at his watch, which went by the great clock at the Hall, he found their own was ten minutes too slow. Monimia then was waiting for him in the wood, listening to every noise, and accusing him of cruelty and delay! Before this idea, every other consideration vanished; and, starting up, without even attempting an excuse, he hurried away; nor had his father, who called to ask whither he was going—nor the more tender voice of his mother, who cried, Orlando! my son! surely you will not leave us! power to detain him a moment. He rushed out of the

house, and ran, with the swiftness of an Indian, to the great-pond wood.

By the time he arrived there, it was almost dark ; but he discerned between the stems of the tall firs the figure of Monimia sitting on the seat he had marked to her as the place of their meeting. Never before did he seem to love her so ardently as at that moment ; his heart was softened by the thoughts of their immediate separation, while, oppressed with the occurrences of the day, it seemed ready to burst. Breathless from the speed with which he ran, and hardly knowing what he did, he threw himself on his knees before her, and, seizing her hands, bathed them with his tears.

The trembling girl, who had been there even earlier than her appointment, and who had, amid an hundred other fears, despaired of his coming, alarmed, and unable immediately to weep, hung over him, as with frantic gestures he spoke to her ; and when she would have reproached him for the apprehensions in which he had left her, her words were inarticulate ; and it was some time before either of them were able to congratulate the other that they thus met once more !

Alas ! the bitter certainty that a long, long separation must soon follow, poisoned the pleasure of their meeting : neither knew how to speak of it, yet it was impossible for either to think of any thing else.

You go to-morrow, Orlando ? said Monimia. Yes, answered he ; and then relating what had passed in regard to Isabella, he added, that perhaps if his sister determined to accept the offers of General Tracy, as he believed she would, it might be in some respects advantageous to him ; for I understand, said he, that the enamoured old beau means, if his love is successful, to return in a few weeks—

perhaps three weeks or a month, in order to carry off his young bride; and that he has hinted to my father, that from thence forward, considering me rather as his brother than his protégé, he shall not only procure leave of absence from the General of my regiment—(for I am not in his, but in that where his nephew, Captain Warwick, has a company)—but use his utmost endeavours to procure me immediate promotion. I own Monimia, that though I think this marriage most preposterous, and that my sister Isabella is marrying merely for money; yet I am so weak, and I am afraid so selfish, that the idea of gaining by this alliance the advantage of seeing you, which I could not often do otherwise, makes me half forget the disparity of the ages, and overlook the absurdity of a man of sixty-five marrying a girl of twenty-one; indeed, whether I approved or disapproved it, would in this case make no difference; therefore, as I could not prevent the evil, if it be one, there is, I trust, no meanness in my availing myself of the good.

Monimia felt a weight, heavy as the hand of death, taken off her heart, when he told her they were, in consequence of this new family arrangement, likely so soon to meet again. Her mind, which had dwelt with horror on the idea of a separation for months, perhaps for years, was now relieved, by supposing it might not be for more than three weeks; and knowing nothing of military rules, she supposed that after the first forms of entering on his profession were gone through, he might return to the Hall; and that if she could not, from that active watchfulness which her aunt might then renew, see him every day, she should at least know that he was under the same roof, or within a few miles of her; to know even that he was in the same county, was a satisfaction; she should hear Mrs.

Rayland speak of him, if she was herself deprived of the happiness of meeting him; she should see him in the park, and hear his voice speaking to others, if he was not allowed to speak to her. Perhaps Mrs. Lennard, convinced by this absence that her suspicions had been groundless, might less vigilantly oppose their future intercourse. All these hopes—for the hopes of a young and inexperienced mind, are sanguine and easily received—served so far to assuage the pain Monimia had felt on their first meeting, that she became soon able to converse with calmness; and not only quieted her own troubled spirits, but endeavoured to soothe and compose those of Orlando. Her voice had upon his heart the power of magic—deliciously soothing as it was, it excited that sort of painful pleasure which is only expressed by tears. From this state of tender sympathy they were soon awakened, by a voice calling at a distance for Orlando. Monimia started, in terror; but her lover immediately appeased her fears, by telling her what his haste and the tumult of his mind had made him before omit, that he had appointed Selina to meet them. They now therefore (as it was so nearly dark that they could hardly distinguish their way) hastened together towards that part of the wood from whence the voice came; and they soon met the poor terrified Selina, who, almost speechless with fear, on finding herself so far from home alone, and in a night that threatened impenetrable darkness, trembled like a leaf, and said to Orlando, as he took her arm within his, that the whole world should not have bribed her to venture what she had now done for him.

He led again towards the bench by the boat-house, though Selina pressed him to return home as soon as he could.—I tremble, said she, and am terrified

to death, lest I should be missed : my father indeed is never very angry ; but just at this time I would not for the world add to the many causes of uneasiness which he has about the rest of us.—

Nor would I, replied her brother ; no, Selina, there is not in the world any sacrifice I would not make to both or either of my parents, except that of my affections for Monimia. He then, though both urged him to put an end to this interview, which seemed indeed only productive of needless pain, insisted upon their sitting down by him ; and, holding their hands, which he kissed as he united them, he besought them to love each other when he was gone, and to consider each other as more than sisters ! He told Monimia, it was in cover of his letters to Selina he proposed to write to her, and not by the means of the under game-keeper, as he had once proposed ; and he then enquired if they could not appoint some one day in the week when they might meet in that spot : I shall then be present with you, said he, mournfully, at least in imagination—yes, however distant my person may be, my soul will be here ! I shall, in fancy at least, enjoy the delight of seeing together the two beings whom I most fondly love, and of knowing they are occupied with the thoughts of their poor Orlando ! There is a story in one of the popular periodical publications, I believe in the Spectator, of two lovers, who agreed at a certain hour to retire, each from their respective engagements, to look at the moon ; the romantic satisfaction they enjoyed in knowing that the eyes of the person beloved were, at the moment they were gazing on it, fixed on the same planet, will by this means be doubled to me ; for I shall know that at such an hour on such a morning my Monimia and my Selina will be just in this place ; I shall

see them—I shall see the eagerness with which Monimia will ask for news of me—the pleasure with which Selina will give it.—Every object round this spot will be present to me; and wherever I may be, however occupied in my duty, my soul will at that moment be particularly here.

Selina, not less anxious to gratify him in this romantic fancy than Monimia herself, now named Monday, as the morning when this innocent assignation should be made; and gave as her reason for it, that on that day her mother was less likely to miss her, from her being then particularly engaged in settling her domestic concerns; and that as they did not always certainly receive letters from the neighbouring post town, except on Sundays, the morning of the following day of the week would be that, in which it would be most likely she should have those that were to be sent her for Monimia.

Poor Monimia, with a deep sigh, reflected, that if all this was necessary to soften a separation of only three weeks (for Orlando had again assured her it would not be more), a longer would be quite insupportable to them both. The deep sound of the great clock at the Hall tolling six, sullenly conveyed towards them by the water, roused her from her momentary dread of future sorrow to a perfect sense of that which was immediately before her. It was necessary to hasten this dreadful parting; there was not a moment to lose; for at a quarter past six she was to be in the parlour to make the tea for Mrs. Rayland and her aunt, and the nearest way was near a mile to the house.—Falteringly she spoke to Orlando of the danger of her stay—he heard her, but he could not answer.—Selina, who was almost as fearful of being missed as she was, repeated it.—Come then, cried Orlan-

do, dejectedly, since it must be so, let us go.—He took one under each arm, and was moving towards Rayland Hall, when Selina cried, Dear brother; you will not go to the Hall?—No, answered he! but I will not suffer Monimia to go so far alone; therefore we will see her safe in sight of the house, and then return.—We must be very quick then, said Selina.—As quick as you can walk, my sister; answered he, still in extreme agitation: for I care not how soon the pain I endure at this moment is at an end—I suffer the tortures of the damned! The poor girls, terrified at the vehemence with which he spoke, and the wild way in which he hurried on, made no reply, and only exerted themselves to keep up with him. In silence they ascended an high stile, which in one place separated the park; and in silence ascended the hill which arose behind the north front of the house.—Monimia then desired him to stop—We are now, said she, within sight of the house, and there can be no danger for me.—Within sight; How is that, my Monimia, when it is so dark that we are hardly within sight of each other?—No, replied she; but what I mean is, that there is nothing to fear in my crossing the park alone.—I shall go with you, however, said Orlando, to the old thorn in the dell below.—At the hazard, said Monimia, trembling, of our being met by some of the servants at the Hall, or people going home from their Sunday's visits to them?—at the hazard, added Selina, of terrifying and displeasing my father and mother?—At the hazard of every thing! replied Orlando, with a degree of impetuosity which neither of them had courage farther to oppose. They again became silent; and as they continued to walk very fast, or rather to run, they presently reached the place which Orlando had himself named for their parting; where Monimia again

stopped, and disengaging her arm from his before he could prevent her, she said, faintly, And now, Orlando, God bless you!—dear, dear, Selina! She was quite unable to finish the sentence; but, turning, would have left them, when Orlando, throwing his arms round her, wildly pressed her to his bosom.—Be not so much concerned, said she, trying gently to disengage herself, remember you have told me we shall meet soon—very soon again: Orlando! if you really love me—if you pity me, do not, I implore you, detain me now.—I will not, said he: God forbid that I should injure you, dearest, loveliest——! She was gone—he stood a moment like a statue, while her white clothes made her distinguishable through the gloom.—Selina then entreated him to hasten home—No! he said dejectedly; No, I must stay here till I hear the door by which I know she will enter the house, shut after her; and then I shall be sure she is safe. Selina could not oppose this; it could indeed take up but a moment—Hush! cried Orlando, do not speak; let us listen—ha! the door shuts! Well, Selina, I will now go back with you; and a thousand and a thousand times I thank you, my best Selina, for your indulgence to me.

They then hurried back the way they came, and with as much haste as the darkness of the night would permit: it was above three miles by the nearest path; and Orlando, occupied solely by the anguish of having parted with Monimia, uttered not a syllable; while Selina, excessively alarmed lest her mother should have missed her, felt her heart beat so much with apprehension, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could keep pace with him.

CHAPTER II.

ON their arrival, however, at the house, Selina was agreeably surprised to find, from little Emma, who was reading in the room they shared above stairs, that she had never been enquired for; that the General had arrived just before, to tea, which was, on his account, ordered later than usual; and that Isabella, who had been below ever since dinner, with her father and mother, was now, she believed, alone with the General, to whom she was to give her answer.

The palpitating heart of Selina then became quieter: she took off her hat and cloak, adjusted her hair, and prepared for the summons she expected to have to make the tea. Orlando a moment afterwards glided up to them; he said there had been no enquiries for Selina, and all was right.—I went, said he, as is my general custom when I come home, into my father's study, but I found nobody; and, from what I can gather from the servants, this important answer has been given, and our old brother is with his papa and mamma, and with his future bride; they are all settling the ceremony together.

How can you laugh, Orlando, said Selina, at any thing so serious.

Nay, replied he, assuming a levity he was far from feeling, you would not have me cry, Selina! If Isabella is happy in this match, surely her family have reason to be glad of it; but one cannot help thinking of January and May! Selina had read but little, and knew not to what he alluded; nor had she time to reply, for at that moment Mrs. Somerive looked in upon them; she smiled, as it seemed, through tears—Orlando, said she, I am glad you are returned—Why did you leave us so abruptly after

dinner? But come, my children, we wait for you below.—And are we to find there a new relation, Madam? said Orlando. Is the General to compose hereafter a part of our family?—Your sister has decided that it shall be so, replied Mrs. Somerive, stifling a sigh; and you, Orlando, will be pleased to see how much pleasure this alliance (notwithstanding there is certainly a too great disparity of years) gives to your dear father. The difference of age is indeed the only objection: in every other respect General Tracy is a match infinitely superior to what any of my daughters could have pretensions to. Mrs. Somerive then led the way down stairs, and her children followed her.

During supper the General assumed, as well as he could, the triumphant air of a young successful lover. Isabella was silent, and affected resignation to the will of her parents; while her father looked at her with eyes in which doubt and concern were mingled with hope and satisfaction. It seemed as if he at once rejoiced in having his daughter so well established, and yet feared that to the dazzling advantages of rank and fortune she might sacrifice her happiness. None of the party seemed much disposed for conversation; and as the General and Orlando were to depart early the next morning, they separated sooner than usual: Mrs. Somerive in better spirits than she would have been, if the General had not assured her that he would himself bring Orlando down with him, when he returned to claim the happiness of becoming allied to her, and might call himself the most fortunate of men.

Calmed by these promises, of which she saw nothing that should impede the execution, she beheld her son depart on the following morning, without any of those paroxysms of grief which Orlando had so much dreaded, and which he was so ill able

to bear. Before the travellers got into the chaise, in which they were to go post to London, the General demanded an audience of his future bride; and Orlando was at the same time closeted by his father, who enjoined him to preserve his morals, to attend to the cultivation of that good opinion with which the General honoured him (points which a little experience proved to be incompatible), and lastly, to make enquiry after his brother, and if he could find him; to endeavour by every possible means to persuade him to return home.

Orlando promised to obey all these injunctions, to the utmost of his power; and glad to escape hearing any other charges, which he might have found it impossible to obey, he received the summons now sent him to attend the General with pleasure; for nothing is more painful than the sensations which arise at the moment of separation from such friends, even though the absence be but transient. The General had paid his compliments all round, and Orlando now embraced his family with tears in his eyes. His father wrung his hand, and once more gave him his blessing.—His mother could not utter the last adieu! but went back into the parlour with her daughters; while Orlando, seated by his military patron, left his paternal mansion as fast as four post-horses could carry him.

He was not disposed to talk; but as the distance increased between him and Monimia—between him and his family, all he held dear in the world! the depression of his spirits increased also; while his companion, as he approached the scene of his former habits, and thought of the raillery he should encounter upon his new system of reformation, became more silent and contemplative: the clamours of his mistresses, of whom he had now three upon his hands, and the ridicule of his friends, arose to his

imagination in a very formidable light ; but then the beauty, youth, and vivacity of Isabella Somerive seemed excuses for a much greater folly than he was about to commit. He recollected many of his acquaintance, whom he was willing to suppose much older than himself, who had married young women without half her attractions. He fancied, that he was weary of the dissipated life he had hitherto led ; that as he would soon be no longer a young man, but be *declining towards* middle age, it was time to have somebody who should be truly attached to him ; while his being married did not at all preclude him from gallantries, which he saw every body else pursue whether they were married or not. The greatest inconvenience he foresaw, was what arose from the precipitate affection he had shewn towards his nephew, Captain Warwick, the orphan son of his sister, whom he had taught to consider himself as heir to his fortune, who would be much mortified at the disappointment. However, he reconciled himself to this objection, by reflecting that it would be very hard indeed if his kindness to his nephew should prevent his gratifying himself ; and by resolving to make young Warwick an immediate present of a thousand pounds, and to settle a very handsome income upon him after his death, that he might not be quite thrown out of those expectations to which he had been brought up, when the General should have a family of his own.

Nothing was farther from the General's intentions than to marry Isabella Somerive, even when he had first changed his battery, and pretended to her honourable love ; but he found so little prospect of succeeding with her, even if all was to happen in her family as he had foreseen, and he felt it so impossible to live without her, that what he had begun

with the most insidious designs, concluded at last in an honest, though an absurd one: and having once taken the resolution to commit matrimony, he endeavoured to reason himself out of every objection that pride, libertinism, or the fear of ridicule, continually raised against it. Isabella, whose heart was perfectly free from every impression in favour of any other man, had so behaved as to make the enamoured General believe, that only her charming reserve, owing to her rustic education, prevented her avowing her attachment to his person; though, on a thousand occasions previous to his serious declaration, she had placed his vanity and affectation of youth in the most ridiculous point of view, and had shewn him that she did not care a straw for him.

But such power has vanity in obscuring the best understandings, that her ancient lover really supposed he could inspire her with sincere affection for him. Still, however, he felt an awkward kind of sensation when he thought of the numberless gay young men with whom his blooming Isabella would be surrounded when she was his wife. Above all, he reflected with disquiet on his nephew, who was reckoned one of the handsomest men of the times—he was three-and-twenty; and the General felt no satisfaction in being called uncle—Uncle! it sounded so antique. Warwick, indeed, was never admitted to live with him; and he now repented that he had procured leave for him to come home from America, in consequence of a wound he received there, and heartily wished him back again; but his return thither was not, according to the General's own account, very likely to happen. If the presence of Warwick at his own house in Grosvenor Place was not agreeable to him, that of Orlando was as little so; and though not

for quite the same reason, for another very similar. Before the last conquest made by Isabella Somerive over the susceptible heart of General Tracy, at least a third of it had been possessed by a young woman, whom he had purchased of her-mother, and whose assumed virtue and great attractions had induced him to admit her into his house, where she had reigned ever since very despotically. As he had not yet settled whether he should part with her or not, or acquired courage to tell her his intentions, she must, till he could make up his mind on this point, remain where she was; and, whatever might be his future resolution, he did not greatly like that the handsome young Orlando should be introduced to her acquaintance. As he could not give this reason to Mr. Somerive for not asking Orlando to take up his abode in his house, he had sedulously avoided mentioning it at all. Orlando had never thought about it; but occupied solely by what he had left, he considered not a matter so inconsequential as whither he was to go when he got to town. Tracy had once or twice led the conversation to topics which he thought would engage Orlando to say what he intended in this respect; but Orlando took no notice of it, till, at length, just as they crossed Fulham Bridge, Tracy said, Mr. Somerive, shall my chaise and horses put you down in London?—You know I stop on this side the turnpike, at Hyde-Park Corner; but the chaise shall go with you wherever you please.

I am much obliged to you, Sir, answered Orlando, who never till that moment recollected that the General had not invited him to his house—but there is no sort of occasion to take your carriage.—I shall go, added he, this evening to Mr. Woodford's.

That was a plan that the General did not quite

approve of; he knew that, if his intended marriage was once known at that house, it would be instantly spread among his friends by means of the communication Woodford had with many of their families, which was a circumstance he was not yet prepared for. The ambition of Woodford himself, and the malice and disappointment of the two young ladies, would busy them all in circulating the report; and the General, in love as he was, and determined to marry, had not yet prepared himself to stand the ironical congratulations of his male or female friends, but particularly the latter, on his resolution of uniting himself in holy matrimony to the niece of his wine merchant. These thoughts made Orlando's intentions of going to Woodford's, which however he might easily have foreseen, very displeasing to him; and he remained silent some time, considering how he might guard against the inconveniencies he apprehended.

His reasons for not giving him an apartment in his own house kept their ground; but he would very fain have prevented his going to Woodford's, at least till he had himself taken some means to parry the first burst of the ridicule he so much dreaded. He could not take one very obvious means to prevent the circulation of the news of his intended marriage, by requesting Orlando not to speak of it; for he had often remarked that he was quick-spirited, not without a considerable share of pride, and affectionate solicitude for the honour of his sisters; to affect, therefore, making a secret in London of what he had so openly avowed in the country, could hardly fail of awakening the high-spirited Orlando to some degree of resentment, if not of doubt in regard to the reality of his intentions. After a long debate on the subject, the General at last recollected that it was impossible

to suppose Somerive himself would not write to a brother-in-law, whom he was so much accustomed to consult, on a subject so interesting and important; and that, therefore, any precautions he might take in regard to Orlando would be useless. It is true that his being by his intended marriage allied to his own wine-merchant, had before given him many severe qualms, which a glance from the arch and bright eyes of Isabella had at once dissipated: but now, as he approached his town-house and saw those bright eyes no longer, these fits of half repentance, originating in pride and prejudice, recurred with more force; and when he arrived at his own door, he started from one of the reveries thus brought on, and again said to Orlando, Shall my servants get you an hackney coach?

There was something in the abrupt manner of asking this, which suddenly convinced Orlando that the General had no inclination to ask him into his house. Piqued by this observation, he answered coldly, that there was no occasion to trouble his servants, for that he should walk to the house of his uncle, and would send a porter for the small portmanteau he had in the chaise.—By this time the General's valet de chambre had opened the chaise-door, and Orlando, who was on that side, got out. He stopped; and the General, as he followed him, asked, in a low voice, some question of one of the footmen who had been left in town, and who came to the chaise-door also: to which question the man answered aloud, No, Sir! she is gone out. The General, turning to Orlando, who was coolly wishing him a good evening, said—You will certainly do me the favour to walk in.

Orlando by this time comprehending that there was some lady usually resident with him who was not to be seen, and that he was only asked in because

she was at this time absent, answered, that he would not then intrude upon him:—but as I shall want the advantage of your instructions, Sir, said he, on many things of which I am totally ignorant, I shall be obliged to you to tell me where I am to receive your orders.

There was a coldness, and indeed a haughtiness, in the manner of Orlando's saying this, that convinced the General he saw and was offended by the evident design he had himself formed of evading to give him an invitation. More disconcerted than he had almost ever felt in his life, he had again pressed him to go into the house, which Orlando again refused; and then saying he hoped to hear from him at Mr. Woodford's, when and *where* he might attend him for the purpose of receiving those instructions relative to his future proceedings which he had promised his father to give him, he again wished him a good evening, and walked away.

Orlando had never been in London but once when he was about sixteen, and had then only attended his mother on a visit for about a week in the spring, which she had passed with her brother. He remembered that he never was so happy as when they left it, and, on a fine evening of May, returned from the smoke of the Strand, in one of the streets of which Mr. Woodford lived, to his dear native county, where only there seemed to be any happiness for him. Since that time he had never felt a wish to revisit London; and in a melancholy mood he now proceeded along the streets, recollecting little more than his way from Piccadilly to the Strand. Every object wore a very different appearance from what they did when he saw them before. It was now a dreary, foggy evening in December, and just at the hour when the inhabitants of the part of the town he was in were at their desserts, so that

hardly any carriages but a few straggling hackney-coaches and drays were rumbling over the pavement. As he approached Charing-Cross the bustle became more; and the farther he advanced, the throng of coaches coming out of the city, and going towards the play-house from other parts of the town, deafened him with noise: but it was a mournful reflection, that, among all the human beings he saw around him, there was not one interested for him. While the dirt through which he waded, and the thickness of the air, filled him with disgust, his mind went back to the dear group at home: he saw them all assembled round the fire in the little parlour—his father trying to dissipate with a book the various anxieties that assailed him for his children, now and then communicating some remarkable occurrence to his wife as she sat at her work-table:—he saw Isabella employed in making some little smart article of dress, and fancying how well she should look in it—and Selina, while she and Emma were assisting his mother in completing some linen for him, more attentive to her father's reading, often asking questions and soliciting information.

But when he had finished this picture, his fancy, with more pain and more pleasure, fled to the lovely figure of his Monimia in her solitary turret, sighing over the tender recollection of those hours which would never perhaps return, sometimes wishing she had never known them, but oftener regretting that they were now at an end.—He saw her stepping cautiously into the library, whenever she could find it open, to take or to replace some book which they had read together—she shed tears as she read over the well-known passages he had particularly pointed out to her—she dwelt on the pages where he had with a pencil marked some peculiar beauty in the

poetry. He fancied he saw her take out the lock of his hair which he had given her in a little crystal locket, press it to her lips, and then imagining she heard the footsteps of her aunt, return it hastily into her bosom, and place it near her heart. A thousand tender images crowded on his mind; he quite forgot whither he was going, and was roused from this absent state of mind only by finding himself at Temple-Bar. Recalled then from the indulgence of his visionary happiness to the realities around him, he recollected that he had passed the street where his uncle lived: with some enquiries, however, he found his way back; and, on arriving at the house, he heard that Mr. Woodford was out, having dined in the city; and that his wife and her daughters were gone to the play with a party of friends who were to sup with them. He was told, however, by the maid-servant who let him in, that he was expected, and that a bed had been prepared for him by direction of her master, who had received notice of his intended arrival by a letter from the country the day before. Orlando could not help remarking to himself, that he was likely to have but a cool reception in an house, the inhabitants of which could not one of them stay at home to receive him; but he was new to the world, and his heart open to all the generous sympathies of humanity. He thought that relations loved one another as well in London as in the country; but he soon saw enough of these to make him resign, with perfect composure, a too strict adherence to old-fashioned claims of kindred.

CHAPTER III.

A MOMENT'S reflection recalled the confused and dissipated thoughts of Orlando back to the transactions of the day. He had never liked General Tracy much; and he now liked him less than ever, and regretted that Isabella was to be his wife. He almost doubted whether he ever meant to make her so; and the idea of any deception raised his indignation. But he had nobody to whom he could communicate his thoughts: and it was perhaps fortunate for him that he had not; for his open, unguarded temper, incapable of dissimulation, and despising it wherever it appeared, was very likely to have betrayed him into confidence with his uncle which would have hurt his father.

The moment, however, he saw Woodford, he shrunk into himself; and instead of remembering that he had not yet been at home to receive him, felt only concern that he was come home at all.

Warm from a city dinner, the boisterous manners of his uncle appeared particularly disgusting to Orlando, who had lately been accustomed to associate only with women, or with his father and the General; the conversation of the former of whom was pensively mild, and that of the latter so extremely courtly that he seemed always to fancy himself in the drawing-room. Orlando, therefore, was almost stunned with the halloo of his uncle on receiving him: he shook him, however, heartily by the hand, crying—Well, my boy! I'm glad to see thee: though devilishly thou art bit, my little hero, to find that all that old Tabby's fine promises end in sending thee to carry a rag upon a pole, and get shot through the gizzard by the Yankies.—Aha! I was right, you see.—Take my word another time. I

know the world, and never saw that waiting for such chances answered—A young fellow may wait till he is grey on one of those hags, and the devil a bit find himself the forwarder at last.—They never die; for o' my conscience I believe they have each of them as many lives as a cat: and when at last they have the conscience to turn the corner, it's ten to one but they bilk you after all.—No, no; take my advice another time—never depend upon them; 'tis better to shift for one's self.

Well, Sir, said Orlando, whom this harangue equally tired and disgusted, you see that I have followed your advice, by embracing a profession—

A profession! cried Woodford with a contemptuous look; and what a profession!—To be shot at for about five-and-thirty pounds a year! Hey? or how much is it? thereabouts, I believe.—A rare profession, when a man ties himself down to be at the command of about a dozen others!—In this manner he ran on, nothing doubting the shrewdness of his remarks, and not meaning to be rude and brutal in making them: yet Orlando felt that he was both; nor was he much relieved by the change in the conversation that brought the General's intended match into discussion. Woodford was at once flattered by such an alliance, and mortified that his own daughters had missed it. He felt proud that he should boast of having *the Honourable* Lieutenant General Tracy his nephew, but was vexed that he had not had any share in bringing it about; and this contrariety of sensations found vent in the coarse railery he uttered to Orlando, who was once or twice on the point of losing his temper, before the entrance of the ladies and their party from the play put an end to a dialogue so very disagreeable to him.

Young Woodford, who, having quitted trade to study the law, was now a motley composition, be-

tween a city buck and a pert Templar, accompanied his mother and sisters; which he took care to signify was a great favour, and not owing to his wish to oblige them—but to see how he liked a young woman they had with them from the city, and who was the only daughter of a rich broker of the tribe of Israel, who had, however, married a Christian, and was indifferent enough about his own religion to let his daughter be called a Christian also. Her fortune was supposed to be at least seventy thousand pounds; and Mr. Woodford had long been scheming to procure a match between her and his Jemmy:—to which Jemmy declared he would condescend, if he could but bring himself to like the girl. But he thought her confounded ugly, and had no notion of sacrificing himself to money. The girl herself, just come from a boarding-school, her head full of accomplishments and romance, was in great haste for a lover. Mr. James Woodford was reckoned, by some of his young acquaintance, a very smart, fashionable man; and Miss Cassado needed very little persuasion to fancy herself in love with him.

The intended husband of Maria Woodford, and a young man who seemed to have pretensions to the other sister, were the rest of the party: who, preceded by Mrs. Woodford, now appeared. The ladies of the family spoke with cool civility to Orlando—the younger Woodford, with the air that he imagined a man of fashion would assume for the reception of his country cousin: but under this apparent contempt he concealed the mortification he felt from the observation that Orlando, who was always admired by the women, was much improved in his person since he last saw him.

With his two female cousins Orlando had never been a favourite, notwithstanding his acknowledged beauty; and that for no other reason, than because

he had never paid to their charms the tribute of admiration they expected from every body. Eliza particularly disliked him, because he had refused a sort of a proposal made by her father to give him her hand and a share of the business. But the young Jewess, who consulted only her eyes, immediately discovered, by their information, that this stranger was the sweetest, handsomest, most enchanting man in the world; and that James Woodford was nothing to him. She had her imagination filled with heroes of novels, and the figure and face of Orlando exactly corresponded with the ideas of perfection she had gathered from them; while the natural good-breeding which accompanied whatever he said, and that sort of pensive reserve he maintained in such a company, which gave to his manner peculiar softness, placed him at once among the dear interesting creatures with which her head was always full; and she either so little knew, or so little wished to conceal the impression he had made, that James Woodford and his mother perceived it, both with an accession of ill humour which did not sweeten their manners towards Orlando.

At supper every body talked together; though their eagerness to be heard could not be justified by the importance of what they had to say, which was chiefly remarks on the players, criticism on their acting, or anecdotes of their lives, of which the younger Mr. Woodford had apparently a great fund. Orlando, who knew none of them, and for whose conversation there was no vacancy if he had been disposed to converse, sat a silent auditor of this edifying discourse; now wondering at the importance affixed to people and events which appeared to him of so little consequence—now comparing the noisy group in which he sat, with the dear circle at home, and his delicious *tête-à-têtes*.

with his soft and sensible Monimia—and not unfrequently looking with some degree of wonder on the rosy cheeks, disfigured forms, and disproportioned heads of the ladies—but especially on that of Mrs. Woodford, whose cheeks were as red, and whose plumage waved as formidably as that of any of the misses. He soon determined, that till he could finish his business about his commission, and prepare for his duty, he would take a lodging, and not remain where he was likely to find so little society to his taste, and where his reception was hardly civil.

Having taken this resolution for the morrow, he felt no other wish but that the disagreeable night would end; and totally neglected by every body but Miss Cassado, who now and then addressed herself to him in a sweet sentimental tone, he had disengaged his mind from the scene around him, and was picturing in his imagination the turret of his Monimia. He saw her sleeping; and her innocent dreams were of him! Every piece of furniture in the room, the books, and the work that lay scattered about it, were present to him. It was the image only of Orlando that sat at the table of Mr. Woodford; the soul that animated that image was at Rayland Hall.

But from this illusion he was startled by Woodford; who, giving him a smart blow on the shoulder with his open hand, cried, Why, Captain! you are in the clouds! Hey-day! what pretty plump dairy-maid at the Hall is the object of this brown study? Never mind, my lad—a soldier finds a mistress wherever he goes; and though I dare swear thou hast broken a sixpence with her as a token of true love—she will not break her heart, I warrant her, while there's a sturdy young carter in the county of Sussex — Come, most magnanimous Captain,

cheer up! We are going to drink, in a bumper of such claret as thou hast not often tasted, Confusion to the Yankies, and that there may soon be not a drop of American blood in their rebellious hearts!—As thou art going to fight against them, thou wilt help us drink against them—Come; your glass, Sir; your glass! and when that toast has passed, I have another.

Orlando, who was more shocked and disgusted by every word his uncle spoke, now took his glass in silence; and Woodford, engaged in some of that conversation which he called roasting, with another of the young men, let him drink the wine without insisting on his repeating words, from which, almost ignorant as he was of the nature of the contest with America, his reason and humanity alike recoiled.

But he did not so escape from the future toast with which his insupportable uncle had threatened him. When the whole company had drawn round the fire (for their supper was now concluded), and every glass was again by the order of Mr. Woodford *charged*—he, who in dining out, and in liberal potations he had taken since he came home, had already swallowed more than was sufficient to elevate his robust spirits, stood up with his back to the fire in the middle of his family and his guests, and there gave a toast which had a very direct reference to General Tracy's marriage with his niece Isabella, in terms so very improper, that Orlando, to whom it was particularly addressed, felt every principle of personal honour or general propriety insulted by it, and positively refused not only to drink it, but to stay in the room while it was drank. Being once roused, and feeling himself right, the vulgar ridicule of his uncle had as little effect as the more serious and angry remonstrance of his coxcomb

cousin, who assured him, that only his little knowledge of the world, and rustic education, could cover him from the most serious resentment. A severe pang touched the sensible heart of Orlando, as he recollected that his beloved mother would be vexed at this difference between her brother and her son : but, when he related the cause, he was sure she would not blame, but commend him ; and conscious of all the dignity of an unadulterated mind, scorning to stoop to even an unworthy expression because it was authorised by custom, or insisted upon by a relation, he took his hat, and, wishing the ladies good-night with great politeness, was leaving the house, when Woodford himself overtook him at the door, and apologised for his unguarded proposal, by which, however, he protested he meant not to offend him. On this apology, and on an assurance that he should hear no more of such offensive conversation, Orlando returned to the room, though fully determined to leave the house the next day.

The licentious and vulgar mirth, however, which Mr. Woodford chose to call conviviality, was at an end after this incident. James Woodford, already detesting Orlando, could hardly be civil to him ; the lady of the house beheld him with a mixture of envy, contempt and terror : the misses, his cousins, felt only resentment and contempt : but the little Jessica, gone already an age in love, admired his spirit, and adored his beauty ; and when her father's chariot, with an old Hilpah who acted as a sort of Duenna in it, came to fetch her home, she made a tolerably confident advance to engage the brave pretty creature to escort her home. Orlando, however, either did not or would not understand her ; and James Woodford, piqued at the preference given to Orlando, which the lady was at no pains to conceal, suffered her to depart alone.

The rest of the party immediately separated: the young barrister retired to his chambers, hardly deigning to wish his country cousin good-night—Orlando, whose trouble no kindness from this family had power to allay, as their neglect had no power to increase it, went to his room little disposed to sleep; fatigue of body and mind gave him up to a few hours of forgetfulness. At dawn of morning he awoke, and, as he knew it would be long before any of the servants rose in an house where night was converted into day, he dressed himself; and as the day was to be dedicated to business, and he wished to lose as little time as possible, he went to breakfast at a coffee-house, and left a note for his uncle, saying, in civil but cold terms, that, as he had so many affairs to transact in a very short time, he must keep very irregular hours, and therefore should be a troublesome inmate in a family; for which reason he should take a lodging near the part of the town where his engagements lay, and should only occasionally trespass upon him for a dinner.

From the coffee-house where he breakfasted he wrote to General Tracy, requesting his directions, as he determined not to call at his house. To this letter, however, he did not expect an answer till after one o'clock, as the General was seldom visible sooner; and he employed the long interval in writing to his family a short account of his safe arrival in London, and in pouring out his whole heart to Monimia in a letter, which he inclosed in one to his sister Selina.

General Tracy was in the mean time suffering, on one side, all the apprehensions of what would be thought and said, when his intended marriage should be known, by those whose interest it was to keep him single; and, on the other side, from his

fears of losing Isabella, his passion for whom absence did not promise to do much towards curing. Warwick had been returned from his recruiting party above a week, and had been several times in Grosvenor Place enquiring for his uncle; and the behaviour of the lady of the house towards her ancient lover was such as gave him great reason to suppose that his intended reform was suspected, if not known. Of this, however, he had no longer any doubt, when, going late in the evening after his arrival in town to the house he usually frequented in St. James's street, he was attacked upon this tender subject by all his old friends, and rallied without mercy. As he could not deny an affair of which they seemed so well acquainted with the particulars, he took at once the resolution to avow it; their ridicule then ceased, and Tracy returned home, glad that this first burst of laughter was over.

But much was yet to come of a more serious nature, against which he armed himself as well as he could, by reflecting that he had a very good right to please himself, and that neither Captain Warwick, nor any of those other persons to whom he had given a claim over him, had any other dependence than on his bounty. To the women on whom he had made settlements, he knew he must pay them; but whatever he had done for Warwick was entirely voluntary; and as his nephew had no other dependence, he would hardly, for his own sake, so behave as to cut himself off from a share of his future fortune because he could not have it all.

Armed with these reflections, he determined to end this disagreeable state at once, by telling Warwick what he intended for himself, and for him. And when his nephew, apprised of his being re-

turned to London, waited on him the next morning at breakfast, Tracy, though he would rather have mounted a breach, plunged at once into the subject—informed Captain Warwick of his intention to marry, and of the immediate present, as well as future provision he intended for him.

Warwick, who had always feared his uncle's very youthful propensities would, as he advanced in life, betray him into the very folly he was now about to commit, received this intelligence with more concern than surprise. He was himself of the gayest and most inconsiderate disposition. In the height of health, youth, and spirits, the admiration of every woman he saw, and the life of every company he went into, his vanity did not allow him to suppose that he owed any part of that admiration to the prospect he had of being heir to General Tracy's wealth; and, imputing it all to his own merit, he fancied himself superior to the malice of fortune. There were many possibilities which, on a moment's reflection, weakened the blow which this intelligence seemed at first to give to his fairest hopes—His uncle might change his mind a day before it was executed—the young woman might jilt him—or, even if the marriage took place, he would probably have no children; and then he should himself be so little injured by this match, that it was not worth thinking about with any degree of concern—The thousand pounds too, which his uncle promised him, was a *douceur* that considerably abated the bitterness of such intelligence; and Warwick, rather through the carelessness of his nature than from motives of prudence or policy, received this intelligence so much more calmly than Tracy expected, that his uncle appeared to be in a better humour with him than ever. This uneasy subject once discussed, Tracy proceeded to inform

him, that the brother of his intended bride, for whom he had procured an Ensign's commission in his (Warwick's) regiment, though not in the same company, had accompanied him to London, in order to equip himself for the service, and to join that part of the corps that were in England. While he was thus speaking, Orlando's note was brought in; and on Tracy hinting that such were his wishes, Captain Warwick immediately offered to go himself to the young soldier, and give him every assistance and information that could be useful to him.

Instead, therefore, of a written answer to his note, Orlando heard a gentleman enquiring for him in the coffee-room; and on his appearing, Captain Warwick, whose figure and address immediately prejudiced every body in his favour, introduced himself as the nephew of General Tracy.

If Orlando instantly conceived a favourable opinion of Warwick, *he* was yet more struck with his new acquaintance. From his uncle's account, and from what his own imagination added to it, he supposed that he was to be a temporary bear-leader to a tall straight-haired cub just come from school, who wanted a drill serjeant rather than a fashionable acquaintance: but when he saw, and only for a moment had conversed with Orlando, he perceived that he was one of those beings for whom education can do little, and whom nature has so highly favoured that nothing can be added by art. The two young men, thus highly pleased with each other, soon entered into conversation, with that unguarded familiarity which accompanies generous tempers in the candid days of youth. Orlando spoke his mind very freely on the absurdity of the match meditated by the venerable General; and Warwick as freely ridiculed it, while he could not

help expressing some curiosity as to Isabella, whose charms had thus brought about what so many artful women of all descriptions had been trying at for the last thirty years at least. Orlando described his sister as he really thought her—a very handsome girl, full of spirit and vivacity, with a great deal of good humour—a good share of understanding, which did not, however, exempt her from being very vain, and somewhat of a coquette. It was on enquiries relative to her person, which he said must be extraordinary, that Warwick dwelt the most—Really, said Orlando, I have seen many women who are as handsome, some handsomer. For example, I think Selina, my third sister, infinitely more beautiful, though I own to you she is not generally reckoned so.—Upon my soul, replied Warwick, your family, Somerville, must be a very dangerous one—I suppose, though, I am pretty secure; for my good old uncle, or *young* uncle—I cry him mercy!—will not let me have a peep, for the world, at this future aunt of mine! Orlando was glad to see that Warwick received with so much *gaieté de cœur*, an event which would have raised in the minds of most other persons, so situated, inveterate enmity against his whole family. Warwick engaged him to dine at a tavern in Pall-Mall; and they then went out together, that Orlando might know where to find the tradesmen for whom he had occasion.

CHAPTER IV.

For a young man of the temper and disposition of Orlando, there could not be a more dangerous companion than Captain Warwick. Indulged from

his infancy, by his uncle, in every thing that did not interfere with his own pleasures, and having no parents to restrain him, Warwick never dreamed of checking himself in whatever gratified his passions or flattered his imagination. His spirit and vivacity recommended him to societies of men, where he learned to be an agreeable *debauché*, to drink without losing his reason, but not always to play without losing his money. His very fine person, and the softness of manners he could occasionally assume, endeared him to the women, among whom he was called the handsome Warwick, and with them lost his time—but hitherto without losing his heart. With all his acquired imperfections, he retained many inherent good qualities—He was humane, generous, and candid: his soldiers adored him; and his friends, amid all that fashionable dissipation in which most of them lived, were more attached to Warwick than fashionable men usually are to any body. Orlando, in the simplicity of his heart, thought him the man in the world most calculated to be his friend. Warwick was recruiting at Barnet; but, however, had obtained leave to be in London: and Orlando, who, after passing a few days with him, could less than ever endure the sort of society he found at Mr. Woodford's, took a lodging near Warwick's, and they became almost inseparable. The General, embarrassed between his love for Isabella Somerive, which he could not conquer, and his present connections, which he knew not how to break, passed in a state of mind by no means enviable the first week after his return to London; but the greatest torments he was to experience had not yet overtaken him, for the societies of fashionable women, among which he had been the oracle, were not yet assembled for the winter. He dreaded, when he met them, not only the loss of his con-

sequence, but the scorn and ridicule he should be exposed to. He wished to be once married, when common civility would repress those sarcasms to which he knew he should be otherwise exposed; yet as the preparations necessary for this important event, which he assured Mr. Somerive he would hasten, were to be begun, his resolution failed: he wished he had not gone so far, but had adhered to his former cruel plan, of waiting till the death of her father, and the distress and dispersion of her family, which that event threatened, had thrown her into a situation in which it was likely she might be tempted to accept less honourable proposals. While the mind of the ancient lover thus fluctuated between the fear of losing her quite, and the reluctance he felt to resign his liberty to obtain her, Isabella discovered no impatience for his return; but waited for her promised dignities with tranquillity, which her father was far from sharing. The painful idea of sacrificing his daughter to mercenary considerations, was not more supportable than that of leaving her destitute, together with the rest of his family, of a comfortable subsistence; but, above all, the cruel desertion of his eldest son, of whom he had now heard nothing for many weeks, corroded his heart with unceasing torments; and those torments were increased by the necessity he imposed upon himself, of concealing them as much as possible from his wife.

The letters he received from Orlando were his only consolation; yet even these were embittered, by hearing, in every one of them, that all his enquiries after his brother had hitherto been fruitless. Warwick, who found great pleasure in his company, had, very early in their acquaintance, learned the source of that anxiety which often clouded the open countenance of his friend; and in

hopes of meeting Philip Somerive, they had gone together, not only to public places, and to all parts of them which it was likely he might frequent, but to gaming-houses and taverns of the second class, where, from Orlando's description of his brother's style of conversation, Warwick thought it most likely he would be found: but they gained no intelligence of him; and the very research was not made with impunity by Warwick, who could seldom help engaging in any thing that was going forward. But Orlando's affection for his family, and for Monimia, secured him effectually from the infection of such societies—he had strength of mind enough to consider how much he owed to them and to himself, and to reflect how unpardonable his conduct must appear to his father, if, in undertaking to recover his brother, he should lose himself. These reflections, and an heart almost insensible of all pleasures but what were derived from the hope of passing the summer of his life with Monimia, were antidotes even to the influence of Warwick's example, who often gaily rallied his country prejudices, but never seriously attempted to pervert his principles—and sometimes, in their more serious conversations, was candid enough to own that he should himself be a happier man if he did not, rather than incur the ridicule of those for whose opinion he felt only contempt, plunge into vices for which he had no taste, and call pursuits pleasurable, which, in fact, had no power to bestow pleasure.

Orlando had now been three weeks in London; for the plan of returning to pass his Christmas at Wolverton, which had been once proposed, had been given up. The General, contented with having introduced him to Captain Warwick, had seen no more of him since than common civility required, and was now gone to pass that space of time

between the end of the old and the beginning of the new year, when it is very unfashionable to be in London, at the house of his brother, Lord Barhaven, who usually remained at his northern residence till the end of January. The General had originally proposed to return to Somerive's house at this time; but not having yet recovered the doubting qualms which he had since felt, he thought a fortnight at his brother's, where he hoped and believed no idea of his intentions could yet have been heard, would give his arguments on both sides fair play, which now were so equally balanced: he should be alike removed from the fascinating charms of the blooming Isabella, and from those rivals who, in London, had many established claims on his heart and his pocket.—He should not, on one hand, be delighted with the spectacle of family happiness and domestic comfort, which the circle at Somerive's house offered to him; nor, on the other, dread the ridiculous light into which the wit of his London friends threw his intended marriage with a beautiful rustic, young enough to be his grand-daughter. For these reasons he wrote to Somerive, lamenting the necessity he was under to change his plan; and alledging that it was family engagements alone that impelled him to do so, but that as soon as they were fulfilled he should hasten on the wings of rapture to West Wolverton, he set out for the North.

Orlando continued another month in town without hearing of his return, or wishing to hear it for any other reason than because it would, he thought, be the signal of their going down together to the house of his father.—At the end of that time he became impatient—he had been now above six weeks absent, and the letters he had from his family, but still more those he less frequently received from Monimia, irritated this impatience. The anguish

of mind that every week increased, while Mr. Somerive had no news of his eldest son, was by his letters forcibly expressed to Orlando, while his mother and his sisters gave him mournful accounts of his father's health. Mrs. Rayland's letters were, though very rare, the greatest alleviations to his uneasiness that Orlando received; for they were as expressive of kindness, and of increasing attachment to him, as the reserve of her manner, and the formality of her style, would permit them to be; and it was a great and very unusual degree of favour towards any one, that alone could urge her to write at all. The two letters he received from her, therefore, were considered by Orlando as being more unequivocal proofs of her settled affection for him, than any she had yet given.

Still the time that was to intervene before he should be permitted to return to the dear paternal spot, around which were assembled all the future hopes of his life, seemed insupportably long.—He was now in Hertfordshire with his men; and only occasionally obtained a few days to pass with his friend Warwick in London. In the tedious days he passed almost alone in a little country town, his resource was in books, and to such as he could attain he applied himself with more avidity than he had ever done at the Hall. Thus passed the month of February, and part of March. Mr. Somerive then believing, with great appearance of reason, that Tracy was trifling with his daughter, wrote to the General in such a way as must bring on a decision. In consequence of this, the General, still wavering, returned to London, from whence, and from his duty in Parliament, he had absented himself since the beginning of the session on pretence of ill health. On his arrival in town a circumstance awaited him, which called him back to his honest resolutions; for

the young woman, on whom he had profusely lavished great sums of money, who was established in his house, and whose settlement he had lately increased in consequence of his proposed marriage, had quitted his house the evening before that on which she knew he was to return to it, leaving a letter, in which she turned him, and all her former professions of attachment to him into ridicule. She took with her all the presents he had made her, to a very considerable amount—gave him the name of a person whom she had authorised to receive the annual sum he was to pay her—informed him she was gone to Italy with a young man of fashion, whom she named to him, and was his most obedient humble servant.

As the excessive vanity of the General had blinded him so far as to make him believe he was extremely beloved by this young woman, who had always laughed at and imposed upon him, he was thunder-struck by an incident so unexpected, and cruelly mortified to find, that while he was meditating how to soften to her the pain of parting, she was thinking only of flying from him with a younger lover. His resolutions in favour of matrimony, which pride and the dread of ridicule had at least suspended, now returned in all their force. He immediately wrote to Somerive, excusing, as plausibly as he could, his late apparent backwardness, and acquainted him that he only waited for the drafts of the settlements, which, as particular circumstances in his affairs rendered much attention to them necessary, his solicitor had promised to have drawn up and laid before two of the most eminent counsel—all which he was assured would not take up above a fortnight, at the end of which time he should lay himself and his fortune at the feet of his adorable Isabella.

The General however, though he was now really

in earnest, could not prevail on men of law to make a forced march in his favour; and the fortnight elapsed in queries and questions in which there seemed no other end to be obtained than that of increasing the fees of the gentlemen of the long robe, and the bill of attendance to the attorney. Some-
rive again thought himself trifled with; and the General, in order to convince him he was not, went down on a sudden to West Wolverton, where the charms of Isabella regained at once all their power; and after staying ten days, and renewing, in the most solemn manner, his engagements with Some-
rive, he returned to London, to make the last preparations for his marriage, which was fixed to be within three weeks. As it had long been settled that Orlando was then to return home to be present at the celebration of these nuptials, he heard that all was at length settled, with a mixture of pleasure and pain.—The delight he felt at the idea of returning to friends so dear to him—above all of seeing his Monimia, was embittered by reflecting on the sacrifice his sister was about to make in this unequal marriage; nor could he reflect without regret on the injury it would do to the interest of his friend Warwick, who, however, spoke of it himself with philosophic gaiety.

It was near the end of April before the General, who now remained steady to his engagements, could prevail upon the tardy special pleader, the puzzling counsel, and the parchment-loving solicitor, to complete their parts in this intended contract. At last however the General, attended by two of them, set out for West Wolverton, and in a few days was followed by Orlando.

The day after his arrival was occupied till it was almost dark, with the ceremony of hearing these endless settlements read; and, as he was a party to them

all, it was impossible to escape even on pretence of the indisputably necessary visit to Mrs. Rayland; but the instant they were signed he flew eagerly to the Hall.

The sight of the many well known objects on his way—every tree, every shrub, recalled to his mind a thousand pleasing ideas; and as he passed hastily through the fir wood, where in a dreary night of December he had last parted from Monimia, or at least passed a few agitated moments previous to their parting, he compared his present sensations with what he had at that time felt, and laughed at the superstitious impression given him then, and on some former occasions, by the gloom of the winter sky—when he fancied that, in the hollow murmur of the breeze, he heard, “Orlando will revisit these scenes no more!”

Every object, then wrapped in real and imaginary horrors, was now gay and joyous. It was a lovely glowing evening, towards the end of April.—The sun was set, but his beams still tinged with vivid colours the western clouds, and their reflection gave the water of the lake that warm and roseate hue which painting cannot reach.—The tender green of spring formed to this a lovely contrast; and, where the wood of ancient pines ceased, his path lay through a coppice of low underwood and young self-planted firs—the ground under them thickly strewn with primroses and the earliest wild flowers of the year.

Hope and pleasure seemed to breathe around him, —Hope and pleasure filled the heart and flashed in the eyes of Orlando; and perhaps the moment when he reached the door of the old Hall, though he was forced to stop a moment to recover his breath and recollection, was one of the happiest in his life.

It had been the established custom, from his first admission to the Hall, never to enter the apartment

of Mrs. Rayland but on permission ; but now, as he had informed her from London that he intended, to be at the Hall in a few days, and had received an answer most cordially inviting him, his impatience would not permit him to wait for this ceremony ; and he hardly felt the ground beneath him, as he sprang up the stairs that led to her usual sitting parlour, and opening the door, saw, by the faint light which the old gothic casements afforded at that hour of the evening, Monimia sitting on the opposite window-seat alone. He flew towards her, forgetting, at that moment, that the world contained any other being. Surprise and pleasure deprived her as much of her recollection as they had done her lover ; but it returned sooner, and she intreated him to forbear those frantic expressions of tenderness which were so dangerous in such a place.—Where are the old Ladies then? cried he—they are only walking in the gallery, replied Monimia, as Mrs. Rayland was not well enough to go out to-day—they will be back immediately.—That cannot be, cried Orlando impatiently, for you know how slow their progress is ; but let us not lose a moment in talking of them.—Tell me, Monimia, can I see you at night as I used to do?—Are you still in your turret, with the same means of leaving it?—Tell me, Monimia, I must not—I cannot be refused.

Ah, Orlando ! answered the faltering Monimia, dearest Orlando ! how often have I repented of those dangerous, those improper meetings ; with how much difficulty we escaped, and how impossible it would have been for any other circumstance than your absence to have quieted the suspicions of my aunt ! And ought we now to renew this hazardous correspondence—ought we to incur again such danger ? Orlando interrupted her : Ought we ! exclaimed he. Is that a question Monimia would have

made after so long an absence, if Monimia was not changed! Changed, Orlando! can you think me changed? Prove then that you are not, said he, again impatiently interrupting her: let me see you to night; my leave of absence is only for a few days, till my sister is married, and I must not—I will not be trifled with. Oh, hush! hush! whispered she, there is a noise! they are coming from the gallery! I had better not be found here with you. Promise then Monimia—promise me, and you shall go. I will hazard every thing, even an immediate discovery, if you refuse me. Monimia, trembling at his vehemence, then sighed her consent—and hardly knowing what she was about, gathered up the work that lay in the window seat, and softly left the room, while Orlando walked to the other end of it, assuming, as well as he was able, an air of unconcern; but before he had made a second turn Mrs. Rayland entered—and started at the sight of him, though she had expected him either that day or the next.

He approached her with all that affection which is inspired by gratitude; and as he respectfully kissed her hand, she expressed her pleasure at seeing him returned. He then paid his compliments to Mrs. Lennard, whose eyes he saw were thrown round the room for Monimia; she returned his civilities, however, with great good humour. Candles were ordered, and Mrs. Rayland invited him to supper, and to take up his residence at the Hall—favours which, with unfeigned pleasure, he accepted. The old Lady, who had now long been accustomed to contemplate Orlando as a creature of her own forming, was pleased to fancy him improved, both in his person and his manners, during his short absence. He had acquired a military air—he was more easy, but not less respectful; and she fancied

that he resembled her grandfather's picture more than he used to do ; but she expressed some surprize not to see him in uniform, which she said, in her time, all gentlemen of the army appeared in usually.

Orlando promised he would conform to what she thought right in that respect—not however without some apprehensions, that as he advanced in life she would propose to him, in order that he might bestill more like Sir Orlando Rayland, whose portrait she wished him to resemble, to purchase a tye wig, and brandish a sword, of which the guard should be lost in an immense sleeve.

As Mrs. Rayland was not very well, having lately had an attack of the gout, to which she was in the spring particularly subject, she dismissed the young soldier early : and it was with inexpressible delight that Orlando took possession once more of his old apartments, which had been carefully prepared for him. It would not be easy to describe the subsequent meeting between him and Monimia, who suffered herself to be persuaded to renew that clandestine intercourse, which they had both so often condemned as wrong, and renounced as dangerous ; but when Monimia could prevail upon him to talk less of his present happiness, and to be more reasonable, she related to him all that had passed during his absence. Her life had, however, afforded very little variety, but was rather amended in regard to Mrs. Lennard's treatment of her, who employed her more than usual in attendance on Mrs. Rayland, in order to save herself trouble, gave her more liberty, and was rather less harsh towards her than formerly. She related, that she was now often suffered to go to church, which had afforded her the opportunities she had snatched to meet Selina and correspond with him. Her aunt had apparently forgotten her suspicions and anger when he was

no longer near the Hall; and the disappearance of Betty Richards, who was said to have gone off (according to her own assertions) to Philip Somerive, and was reported to be supported by him in London, had been the means of eradicating entirely from the mind of Mrs. Rayland all those suspicions which the gossip of the country, collected and repeated by the jealousy of the old butler, had made on her mind; and she now thought better of Orlando than if those doubts had never been raised.

Orlando, in collecting all this from Monimia, saw too clearly the reason why his brother had so carefully avoided him; and amid all the delight of which his heart was sensible in this conference, it felt a sharp pang, when he reflected how great an accession of pain this intelligence, which did not seem to have reached him yet, would give to the already wounded heart of his father.

Day unwelcomely appeared, and it was dangerous for Monimia to stay a moment longer. Orlando conducted her safely back, extorting from her a promise that they should meet every night during the short time he was to stay. When he left her his spirits would not allow him to sleep. The morning was delicious, and a thousand birds from the woods, on every side the park, seemed to hail his arrival. Again all the enchanting visions with which youth and hope had formerly soothed his mind reappeared—never did they seem to him so likely to be realised. His sanguine imagination, no longer repressed by doubts of Mrs. Rayland's intentions towards him, which were now every thing but actually declared, represented to him the most bewitching scenes of future happiness. The only alloy was his brother's indiscretions and his father's health; but he believed he should be able to obviate the inconveniences of the one, and to restore the other,

when he should possess, what the course of nature rendered likely to be at no great distance, the property of Mrs. Rayland, which he meant to resign to his father for his life.

Happy pliability of the human spirit ! Happy that period, when youth, and health, and hope, unite to paint in brilliant colours the uncertain future—when no sad experience, no corrosive disappointment, throws dark hues over the animating landscape ; or, if they do, are softened into those shades that only add to its beauty ! Orlando would not distinguish, in that his fancy was busied in drawing, any but agreeable objects—Monimia infinitely more lovely, and, if possible, more beloved than ever, was the principal figure. He saw her the adored mistress of that house, where she had been brought up in indigence, in obscurity, almost in servitude ; this gem, which he alone had found, was set where nature certainly intended it to have been placed—it was to him, not only its discovery, but its lustre was owing—he saw it sparkle with genuine beauty, and illuminate his future days ; and he repressed every thought which seemed to intimate the uncertainty of all he thus fondly anticipated, and even of life itself.

The cool tranquillity of morning, the freshness of the air, the beauty of the country whithersoever he turned his eyes, had not sufficient power to sooth and tranquillize his spirits—he believed a book which should for a moment carry him out of himself would do it more effectually ; and returning to the library, he took from the shelves two or three small volumes of poetry which he had purchased, and retiring to an elevated spot in the park, which commanded a view of Monimia's turret, he attempted in vain to read ; but the sensations he felt were so much under the influence of fancy, that they sud-

denly assumed a poetical form in the following verses :

HYMN TO LOVE AND HOPE.

TWIN stars of light ! whose blended rays
 Illuminate the darkest road
 Where fortune's roving exile strays,
 When doubt and care the wanderer load,
 And drive him far from joy's abode.

Propitious Love and smiling Hope !
 Be you my guides, and guardian powers,
 If, doom'd with adverse fate to cope,
 I quit in Honour's rigid hours
 These dear, these bliss-devoted towers.

Yet here, O still, most radiant ! here
 (Attend this prayer of fond concern)
 To beauty's bosom life endear,
 Presaging as ye brightly burn
 The rapture of my blest return.

CHAPTER V.

THREE days, three happy days to Orlando, now passed rapidly away. Divided between his father's house and the Hall, and appearing to constitute the comfort of both, he was himself gay and cheerful, in the certainty that at night he should see Monimia. The charms of the season; the beauty of the country, to which he was attached as well from taste as habit; the tender affection of Monimia, which, though more guarded, was more lively than on their early acquaintance; the delight of knowing that his father's sorrows were soothed and suspended by his presence; and that his mother looked upon his attention to her as overpaying her for every other anxiety; all conspired to give va-

lue to his existence, and to blunt the asperity of those reflections in regard to his brother, which now and then would interpose and give him momentary disquiet. He was not quite content about Isabella, who, through the air of gaiety she assumed did not seem to be really so well pleased as she affected to appear. The fulsome fondness of her ancient military lover sometimes raised her ridicule, but oftener disgust, which Orlando saw with concern. But on these occasions he reflected that nothing in this world is without its alloy; and that so many advantages would accrue to his family by the marriage of Isabella, that as she did not seem herself averse to it, it was folly in him to think of it with concern.

On the morning of the fourth day after his arrival, he had just walked over from the Hall, where Mrs. Rayland had detained him to breakfast, and was engaged in conversation in the parlour with his father and the General, when a dark-coloured chariot, drawn by four sleek dock-tailed horses that might have matched the set at Rayland Hall, was seen to approach the house, followed by three servants in purple liveries.

Mr. Somerive expressed some surprise at this, as he had not the least recollection of the equipage: their enquiry, however, who it could be, was immediately answered by the appearance of Doctor Hollybourn; who, waddling out, enquired for Mr. Somerive, and was shewn into the room where he was sitting.

Mr. Somerive was so little accustomed to receive visits of civility from Doctor Hollybourn, or indeed any visits at all, that he was as much surprised at this as he could be at a matter of so little consequence. The very great condescension of the good Doctor, who bowed as low as his prominent

stomach would let him, and whose speeches were interlarded by all kinds of flattery, Mr. Somerive accounted for by recollecting that the Doctor was extremely fond of the company of persons of title, and never so happy as when he could introduce some anecdote which related to his brother the Bishop, or some Right Honourable or Right Reverend Friend. He had, on the occasion of their meeting at Rayland Hall the preceding November, paid his court most assiduously to the General; and enlarged upon the beauty of his brother the Lord Barhaven's seats; all of which, he said, he had visited. Somerive now therefore concluded that it was to the report of his honourable guest, and of his intended alliance with the family, that he owed this very obliging visit; which, however, he began to think very tedious, and dreaded its lasting till the evening: when, at length, the good Doctor, after a pompous preface, said that he had an affair of some consequence to communicate to Mr. Somerive, on whose time he begged to trespass alone for ten minutes.

Somerive, who could not imagine what a man with whom he had so slight an acquaintance could have to say to him, immediately applied this unexpected circumstance to the idea always present to his mind. He fancied some ill had befallen his eldest son, and that one of his friends had commissioned this man of the church to break to him the horrid tidings; and then to pour into his wounded mind the consolation his profession enabled him to bestow.

In an agony not to be described, therefore, Somerive led the way into his study; where the Doctor, after another flourishing preface, which Somerive in the confusion of his mind took for a preparatory discourse, offered to him for Orlando

his daughter, the fair and accomplished heiress, to whom he declared he would give twenty thousand pounds down; with an engagement that at his death that sum should be trebled.

Though the proposal gave no great pleasure to Somerive, because he disliked Doctor Hollybourn, and was almost sure Orlando disliked his daughter; yet this conversation, so different from what he expected to hear, gave, while it relieved him from the most dreadful apprehensions, the appearance of joy to his countenance; he thanked the consequential Doctor for the honour he did his family, promised to communicate to Orlando the purport of their conference, and to wait upon him with an answer, or send Orlando on the following day. They then returned to the General and Orlando—the conversation turned on common topics; and the Doctor, though asked to stay dinner, withdrew with his usual dignity.

The General was now considered as part of the family; and before him Somerive, who had hardly yet recovered from his surprise, related to Orlando, as soon as he was gone, the purport of his visit.

Mr. Somerive seemed at first but little disposed to listen to proposals of such a nature from a man whom he had always rather disliked, and who now seemed to have made them, only because it was generally understood that Orlando was acknowledged as the intended heir to the great estates of the Rayland family.

Orlando very plainly declared his disinclination to hear of them; while the General, by no means accustomed to consider pecuniary advantages as matters to be slightly thought of, or hastily rejected, asked such questions as led Somerive to explain the particulars of Miss Hollybourn's fortune and expectations; after which he contrived to turn the

conversation to indifferent matters for a few moments, and then walked away with Somerive, whom he very seriously advised to reconsider the matter before he suffered Orlando to throw from him this opportunity of becoming a man of fortune and independence.

The Doctor's proposal, however flattering it would have been to many young men, even though they declined accepting it, gave to Orlando no other pleasure than what for a moment arose in reflecting, that, in thus refusing an affluent fortune, he gave to Monimia an additional proof of his affection. His father, however, after his late conversation with the General, and some reflection alone, began to see this offer in a more favourable light than it had at first appeared to him; and notwithstanding the little inclination he felt for the family of Hollybourn, he was now of an age and under circumstances which gave to such a fortune as Orlando was now offered its full value in his opinion. His mind, already accustomed to contemplate the marriage of General Tracy with Isabella as a desirable event, more easily accommodated itself to think with approbation of another match equally dazzling, when opposed to the present uncertain situation of Orlando. After taking, therefore, some turns in his Study alone, he sent for his son, and entreated of him to forbear giving the Doctor an answer at least for two or three days.

Orlando, who had never hesitated himself what answer to give, imagined it impossible to give it too soon—Surely, Sir, said he, as I cannot accept this good Doctor's very obliging proposals, it will be useless and uncivil to delay a moment saying so, which I will say in a letter in the least displeasing manner I can; but which, however, I must beg leave to do this evening.

I beg then that you will *not*, said Somerive in a more peremptory tone than he was accustomed to use—In such an affair I will not act without consulting Mrs. Rayland.

Mrs. Rayland, Sir, answered Orlando, will, I am very sure, either not interfere, or, if she does, it will not be to recommend Miss Hollybourn.

We will enquire that, replied his father coldly ; in the mean time you have my directions not to write to Dr. Hollybourn.

Till when, sir ?

At least not till after I know Mrs. Rayland's opinion.

All the opinions upon earth, Sir, cried Orlando, will not make me change my resolutions.

I thank you, however, Orlando, said Somerive, for avowing how little deference you pay to mine.

Dear Sir, it was only half an hour since you seemed as little disposed to listen to this unexpected overture as I am.

I had not then thought of it properly. You are young and rash enough to determine on the most important matters in ten minutes—I am not; and therefore I again desire you will not write to Dr. Hollybourn this afternoon.

Orlando, a good deal hurt at this change in his father's sentiments, and dreading importunity on an affair of such a nature, then enquired if he might himself wait upon Mrs. Rayland?—Somerive answered, You may, if you will at the same time deliver a letter from me in explanation, and say nothing yourself till that letter shall be read.

This Orlando promised, being pretty certain that Mrs. Rayland would be much less anxious for this connection than Mr. Somerive supposed, who now desired him to send his mother into the study.—

He obeyed; and left them to consult together on this unexpected offer, and to write to Mrs. Rayland, with whom he proposed dining, and had engaged to return to his father with her answer early in the evening.

Orlando now saw only persecution and trouble preparing for him at home during his short stay, for the tears and tenderness of his mother were infinitely more formidable to him than any other mode of interference.—To Selina, whom he called out to walk with him in the shrubbery, while this conference was holding, and this letter writing, he communicated all he felt. She had only tears to give him; for, to resist her father's commands, or even his wishes, seemed to her impossible. She trembled at the idea of Orlando's withstanding those wishes, yet knew enough of his invincible attachment to Monimia to be assured that he could never yield to them.

A servant at length brought to Orlando the letter to Mrs. Rayland for which he had waited, and he took his way to the Hall.

As he had promised his father not to speak upon it before Mrs. Rayland had read the contents, he sent it up by one of the footmen with a message importing that he waited her commands.

In this uneasy interval he dared not go in search of Monimia, nor could he detach his thoughts a moment from the subject of a proposal which threatened to empoison the few days of delight which he had promised himself. Restless and anxious, he walked backwards and forwards in the Study with uncertain steps, now listening to every noise in hopes of receiving a summons to attend Mrs. Rayland; and now believing, from the delay, that she saw the proposal of Dr. Hollybourn in a favourable light, and was writing to his father to enforce its acceptance.

At length he was desired to walk up stairs ; and, with a fluttering heart, he entered the apartment of Mrs. Rayland, who began by saying—You know, I suppose, the contents of the letter my kinsman Mr. Somerive has taken the trouble to send me ?

Orlando answered, that he certainly did.

And pray, Sir, have you any wish to accept this offer ? An offer !—The world methinks is strangely changed !—For a man to *offer* his daughter—is such an indecorum—in *my* time such a proceeding was unheard of—But however we live and learn ! I have heard that the way of these days is to send young women to market like cattle : but there is something perfectly shocking in it to me.—However, I suppose, to people of the world it is nothing new or extraordinary—Pray, Sir, what are your intentions ?

Orlando immediately saw, and saw with inexpressible pleasure, that Mrs. Rayland was averse to the alliance with Dr. Hollybourn. He answered therefore—My intentions, Madam, are to decline an offer which certainly lays me under great obligations to Dr. Hollybourn, but which the profession I have chosen, and my inability to offer Miss Hollybourn an heart such as her fortune and merit give her a right to expect, render it impossible for me to accept.

Mrs. Rayland, pleased to see that Orlando had no desire to become independent of her, or to force her to a positive declaration of her future intentions in regard to him, which she fancied his father wished to do by engaging her to give her sentiments on this proposal, now smiled very graciously upon him, and said, I think you right, cousin Orlando.—Dr. Hollybourn is to be sure a very worthy man :—his daughter, they say, is a young person well brought up ; and the fortune is very

large, which first and last he can give her, besides what he is always telling me he is to expect from his brother the bishop.—But, you are yet a very young man, cousin ; and in truth it seems to me to be time enough to think of marrying.—The *fortune* of this young woman is certainly very considerable : but, perhaps, not greater than at some time or other——(she hesitated as if afraid of saying too much)—I say, by the time your settling in life is advisable, perhaps you may not have occasion to make fortune an object in marrying, so much as a good family.—Dr. Hollybourn talks of *his* indeed, which is not well judged ; for there *are* people who recollect both the Doctor and his brother, the bishop, in very humble stations compared to what they are now. God forbid, though, that I should despise them therefore ! not at all ; that is not my meaning.—And to be sure *your* family, my cousin, has not of *itself* much pretensions to match with ancient blood——(and again she hesitated as fearing to betray her intentions too far)—I say, if ever you are in a situation to marry, I would advise that you think of a woman of a good family at least.

Orlando waited with impatience for the conclusion of this speech ; and then falteringly and eagerly asked of Mrs. Rayland, if she would have the goodness to put into writing her opinion on this subject ?

This, however, she refused, as she said *she* would not appear to interfere in it upon any account.—Will you then, Madam, take the trouble to see my father ?—Will you allow him to wait upon you ?—for he is so anxious for me, and, I believe, thinks this affair likely to be so agreeable to *you*, that he will be hardly easy unless he hears your sentiments.

Mrs. Rayland, drawing herself up, as was her way, said—I shall be glad to see Mr. Somerive on any matter that relates to you, cousin, though on this occasion I own it seems very needless. However, you have my leave to say, that I shall be ready to talk over this business with my kinsman, provided, as I said before, I am not supposed by Dr. Hollybourn or his family to interfere.

Orlando, impatient to have this affair concluded at once and for ever, now asked if his father might wait upon her that afternoon?—When he pleased, was the answer?—and Orlando, fearing that if she was left long to consider of it she might change her mind as his father had done before, now ran to West-Wolverton with the utmost speed, quite forgetting that he was to have dined with Mrs. Rayland, or that dining at all was necessary.

When he arrived there, he hastened to relate to his father and his mother, whom he found together, the purport of his conference with Mrs. Rayland; to whom Mr. Somerive agreed to go immediately after dinner, though he seemed visibly disappointed, while Mrs. Somerive, who had for a moment indulged herself with the hopes that her Orlando, instead of continuing in dependence on the caprice of Mrs. Rayland, and of being separated from her by an hazardous profession, might be placed at once in great affluence, and in the immediate neighbourhood, relinquished those hopes, with a deep sigh, but said nothing to her son on a point where it would now be useless.

Mr. Somerive, finding the General was gone on a visit to Stockton's, from whence it was probable he would not return till half an hour after four, determined to hasten to Mrs. Rayland before dinner. He got on horseback, therefore; and, attended by Orlando, on their arrival at the Hall he

expressed to his son some apprehensions that the lady of the house might be at dinner: but Orlando, whose impatience could brook no delay, declared, without a very strict enquiry into the hour, that it was not yet time, and that he was sure they might go to the parlour where she usually sat, as she had so positively said they might come at any time.

Somerive, almost as anxious for the conference as his son, though from very different motives, agreed then to proceed. Orlando would have sent up a servant, had he met one; but none happened to appear, and he walked before his father up the stairs, and, opening the door of Mrs. Rayland's sitting room, he saw her at table, with Mrs. Leonard on one side of it, and Monimia on the other. He would have retreated; but it was too late. He was already in the room—his father already at the table, apologising to Mrs. Rayland for his unseasonable intrusion. She received him with civility, but without any degree of kindness or warmth—desired he would take a chair and sit down, and then said to Monimia, who stood blushing and trembling, and not daring to look up—Mary, you will withdraw, I have business with my kinsman.

I beg I may not disturb any body, cried Mr. Somerive turning his eyes towards Monimia, and immediately comprehending who she was—I beg I may be allowed to retire till dinner is over.—No, Sir, answered Mrs. Rayland; I shall be glad to hear your business now, and I will dismiss my people.

Mr. Somerive again looked at Monimia as she left the room, and he saw that Orlando was lost, if his being so depended upon his attachment; for the extreme beauty, sweetness and grace of Monimia, so unlike the cherry-cheeked coarse rustic

which his fancy had represented her, amazed and grieved him. He felt at once, that a young man whose heart was devoted to her, could never think of Miss Hollybourn, and that he himself could not blame an attachment to an object so lovely, however imprudent, or however ruinous.

Mrs. Lennard now offered to withdraw; but her lady bade her finish her dinner, while poor Orlando cast a melancholy look after Monimia, and then on the seat she had left, which Mrs. Rayland desired him to take. The dinner was soon removed; and then Mr. Somerive, in a few words, repeated the purport of his letter. Mrs. Rayland, even more strongly than she had done to Orlando, expressed her wish that the offer of Dr. Hollybourn might be politely declined; and though she evaded giving her reasons for it, Somerive thought he saw them unequivocally, and that, though she studiously avoided declaring it, she had determined to put Orlando into a situation in which it would be not at all necessary that he should marry, for money, a woman to whom he was indifferent.

Mrs. Rayland had very little art; yet she fancied herself a profound politician, and never considered that, while she forebore positively or even remotely to give Orlando assurances of possessing her estate, her insisting upon the propriety of his marrying, whenever he did marry, a woman of *family*, was in effect declaring that she meant he should be the person who was to perpetuate hers, on which she put so high a value, and thus to efface, in the illustrious blood of his posterity, that alloy which the inferiority of the Somerives had mingled with that of the Raylands.

Somerive, convinced of this even from the pains she took to conceal it, yielded at once to her wishes, and assured her he would permit Orlando with

great politeness to decline Dr. Hollybourn's proposal; yet as he continued to listen to her harangues upon *family*, he could not help looking significantly at Orlando—looks which his son perfectly understood to say, How will this accord with your attachment to the young person who was this moment dismissed by Mrs. Rayland as one of her people.

The old Lady, however, was hardly ever in so good a humour with her relations as she became after this affair was discussed; and Mr. Somerive never left the house so full of hopes that his family would be its possessors as he did after this interview, when he returned home in good spirits, though entirely relinquishing the idea of Orlando's becoming the nephew of a bishop.

Orlando himself, though impatient to write and dispatch the letter to Dr. Hollybourn, yet staid at the Hall to drink tea, by the desire of Mrs. Rayland, who gently chid him for deserting her at dinner. It was with more pain than pleasure that he heard Monimia sent for to make the tea, which had hardly happened twice within the last three years when he was in the house. Mrs. Lennard cast a look at him when her Lady ordered her niece to be called: but she could make no objection without raising those suspicions which she ever appeared so solicitous to prevent. Monimia then attended. Orlando treated her as a stranger, whom he was slightly acquainted with; and Mrs. Rayland did not appear to have the remotest suspicion that he had any particular regard for her: so friendly to him, as it happened, had been the mistakes and interpretations which the jealousy of Pattenson had put upon those circumstances that had so frequently threatened to betray him.

He had settled with Monimia the preceding night, to stay supper with his father, and return to their

usual rendezvous; and their stolen glances during the half hour that they were together, in the presence of the two old ladies, confirmed this appointment.

Early in the evening, then, Orlando took leave of Mrs. Rayland, and went back to the house of his father, whose uncommon good spirits had diffused more than usual gaiety among his family. Mrs. Somerive and Selina were particularly cheerful—the mother, because she saw her husband for a moment happy, and forgetting the concern he continually felt about Philip, in looking forward to the prosperity of his brother—while Selina, who had trembled for the teasing persecution she apprehended for Orlando, was delighted to find that her father would forbear to urge him on such a subject, and had acquired new confidence in the future intentions of Mrs. Rayland.

Isabella, whose marriage was now within a week to take place, and who had just received from London some of those elegant clothes which her father had ordered for her, as well as some magnificent presents from the General, was the least gay of the party: amidst all her endeavours to persuade herself that she was happy, she had of late, and particularly since she had possessed these fineries, often enquired of herself whether they had really any power to bestow happiness. She had tried on her diamond ear-rings, and a valuable pearl necklace; but she could not discover that she looked at all handsomer in them than when she wore nothing but a simple ribband. The General's valet de chambre had dressed her hair: but she thought the mode unbecoming to her face, and the beautiful dark auburn hue, which had been so much admired, was no longer distinguishable. As for her intended husband, he was so far from having made any

progress in her affections since he had been received as such, that her contempt was converted into disgust. His servants had been talking among those of Somerive, of his gallantries, and, above all, of the sudden desertion of the lady who lived with him; of all which Isabella had heard from her maid, and the longer she listened to, or thought of the anecdotes thus collected, the greater became her repugnance; and yet she knew not how to retract, and was not always sure that she wished it.

Her gravity was easily accounted for, as the day approached that was to divide her from her family; and she was suffered, after some gentle raillery, to be silent and pensive amidst the cheerful conversation of the rest.

It was a lovely evening in early May. Orlando having dispatched his letter, dismissed Dr. Hollybourn and the disagreeable heiress from his mind, and gave it up only to pleasurable impressions and flattering hopes. In a happier frame of mind than he almost ever was in before, he joined his family in their evening walk. When they reached the house, they stopped in the court before it, to admire the beauty of the moon, and to listen to the nightingale, who seemed to be addressing to that beautiful planet her plaintive orisons. Orlando wished himself with Monimia; and thought with delight that within two hours he should be so, and should relate the unpleasant alarm of the day, only to tell her it was over, and had eventually been fortunate in drawing from Mrs. Rayland declarations more than ever favourable to his future hopes.

The whole party sat down to supper in this cheerful disposition. The General, like a happy lover, was particularly animated; and the younger girls were much amused by some anecdotes he was relating, when a servant entered hastily, and said that a

gentleman who was just come post from London desired to speak to General Tracy.

To me! cried the General, changing countenance: Impossible! I know no business any one can have with me that should give him that trouble. Pray, enquire his name, or send my servants to enquire.

I will go myself, General, said Orlando. I thank you, cried Tracy, affecting great unconcern; but I dare say it is nothing worth your troubling yourself to go out for.

Orlando, however, went out, and instantly returned, bringing with him Captain Warwick.

Surprise was visible on the faces of all the party, but that of General Tracy expressed consternation—*Why* Warwick came he could not conjecture; but he felt it to be extremely disagreeable to him that he came at all. Warwick was covered with dust, and had that wild and fatigued look that announces tumult of spirit from an hot and rapid journey. The person, however, that nature had given him, was such as no disadvantageous circumstance could obscure. He looked like a young hero just returned unhurt from the field to recount its triumphs.

After addressing his uncle, and being introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Somerive, he turned gaily to Orlando, and, shaking him by the hand, said, I don't know, my friend, how you can ever forgive the man whose fortune it is to announce to you that you must quit immediately such a circle of friends as I now find you in!

Quit them! exclaimed Mrs. Somerive. Quit us! leave us! cried her husband. Yes, indeed! answered Warwick with less vivacity: That part of our regiment which is in England, consisting of two companies, is ordered to join the troops that are going thither, and are to sail from Portsmouth next

week. The moment I was sure of this, which was not till late last night, I thought it best to come down myself; because the time is so short that my friend here, the young ancient*, had better proceed immediately from hence to Portsmouth.

Never was a greater, a more sudden change, than these few words made in the dispositions of all present—except Tracy, whose only distress was the appearance of Warwick, where he so little wished to see him. Mrs. Somerive, struck to the heart by the cruel idea of losing Orlando, retired in silent tears; and her daughters, little less affected, followed her. Somerive bore this painful intelligence with more apparent fortitude; but he felt it with even greater severity, and with something like a prepossession that he should never see Orlando again if he left England. He stifled, however, his emotions, and endeavoured to do the honours of his house to his unexpected visitor; but the effort was too painful to be long supported, and in a few moments he left the room, saying to Orlando, that as the General and Captain Warwick might perhaps have some business, they would leave them together.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. Somerive threw himself into a chair, and, clasping his hands eagerly together, exclaimed, Good God; what is to be done now?

Nothing, my dear Sir, replied Orlando, can or ought to be done, but for me to obey the orders I have received; and, I beseech you, do not suffer a

* Ensign.

matter so much in course, or which might have been so easily foreseen, to make you unhappy!

What will become of me, cried Somerive wildly, when you, Orlando, are gone? And your brother, your unhappy brother! is a misery rather than a protection to your sisters, to your mother!

They will want no protector, Sir, said Orlando, much affected by his father's distress, while you live—and!

That will be but a very little while, my son! the cruelty of your brother has broken my heart! While you were all that could make me amends, the wound, however incurable, was not immediately mortal: but now——!

He put his hands on his heart, as if he really felt there the incurable wound he described bleed afresh; Orlando, concealing his own concern as well as he could, endeavoured to sooth his father, by representing to him that this was always likely to happen, and that probably a few months would restore him to his family. Somerive listened to nothing but his own overwhelming apprehensions, and cast his thoughts around to every remedy that might be applied to so great an evil. The assurance General Tracy had given him that there was no likelihood Orlando should be sent abroad, now appeared a cruel deception, which had betrayed him into such folly and rashness as sending into the army that son on whom rested all the dependence of his family. Bitterly repenting what he could not now recall, he caught at the hope that Mrs. Rayland might interpose to prevent her favourite's being exposed to the dangers of an American campaign—You cannot go, cried Somerive, after a moment's pause; Mrs. Rayland will never suffer it—it will be renouncing all the advantages she offers you.

I must then renounce them, Sir, said Orlando ; because I must otherwise renounce my honour. What figure, I beseech you, would a man make, who having in December accepted a commission, should resign it in May because he is ordered abroad ? My dear Sir, could you wish such an instance should happen in the person of your Orlando ?

The unhappy father could not but acknowledge the truth of what Orlando said ; but his heart, still unable to resist the pain inflicted by the idea of losing him, clung involuntarily to the hope that the attachment of Mrs. Rayland might furnish him with an excuse for withdrawing from the army, and the greatness of the object for which he staid justify his doing so to the world. Orlando in vain contended that this could not be, and besought his father not to give to his mother any expectations that it could—Consider, Sir, said he, that my mother will suffer enough ; and let us try rather to soften those sufferings than to aggravate them by suspense, and by those fallacious hopes which will serve only to irritate her concern : when my going to whither my duty calls me is known to be inevitable, my mother, with all her tenderness of heart, is too reasonable either fruitlessly to oppose or immeasurably to lament it—she would despise a young man who shrunk from his profession because there was danger in it, and, I am sure, affectionate as she is, would rather see her son dead with honour, than living under the stigma of cowardice !

I believe you are right, Orlando, replied Some-
rville : and I will endeavour, my son, to conquer this selfish weakness. But Mrs. Rayland, it is necessary you immediately see her. I shall go thither to-night, Sir, said Orlando, that I may wait upon her early in the morning ; but do not, I entreat you,

harbour an idea that Mrs. Rayland will even *wish* to prevent my departure.

Somerive now at the earnest entreaty of Orlando, promised to compose himself before he went to his wife and daughters, and not to encourage their want of fortitude, by shewing himself wholly deficient in it. He then wished him good night, saying that he would speak a few words to Captain Warwick, and then go to the Hall.

Somerive retired with an oppressed heart; and Orlando entreated Warwick to walk with him part of the way. He then heard that he must go to Portsmouth within two days; and Warwick, who spoke of it with all the indifference of a soldier long used to these sudden orders, proceeded to talk of other matters. Do you know, said he, that I am in love with all your sisters, my friend; but particularly with my future aunt? Orlando, I shall be a very *loving* nephew. What eyes the rogue has! Egad I shall be always commending the Portuguese fashion of marrying one's aunt—that is, if our old boy should have the conscience to make an honourable retreat.

You are a happy man, Warwick, answered Orlando: How lightly you can talk of what would depress half the young fellows in England—the chance of losing such a fortune as the General's marriage may deprive you of!

Oh, hang it! replied Warwick, 'tis not the fortune I mind, for I suppose I shall have some of it at last, unless some little cousins should have the ill-nature to appear against me; but I hate that such a lovely girl as this Isabella of yours should be sacrificed to my poor old uncle, whom, if you could see him in the morning, before he is, like Lord Ogleby, wound up for the day, you would vote to be much fitter for flannels and a good old nurse,

than for a husband to a girl of nineteen—and such a girl! upon my soul, she is a little divinity.

Not half so interesting in my mind, said Orlando, as the soft, sensible Selina.

You are no judge of your sisters—Selina, that is I suppose the second, is a beautiful Madonna; but Isabella, my most respectable aunt, is a Thalia, a Euphrosyne.—I have a great notion, Somerive, that she would prefer the nephew to the uncle—I have half a mind to try.

There is hardly time for the experiment, I fear, answered Orlando; who made an effort to be as unconcerned as his friend.

Not time! cried Warwick. Yes, there is time enough for a soldier accustomed to carry every point by a *coup de main*—I own, indeed, for an approach by sap I should be too much limited. Orlando, shall I try my military skill? have I your leave?—Or should you object to exchange the intended grave Governor for the Soldier of fortune?

Not I, indeed, answered Orlando; you have my permission, Warwick—and so now I will wish you good night; for, if I take you any farther, you will not find your way back.

Trust that to me, Orlando, answered his friend; I am used to reconnoitre in all lights, from the golden rays of Phœbus to the accommodating beams of the paper lantern of an apple-woman at the corner of a street in a country town.—But whither art going, my friend? for that is a question which I set forth without asking.

To the Hall, replied Orlando.

To the Hall!—and to the turret of that Hall!—
Oh! you happy dog!—

“ Monimia—my angel!—It was not kind
To leave me like a turtle here alone!”

Hah, my friend! has your sweet nymph of the enchanted tower no paranymp that you could introduce me to? It will be horribly flat for me to go back, to go to my solitary couch, and envy you here, and my prosperous uncle there—I shall hang myself before morning.

Orlando, hurt at this light way of naming Monimia, answered rather coldly, Your spirits are really enviable, Warwick! but do not let them hurry you into a persuasion that I am happy enough now to be amused with them, pleasant as they are!

Why, what the devil's the matter with you? answered Warwick; you are not going to turn parson, I trow? But really so dolorous a tone is fit only for the pulpit of a methodist.—Why, what makes you *unhappy*, when such a girl as you describe Monimia—

Orlando interrupted him warmly—You are determined to mistake me, Captain Warwick! Whatever confidence I have reposed in you in regard to Monimia, surely I have never said any thing that should authorise you to speak thus lightly of her. It is true that I love her passionately, that her heart is mine; but if you suppose—

Pooh, pooh! I suppose nothing—Pr'ythee do not be so grave about your little Hero, my dear Leander!—Then assuming a more serious tone, he added: But, upon my soul, I mean nothing offensive, my friend; and rattled as much to disguise my own heaviness as to divert yours, for I have left people with whom I should much rather have remained a little longer, and that without having time to attempt consoling the gentle heart that is breaking for me. He then communicated to Orlando an intrigue in which he had engaged after he left him. Orlando represented to him all the cruelty and folly of his conduct.—Oh! yes, cried

Warwick; all that you say is very wise and very true, and it must be owned that it comes with peculiar propriety from you, my most sage friend!—Now that we are within sight of the Hall, for, if I mistake not, that great building which is before us is the abode of the sybil whose rent-roll exceeds in value the famous leaves of antiquity, and of the fair vestal, who——

Nay, nay! cried Orlando, you are beginning again; I will not stay to hear you.

Only let me go with you to the next rise, answered Warwick; only shew me the light from the turret, and I will be content:

“It is the East—and Juliet is the Sun!”

And then I will go back like a miserable wretch as I am, and try to dream of my future aunt.

Rather try not to dream of her, said Orlando; upon my honour, Warwick, this *gaieté de cœur* of yours excites at once my envy and my fear.

Oh! a soldier, and afraid!—What, do you think I shall release the General's fair prisoner, and, like an undutiful nephew, escape from the garrison with the old boy's prize?

No, no, Warwick, I have no such apprehensions; but—But what? Egad, my friend, considered in a political light, it is clear to me that this is the very best thing I could do.—But behold the venerable towers of Rayland Hall!

“Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the woody glade,
Where fond Orlando still adores
The sweet imprison'd maid!”

Give me a moment's time, added Warwick, pausing—but a moment, and I will make for you a parody on the whole.*

* Gray's Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.

You are intolerable, Warwick, cried Orlando, and I positively will endure you no longer!—Yes, a little longer, said Warwick; let me finish my parody; I tell you I am in a fortunate vein.—You, Orlando, who are yourself a poet, would you be tasteless enough to check a man inspired?—Listen, I am going on——

Nay, but this is sad trifling, my dear Warwick! and what is worse, you will really be heard from the house, which will not be a trifling inconvenience. Besides, upon my honour, your returning so late across the park is unsafe; for, when the old butler has no reasons of his own to have them kept up, there are three fierce blood-hounds let loose to range over it all night, and they would not fail to seize any stranger.

D—n your blood-hounds!—Pr'ythee, Orlando, do you think I am not accustomed to guards of all sorts, and have encountered the mastiff dog, and the dragon aunt, in twenty scrambling adventures?

I do not doubt your prowess, replied Orlando; but here, as there is no reward, why should you exert it?

Mais seulement pour me tenir en haleine, mon ami, et pour passer le tems—But, however, if it is seriously inconvenient to you, I will go.—Come, now, to be serious—at what time to-morrow shall you be at your father's?

Long before you are awake probably, for you know you never are very alert in a morning.

Not when I have nothing to do; but, pray, are your family early risers? At what hour may I ask, by anticipation, the blessing of my blooming aunt?

That you must discover, for it is very uncertain—and now, Warwick, once more good night!

Good night! O most fortunate and valorous Orlando of the enchanted castle!

Orlando then gave his light-hearted friend directions to find his way back, and when he left him, advanced slowly towards the house, from which he was not above three hundred yards distant.

His mind, which had been at first distracted by the distress of his father, and since harrassed by the ill-timed raillery of his friend, now returned to those bitter reflections which arose from the certainty of his being immediately to take a long leave of Monimia, and under the cruel necessity of telling her so. But a few hours since he looked forward to the pleasure of meeting Monimia with only tidings of satisfaction and hope; now, he was to meet her, only to tell her that they were to part so soon, never perhaps to meet again!

He now entered his Study (for one of the servants sat up to let him in), and endeavoured to collect himself enough to communicate what he had to say to Monimia, without too much shocking her. But when he thought that their next meeting might be the last they should ever have, his own courage forsook him, and he dreaded lest he should be quite unable to sustain hers.

The hour soon came when he knew she expected him; and he trembled as he led her down the stairs. At length, since it was impossible to disguise from her those emotions which agitated his mind, he related to her all the occurrences of the eventful day, and the necessity there was for his preparing himself the next day, and taking leave of this part of the country the day following.

Monimia could not shed tears; her heart seemed petrified by the greatness and suddenness of the blow, which fell with more force, because their last interview had been so little embittered by fears or broken by alarms. When, however, Orlando explained to her, that his honour would be irre-

parably injured if he even expressed any reluctance to enter on the active parts of the profession he had engaged in, and that to attempt disengaging himself now would be a blemish on his character from which he could never recover, her good sense, and her true tenderness for him, gave her some degree of composure, and even of resolution. As he declared that he felt nothing so severely as leaving her—leaving her unprotected, and almost alone in the world, she nobly struggled to conceal her own anguish, that she might not aggravate his ; and, since his going was inevitable, endeavoured not to depress, by her fears, that spirit with which it was necessary for him to go.

Orlando, as much charmed by her sense as her affection, became ashamed of betraying less tender resolution than a timid uninformed girl. She taught him how to repress his concern: and this interview, instead of increasing his regret, fortified his mind against it. Monimia remained with him a less time than usual—with faltering lips he entreated her to meet him again the next night, because it would be the last. Monimia, unable to articulate, assented only by a broken sigh! and Orlando retired to his bed, where sleep absolutely refused to indulge him with a few hours of forgetfulness till towards morning.

When he had told Warwick that he should be at his father's house early in the morning, he forgot that he should be detained by the necessity he was under to attend Mrs. Rayland. He sent up for permission to wait upon her at breakfast, which was immediately granted ; and he opened to her as soon as he was admitted, the reason of this early visit, and the necessity he was under to take leave of her the next day to join his regiment in America.

Mrs. Rayland expressed more surprise than concern at this information: accustomed, from early impressions, to high ideas of the military glory of her ancestors, and considering the Americans as rebels and round-heads, to conquer them seemed to her to be not only a national cause, but one in which her family were particularly bound to engage.—She had contemplated only the honours, and thought little of the dangers of war. The trophies that surrounded the picture of her warlike grandfather Sir Orlando, and the honourable mention that was made of his prowess in the family annals, seemed to her ample compensation for a wound in his leg, which had made him a little lame for the rest of his life. Of Orlando's personal danger, therefore, she had, as he expected, no apprehensions, and was rather desirous he should justify her partiality to him, by emulating the fame of the heroes of her family, than afraid of what might happen in the experiment.

Mrs. Rayland parted from him in high good humour, desired he would give her as much time as he could the next day, and set out from the Hall rather than from West Wolverton, when he went to Portsmouth; all which Orlando readily promised, and then, with a heavy heart, went to the house of his father.

That capricious fate which seemed to be weary of the favours she had long been accumulating on the head of General Tracy, appeared now determined to discard him, as she is often said to do her ancient favourites. A more malicious trick than that she now meditated, could hardly befall any of them—The General had long kept off, by art, an attack of the gout, a disease to which he did not allow himself to be supposed liable; but whether it was the long walk of the preceding evening, or the

tumult of his spirits on his approaching nuptials, or the sudden sight of his nephew, that occasioned an unlucky revolution, certain it is that, in the middle of the night, he was awakened by this most inexorable disease peremptorily telling him, in more than one of his joints, that the visit would be more oppressive by having been so long delayed. His valet de chambre was hastily summoned, with such applications as, however dangerous, had sometimes repelled its attacks; but it was to no purpose the unfortunate General would have risked his life to preserve his activity; the morning found him a cripple, compelled to yield, with whatever reluctance, to the old remedies of patience and flannel.

This circumstance, so very mal-apropos, appeared yet more terrible to the General, when he reflected that Warwick, the formidable handsome Warwick, had now an opportunity of entertaining Isabella: and the pain of his mind irritating and increasing his bodily sufferings, Mr. Somerive, instead of a man of the church, who was within three days to have attended on his guest, thought it more expedient to send for a physician.

Tracy, however, considered of nothing so earnestly as getting Warwick away—It was true, indeed, that he was to go the next day, or at farthest the day after that, which depended upon the letters he received from Portsmouth; but, that he should be almost four-and-twenty hours longer under the same roof with Isabella was not to be endured. After many plans, therefore, adopted and rejected, the General at last determined that he would make some pretence to send Warwick to London which he could not evade, and imagined that he should then be able to say,

“ Being gone—I am myself again!”

For this purpose he ordered his nephew to be called to his bed-side; and when Orlando arrived at the house, they were in close conference.

The three girls were at work in the parlour when their brother entered it. He observed something very unusual in the manner of Isabella, who spoke little: while all his questions were answered by one of his youngest sisters. He enquired for Warwick: and, in a moment, heard him come down stairs. He went to him in the hall, and Warwick hastily said—Orlando, will you come out with me? I have something to say to you.

They went together into the avenue: Warwick walked fast, but appeared lost in thought; and Orlando, oppressed with his own sorrows, had no inclination to speak first.

At length Warwick, as if he had found the expedient he wanted, exclaimed suddenly—By Heaven it will do!—it must do!—it shall do!

Indeed! said Orlando; may I know what?

Tell me, my friend, cried Warwick with vehement warmth—tell me if you love Monimia—if it is not death to part with her?

To what purpose is such a question? You know I exist but for her—you know I should prefer death to this separation, because my mind will be torn to pieces by anxiety for what may befall her in my absence!

Well, then, I may trust you—I may ask what you would do for *that* friend who should not only prevent your parting with her, but give you your Monimia for ever!

Do not trifle with me, Warwick, said Orlando mournfully, I cannot bear it!

By all that is sacred! replied Warwick, I never was more in earnest in my life; and, if you do not trifle with yourself, Monimia may be yours imme-

diately, and it will be beyond the power of fortune to divide you.

Explain yourself then—but it is impossible, and your wild imagination only—

Say rather, retorted Warwick, that your cold prudence will destroy what my *imagination* would realize.—I tell you, it is in your own power to be happy; but before I reveal how, swear to me, upon the honour of a soldier and a gentleman, that if you do not *approve* my plan you will not betray it.

Surely, there is little need, said Orlando, more and more amazed, of my giving you an oath that I will not betray my friend, especially when he meditates how to serve me.

Pardon me, cried Warwick; I desire, Orlando, to serve you, but I am not quite so disinterested as not to think a little of myself at the same time—

I may venture to swear, Warwick, that I will never betray you, said Orlando gravely; but put an end to these riddles.

You swear then, upon the honour of a soldier and a gentleman, that you will not mar my plan if you will not make yourself a party in it—you have sworn.

I have, answered Orlando, sworn; but if it relates——At that moment an idea of the truth occurred to him.

If it relates to your sisters, you were going to say, the oath is not binding—Well it *does* relate to Isabella!

To Isabella?

Yes, to Isabella. It matters not, nor have I time to relate, how I have contrived, even in this short interval, to persuade your lovely sister that a young fellow of three-and-twenty, with only *one* thousand pounds in the world, and his commission,

is more to her taste than an old one of three-and-sixty, who is a General, and worth about an hundred and fifty times that sum—I told you, I always carried my object by a *coup de main*.—To be brief, I am madly in love with Isabella, and she is as much in love with me as she dares own on so short an acquaintance.—My uncle is in love with her too; but she is not at all in love with him; and as she prefers the nephew with his knap-sack to the uncle with his money-sack, she shall not be sacrificed to him; but I will marry her, and take her with me to America.

Marry her! cried Orlando in extreme surprise.

Why you may well wonder, to be sure, because I believe she is the only girl in the world that could have made me take so extraordinary a resolution.

But how is it possible! How is there time to execute it?

Oh, my friend! it is a matter that takes up very little time when the parties are agreed.

But Isabella is not of age; she cannot be married here.

She may in Jersey, though.

In Jersey?

Yes; and it is very possible to go from Portsmouth to Jersey, and be back again time enough for the sailing of the squadron we must proceed with to America.

And has Isabella consented to all this?

No, because I have not directly proposed it to her; nor did I, till since the conversation I have had with my uncle, know that I should have the means of performing it, which (I thank him) his anticipating jealousy has put into my hands. Warwick then took out of his pocket-book a draft of the General's to him for a thousand pounds,

payable at sight in London.—My grave old uncle, cried he, for whom I think fortune has interfered, to prevent his being ridiculous in his old age, is just now more miserable because I am in the house, than because the gout is in his toe; and he has found out, that instead of staying till to-morrow or next day to go to Portsmouth with you, it will be better for me to set out as soon as I can, to do some business for him in London, which though he never thought of it before, he now says admits of no delay; and that I may have no excuse to stay afterwards on my own business, or to return hither, he has given me a bank note of an hundred for my immediate expences, and this draft for a thousand—the *douceur* he promised me on his marriage.

Well!

Well! and so we shall not want money, which would have been an almost invincible impediment. I shall now, as soon as I have settled our proceedings with my angelic Isabel, which I have not the least doubt of doing, make the best of my way to London, execute the imaginary business which my most profoundly politic uncle has given me, and then——

I do not yet understand you, said Orlando; how is my sister to be of this party, or how

Nothing so easy, answered Warwick; I thought my friend, you were enough in love yourself to suppose every thing possible, and not to hesitate between quitting your mistress, perhaps for ever, and taking her with you as your wife.—I go from London to Portsmouth—Is there any difficulty in your meeting me there with my Isabella and your Monimia? You know there is not; and whatever scruples your sister may have, or as you perhaps think ought to have, to taking such a journey to me on the acquaintance of the day, will be obvi-

ated by your going with her, and by her having a female companion.—My purse is yours, and its present condition will enable us to do well enough till something or other happens in our favour—*I am determined*, if Isabella consents, which I am now going to try; and so I leave you, Orlando, to consider of my proposal: you must, however, resolve quickly; for I shall set out almost as soon as dinner is over for London, as I have promised my uncle.

Warwick then walked away towards the house, leaving Orlando in a state of mind difficult to be conceived or described. To have the power of taking with him his adored Monimia, secure of a present support for her, and certain that with him she would be happy in any country, was a temptation it was almost impossible to resist: when he considered on the other hand, the pain of being separated from her, for a long, perhaps an eternal absence, and of leaving her to the mercy of such a woman as Mrs. Lennard, who might, either by withdrawing her protection, or rendering it an intolerable bondage, drive the lovely orphan alone and friendless into a cruel world; other means of saving her he had none, and neither the laws of God or man were against those which were now so unexpectedly offered him.

But his father, already broken-hearted by the desertion of one of his children, would be hurried to the grave by thus being deceived by two others. His mother would be rendered wretched, and he should perhaps accuse himself of being accessory to the death of both his parents:—the thought was not to be borne. He determined for a moment to renounce every happiness which must be purchased by their misery, and not only to fly himself from this almost irresistible temptation, but to prevent Isabella from yielding to it. But this resolution

was hardly formed, before the image of Monimia weeping in solitude her desolate fate, complaining to him, who was too far off to hear—ill-treated or abandoned by her aunt—exposed to the insults of the profligate, and the contempt of the fortunate—came with all its pathetic interest to win him from his duty; and then, the happiness of calling her his—of knowing that only death could divide them! the contest was dreadful; and he knew that when he saw Monimia it would be worse.—Once or twice he determined to put an end to it, by telling his father; but to this desperate expedient was opposed the honour he had given to Warwick not to betray, if he could not participate, the intended flight of his sister; nor did he imagine that her going off with Warwick would be a very distressing circumstance to his father.—However enraged the General might at first be, his pride would not suffer him finally to abandon his nephew. In every point but that of present fortune, Warwick must have the preference: and Orlando thought that he had often seen, by his father's countenance as he looked at Isabella, that he regretted the sacrifice he was induced by his own circumstances to promote.—But with himself it was quite otherwise; and the rash step he was thus strongly tempted to take, would blast at once all those hopes his father now so fondly cherished in regard to the Rayland estate (for it was certain Mrs. Rayland would never forgive him;) and, by acceding to Warwick's proposal, he must deeply aggravate every pang of that separation which his father seemed already unable to endure.

CHAPTER VII.

TORN by these distracting contests between love and duty, Orlando continued for some moments to traverse the place where Warwick had left him. His two younger sisters appeared to interrupt without relieving this painful debate. He learned from them that Captain Warwick and Isabella were gone together for a walk, and that the former had sent them to him, as he wanted to speak with them. A new doubt now arose in the mind of Orlando—Ought he to communicate to Selina what was going forward, of which she appeared to be ignorant? or conceal within his own bosom what he could not prevent, or entirely disapprove? After a little consideration he thought it would be best not to make Selina a party: and he endeavoured to dissemble as well as he could the conflict of passions which were preying on his heart. His father, pale and dejected, with a slow and languid step, soon after joined them: he bade the two girls go to their mother, and then taking Orlando's arm, they walked together to a greater distance from the house.

You go then to-morrow, Orlando? said Somerive: there are no hopes of any favourable reverse to this cruel sentence? Mrs. Rayland, I find,—he hesitated—does not wish to interfere, Sir, replied Orlando. On the contrary, she seems to think that a young man of my age and profession cannot be so well employed as in the actual service of his country.

Somerive answered only with a deep sigh; and after a short pause Orlando went on:

I beseech you, my dearest Sir, not to make yourself thus unhappy. Consider that, notwithstanding this temporary parting, my prospects are in-

finitely better than I had any right to expect, and—

They might, however, have been better, said his father in his turn interrupting him—at least they might have been more permanently assured, if you had listened to the proposals we heard yesterday: instead of quitting your family, you might then have been settled near it in affluence.

Let us not, my dear father, answered Orlando, discuss that any more; I would not marry Miss Hollybourn, if she could give me a kingdom.

Nor give up your boyish fancy for that girl at the Hall to save your family, to save your father!

Orlando started as if he trod on a serpent: this was a string that jarred too much, it threatened to destroy all the virtuous resolutions which he had been labouring to adopt; for it seemed to be cruelty and injustice in his father to reproach him; and, conscious of the sacrifice he hoped to have fortitude enough to make, it appeared too hard that he was at that moment blamed for not making more.

No, Sir, said he, I will not give up my fancy for the girl at the Hall, as you are pleased to term her; but I see not how my affection for her can injure my family, nor how my resigning her could save them—For God's sake, do not imbitter the few hours we are to pass together, either by the reproaches which indeed I do not deserve, or by concern which the occasion does not demand. Believe me, your son suffers enough, without the additional misery of seeing you either displeased with him or grieving for him.

Orlando, then fearful that any farther conversation with his father, in the humour he seemed to be in, would serve only to give pain to them both, and wishing to be alone for a few minutes before he again saw Warwick, went another way; and on his

return to the house he found an official letter directing him to repair immediately for Portsmouth, where the captain of his company was assembling his men in order to embark immediately for America.

Thus certain that he must set out the next day, and that he had only a few moments before he must meet Warwick and give his answer, he hid himself in the least frequented part of the shrubbery that adjoined to the house, and again considered of the tempting offer that was made him. Fascinating as it was, and though his excessive affection for Monimia was often on the point of overbalancing every other consideration whatever; his pride and his duty, his affection for his father, and his respect for himself, united at length to conquer his inclination.

How could he bear to plunge a dagger into the heart of his father, who had little other hope on earth but in him? or, if he could determine on that, and fortify himself against the reproaches his conscience might make him, how could he submit to be obliged for his support, for the support of Monimia, to Warwick? There was something repugnant to the generous feelings of Orlando, in Warwick's using the very money his uncle had given him, as the means of disappointing his benefactor. But, whatever apology Warwick might make to himself for this, Orlando thought there could be none for him if he were to participate in money thus acquired. He knew that, accustomed to expence and indulgences, as his friend was, a thousand pounds would be no very permanent resource when Isabella was to share it; and he could not bear that *he* should be supposed to connive at her flight, only to become with Monimia a burthen to her and Warwick. On the slender pay of an ensign it were madness to think he could support a wife, however humble might be her wishes; and his marriage

would cut him off for ever from all hopes of that assistance from Mrs. Rayland, which his father, even though he should forgive, had not the power to afford him. Could he then endure to expose his beloved Monimia to the inconveniencies of following a camp, without having the means of procuring her such alleviations as it allowed? He might die in the field, and leave her exposed to hazards infinitely greater than those which could befall her in England. This last consideration determined him—It decided his wavering virtue, and he resolved to give Warwick a positive refusal immediately before he should relapse, and to conceal the almost invincible temptation he had been under from his Monimia, lest her weaker, softer heart yielding to it, he should again find himself unable to resist it.

He now hastened to find Warwick; and fortunately met him at the entrance of the house, whither they were summoned to dinner. Warwick enquired with great eagerness on what he had resolved. To be miserable, answered Orlando, in abstaining from what is wrong. I should be miserable if I agreed, Warwick, to your proposal; and I have determined, since either way I must be unhappy, to be so with integrity rather than self-reproach.

What the devil! said Warwick, you won't go then my way?

No, I will not.

But you will not, I hope, Sir, cried Warwick half angry—you will not think it necessary to prevent your sister?

Orlando, who did not greatly relish the peremptory manner in which this was said, answered coldly—You have my honour, Captain Warwick, and any other question is an affront.

Forgive me, my friend, replied Warwick, resuming his usual good humour—forgive me for doubt-

ing you. I cannot live without Isabella, nor do I intend to try at it—I have prevailed upon her, not without difficulty I assure you, to consent to meet me at Portsmouth. You know how much happiness your going with Monimia would have given to us all! But I have not a moment to argue the matter with you. You say you are determined—So am I; and all I ask of you is, that you will not rob me of my happiness, upon the same false, cold sort of reasoning system to which you are sacrificing your own.

A servant now coming out to say that dinner waited, they went into the house. A melancholy and silent meal was soon concluded. The General's horse was brought to the door, on which Warwick was to go to the next post town: and he rose to take leave of the family, which he did with a composure that amazed Orlando, who had no idea how a man could so conceal the feelings which must on such an occasion naturally arise. Isabella was far from appearing so tranquil; but all the rest were too much engaged with their own sensations to remark those which her countenance betrayed, though to Orlando her confusion was evident.

Warwick went up to receive the last orders of his uncle, and then prepared to mount his horse; when Orlando took his arm, and begged he would send the servant on with the horses, and give him a few moment's attention as they walked on after them.

Warwick readily agreed, in hopes that he had changed his mind; but Orlando soon put an end to such expectations by asking him in what way Isabella was to meet him. I have given you my honour, Warwick, said he, not to betray you; but I must have yours in return that my sister shall be exposed to no improper adventures. How is she who never was from home in her life, but for a few

days with her mother in London, to find her way to Portsmouth?

Ridiculous! exclaimed Warwick, to find her way to Portsmouth! One would really think she was to take a flight to the extreme parts of the earth, instead of hardly five-and-thirty miles. My poor friend, thou hast not been used, I see, to these little adventures—I have an aid-de-camp, who, in the absence of his commander, can secure a little deserter for him. Isabella is determined to trust me; and it may suffice you to know that I love her too well not to take every possible precaution for her safety.

No, said Orlando, it may *not* suffice—Though I have promised not to interfere, it is only on condition that I am sure my sister will not suffer either in her person or her reputation. Give me therefore the particulars.

Warwick then related, that his servant, on whom he could depend, was on the evening they should appoint to be ready with a post-chaise and four at some place they could fix upon; where after supper Isabella, instead of retiring to her room, should meet it—Nothing is more easy, I suppose, said Warwick, or less dangerous, than for your sister to do this; and, when she is once off in the chaise, relays of horses being ordered at the two stages between this and Portsmouth, my servant following on horseback, will escort her thither in less than four hours; there I shall have a vessel ready to carry us to Jersey—Money, my dear boy! Money, my dear boy! Money, contrivance and courage are all that are necessary. I have found the two first, and have given the last to the only person that wanted it. I have convinced Isabella that, if she follows my directions, she may be at Portsmouth before she is missed, and married before any one can guess

where to look for her. Well, Orlando, you now have my whole plan; and I trust to your honour not to render it abortive.

And I, replied Orlando, trust my sister to yours, not without reluctance and remorse—We shall probably meet at Portsmouth?

Probably, answered Warwick; for the two companies are to embark at the same time; and I only trust to some private interest, which I have prevailed upon my uncle to make for me, to procure leave to embark in whatever vessel is most convenient.—The captain of one of the frigates is my particular friend, and I shall probably get a birth with him instead of going in a transport. Orlando, to whom the whole scheme appeared easily practicable, now again felt all the disposition to join in it which he had before combated: but again his reason came to his aid, and he saw Warwick depart without betraying any symptoms of that struggle which still tore his heart.

Once more, however, he subdued it; and recalled his resolution to go through the trying scene which was to wait him on his return to the house, where he was early in the evening to bid adieu to all his family, in order to sup with Mrs. Rayland as she had desired; and then! the last cruel parting with Monimia, more dreadful than any of his former sufferings, was to embitter his last moments at Rayland-Hall.

The last adieu between a father so affectionate and unhappy and a son so beloved, need not be described—it would indeed be difficult to do it justice. As his mother and his sisters hung weeping about him, he could not help addressing some words to Isabella, however unfavourable the time, which she seemed perfectly to understand—though she shrunk from them, and had carefully avoided giv-

ing him any opportunity of speaking to her alone. At length Orlando tore himself away; and not daring to look behind him, yet hardly feeling the ground beneath him, he hurried to the Hall.

Mrs. Rayland received him with as much calmness as if he only came on a usual visit. Of the violent emotions which agitated him she had no idea. Time and uninterrupted prosperity had so blunted the little sensibility nature had given her, that she was utterly incapable of participating or comprehending the acute feelings of her young favourite: yet in her way she was extremely kind to him; and, after giving him another course of excellent advice, which lasted near two hours, she told him, that as his first equipment might have taken a good part of her former present, she had another note of fifty pounds at his service. This present was extremely acceptable to Orlando, who had not above sixty left of her preceding bounty. Mrs. Rayland, detaining Orlando an hour longer than he expected, at length dismissed him with her blessing; and Orlando shed tears of gratitude on her hand, which he kissed, and, without being able to speak, left her.

He then took leave of the servants; but gave to Mrs. Lennard, with whom he desired to speak in her own room, more time than to the rest; and desirous of doing what he could to soften the situation of his Monimia, he determined to speak to her aunt on her behalf.

You know, Madam, said he, that on my last departure you spoke to me of your niece: let me now speak to you of her. My absence may satisfy you as to those suspicions, that I know not why you entertained of me—but let me entreat you to be kind to my lovely young friend, for whom I scruple not to avow to you a very great regard.

What! cried Mrs. Lennard, has she ever then been such an ungrateful girl as to say I was unkind to her?

Never, said Orlando:—in the conversations we have accidentally had, your niece has always spoken of you with gratitude and respect: but, after what you once said to me about her, I should be remiss were I to quit the house without trying to obviate any little lurking prejudice which may at some future time be remembered to her disadvantage: allow me therefore to intercede with you, not only to forget any of these circumstances which may prejudice your mind against her, but to increase that tenderness for her, which does so much honour to your heart.

Thank you, Sir, said Mrs. Lennard, but I hope I do not want your advice, nor any body's, to do my duty to the girl, since she is left upon my hands.

Orlando never felt so great an inclination as at that moment, to take Monimia off her hands; and, as he found little was to be hoped for from his solicitations in her favour, he took leave of Mrs. Lennard, and endeavoured, when alone, to collect all his resolution for this final adieu with Monimia; to drive from his recollection the offer of Warwick, which still recurred to tantalize and torment him; to conceal from her that it ever had been made, and to fortify her mind for their long separation while he felt his own sinking under it.

Among other things it occurred to him, that if death or caprice deprived Monimia of the cold and reluctant protection her aunt now afforded her, she might be not only desolate but pennyless. He determined, therefore, to leave with her one of the banker's notes he had just received, of five-and-twenty pounds, and to pass these last moments in arming her against every possible contingency

which might happen during his absence, and, as far as he could, instructing her how to act if they occurred.

Monimia, with swollen eyes, from which the tears slowly fell notwithstanding her endeavours to restrain them, listened in silence, as with a faltering tone and in disjointed sentences he went through this mournful task. She promised in a voice hardly articulate to attend to all he desired, and to keep a journal of her life; though what will it be, said she, but a journal of sufferings and of sorrow?

But when that sorrow, those sufferings are over, my Monimia, cried Orlando, trying to speak cheerfully, with what transport shall we look back on this journal, and compare our past anxieties with our actual happiness!—Let that idea encourage you amidst the heavy days that are to intervene before we meet again. Whatever you suffer, remember that your Orlando will return to dry your tears! And take care of your precious health, my Monimia, preserve it for him.

She could only answer by a deep drawn sigh; while Orlando, cruel as the scene was, could not determine to put an end to it. Day already dawned; and as he did not mean to go to bed, but had ordered the under-keeper to attend him with the horses as soon as it was light, he knew that he should soon be called by Jacob: yet could he not determine to lead Monimia back to her turret till he heard the man at the door, who, tapping at it, informed him the horses were ready, and the hour passed at which he ordered himself to be called.

Monimia then arose and said—Farewell then, Orlando! He had no power to answer her; but led her silently through the chapel, round the court, and to her turret. The moment that tore him from her could not be delayed; he took the last embrace,

and hastily bade her shut the door, lest he should fall into such a paroxysm of anguish as might render him unable to leave her at all. Monimia, who could not have supported the pain she endured much longer, with feeble and trembling hands obeyed him; but as slowly he descended the stairs, he heard her loud sobs, and was on the point of returning again to snatch her to his bosom, and declare it impossible to part with her.

The loud noise of a whip, which Jacob, impatient of his long delay, now sounded around the house, roused him once more.

He started from the dangerous reflection he was indulging, that it was yet in his own power to take Monimia with him, or at least to secure her following him with his sister; and again recovering his courage, he descended the stairs, left for the last time the beloved turret, and in a few moments mounted his horse, and rode almost at full speed through the park. He was soon on the high road to the first post-town towards Portsmouth; and having ascended an high down that afforded him the last view he could have of Rayland Hall, he stopped on the top of it, and, turning his horse's head, fixed his eyes on the seat of all his past happiness, of all his future hopes, and thought how much he probably had to suffer before he should revisit it again, how probable it was that he should never see it more!

Jacob, who had but little notion of all this, yet supposed the captain, as he was now called at the Hall, was sorry to leave all his friends and Miss Monimmy, and hunting and shooting, and such like, to go to the wars, now thought it might be kind to console him: but Orlando heeded not the very eloquent harangue, which had lasted near a quarter of an hour, but suddenly turned his horse, and set out as speedily as before.

He took a post horse at the town, and put his portmanteau into a Portsmouth diligence that was passing; then dismissing his favourite horse, which he would take no farther, and recommending him particularly to Jacob, who promised to attend to him while he fed at liberty in the park, he made the servant a handsome present, and on the hack which was ready he proceeded as if he was pursued; for the speed with which he rode seemed to give him something like relief. A very short time brought him to Portsmouth; where he found his baggage from London just arrived; and learned that some of the soldiers were already embarked, that the wind was fair, and that new orders for the greatest expedition were arrived that day to the commander of the reinforcement going to America.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXHAUSTED by the fatigue of body and mind, Orlando would probably have lost the painful recollection of what had passed within the last eight-and-forty hours by transient forgetfulness; but even this was not permitted him: the orders for immediate embarkation were so strict, and the commander of the squadron which was to convoy the transports so impatient to execute the directions of Government, that every thing was hurry and confusion; and Orlando, far from being allowed time to think of what he had left, found the care of the company devolve almost entirely upon him: the men were for the most part raw recruits; the captain, the younger son of an illustrious house already raised to that rank (though not so old as Orlando), was not come down; and the lieutenant, a man near

fifty, was almost incapacitated from attending his duty by the agonies of his wife and a family of several children, who, as they had been in lodgings in a neighbouring town ever since his return from America the preceding year, now assembled around him to bid to their only protector and support a last farewell.

The short notice he had received of his departure had prevented his settling many things for them which were now indispensable; the moment therefore Orlando arrived, this officer (whom he had not before seen) related to him his situation; and Orlando, in generously endeavouring to alleviate his troubles by taking as much business from him as he could, found his additional fatigue well repaid by the necessity it laid him under to detach his mind from his own regret and anxiety. At the first dawn of day he was at the Point—embarking the men and baggage; and the scene of distracting hurry that now presented itself, the quarrels and blasphemy with which the beach resounded, the confusion among the soldiers and sailors, the rage of the commanders and the murmurs of the commanded, the eager impatience of those who had articles to buy for their voyage, and the unfeeling avarice of others who had them to sell, formed altogether a scene as extraordinary as it was new to Orlando, who had never been from the neighbourhood of the Hall except for a few weeks, which were either passed in pleasure in London or in a quiet country town; he heard therefore, with a mixture of wonder and disgust, the human tempest roar in which he was now engaged, and for the first time enquired of himself what all this was for?

This was not a place or hour when such a question, however naturally it occurred, could be answered—He was to act, not to speculate; and hardly had

he a moment to reflect that, hurried as he was to be, he should not have the satisfaction (if satisfaction it might be called) of seeing Isabella and Warwick before he went himself on board; after which it would be impossible to know what became of them, at least not till his arrival in America. Amid the tumult that surrounded him, this gave him infinite disquiet. A thousand fears for his sister crowded on his mind; he apprehended she might by some accident be prevented in such a place meeting Warwick; he trembled lest, if she did, his conduct towards her, when she was entirely in his power, might be dishonourable. Such were the distressing reflections of Orlando in every momentary pause the confusion of the scene allowed him. But whatever uneasiness he felt, the time permitted him to have no mitigation; and, in the evening of the day after his arrival at Portsmouth, he found himself on board a transport with the greater part of that company to which he belonged, and about an equal number of dragoons with their horses. The wind, though violent, blew down the channel; and at night-fall, all previous orders being given, they obeyed the signal for getting to sea. It was not till they were many miles at sea that Orlando had time to consider his situation: then, the tumult having a little subsided, he saw himself in a little crowded vessel, where nothing could equal the inconvenience to which his soldiers were subjected, but that which the miserable negroes endure in their passage to slavery.* Indifferent to this so far as it merely related to himself, he could not see the sufferings to which the men were likely to be exposed without

* It has lately been alledged in defence of the Slave Trade, that Negroes on board Guineamen are allowed *almost* as much room as a Soldier in a Transport.—Excellent reasoning!

concern. All of them were young and new to the service; and the captain was too attentive to his own delicacy to have time to give the poor fellows all the alleviation their condition allowed them; and, on the second day of their voyage, he found his own situation so unpleasant, that he went in a boat on board one of the frigates, the commander of which was distantly related to him, and obtained of him for the rest of the voyage a berth more suitable to a man of fashion than a crowded transport could afford him.

Orlando, the lieutenant (who was half broken-hearted), and a cornet of horse, were left in charge of the men; and it was perhaps fortunate for the former, that he was so incessantly called upon to attend to his duty that he had hardly a moment to command but for repose, and, occupied about others, could think but little of himself.

They had now been so long at sea, that the fresh-water sailors had conquered the first uneasy sensations given by that element, except the young cornet, who was the only son of a very opulent family, and heir to an immense fortune: during a very long minority his mother had so humoured him, that even his request to enter the army, though extremely opposite to her wishes, could neither be evaded nor denied. The smart uniform of a light horseman appeared to him extremely desirable; and the possibility of danger in such a service never occurred to him, nor would he listen to it when it was represented by others. He had hardly put on this seducing attire, and provided himself with a very beautiful horse, before he was ordered abroad; and now sick and desponding, this unhappy child of foolish affluence wanted a nurse much more than a broad sword—No puling girl just out of the nursery was ever more helpless; and

Orlando at once despised and pitied him; but found that, having been friendly enough to offer him his assistance, his new acquaintance soon leaned entirely upon him; and that, having been used to have every one around him at his command, he received every friendly attention which compassion extorted from others, as matters of course.

The fleet had now passed Madeira, without however touching at it, and were launched into the great Atlantic Ocean. Hitherto their voyage had been prosperous and quick; and a short time promised to terminate it: but the heat of the weather, operating on the crowds of men and of horses stowed in such a vessel, now began to be severely felt. A fever of the malignant kind broke out; and within a week five men sickened of it, of whom three died; and the other two, more like spectres than living creatures, seemed by their partial recovery only to be reserved for more lingering sufferings.

Nor was that the worst; for the disease, after a cessation of a few days, broke out afresh, and Orlando saw his men depressed and dispirited, sinking around him its easy victims. Contrary winds, or sullen calms which allowed them to make very little way, added to the hopelessness of their situation, and the other transports could afford them little assistance; for in some the same cruel distemper had begun its ravages, and those who were yet free from it dreaded the infection. It was now that Orlando felt the justice of that pathetic description, given by Thomson, of the mortality at sea before Carthage, where he addresses the admiral, as witnessing

“ The deeply racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright—
————— the groans
Of agonizing ships ————— ”

and as having then heard

“ Nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse.”

From such a scene, whenever the distresses of his men (whom in despite of the danger of infection he attended with paternal kindness) or the terrors of the little effeminate cornet would allow him a moment's respite, he escaped as much as he could by passing the evenings on deck; for the heat below was more dreadful to him than even the want of sleep or any other inconvenience. He frequently took the night watch; and at other times wrapped himself in a great coat, and lay down where he might at least have air. On these occasions sleep would not always befriend him; and then all he had left, his Monimia, his family, the Hall, the rural happiness he had enjoyed in his native country, forcibly presented themselves in contrast to the wretchedness around him; and when he considered a number of men thus packed together in a little vessel perishing by disease; such of them as survived going to another hemisphere to avenge on a branch of their own nation a quarrel, of the justice of which they knew little, and were never suffered to inquire; he felt disposed to wonder at the folly of mankind, and to enquire again *what all this was for?*

He sometimes, however, endeavoured to persuade himself that it was for glory: he had been taught to love glory—What so sacred as the glory of his country? To purchase it no exertion could be too great—to revenge any insult on it, no sacrifice should be regretted. If, for a moment, his good sense arose in despite of this prejudice, and induced him to enquire if it was not from a mistaken point of honour, from the wickedness of go-

vernments, or the sanguinary ambition or revenge of monarchs, that so much misery was owing as wars of every description must necessarily occasion; he quieted these doubts by recurring to history—our Henries and our Edwards, heroes whose names children are taught to lisp with delight, as they are bid to execrate the cruel Uncle* and the bloody Queen Mary; and he tried to believe that what these English Kings had so gloriously done, was in their descendants equally glorious, because it went to support the honour of the British name.—Then Alexander, Cæsar, and all the crowned murderers of antiquity—they were heroes too whom his school-studies had taught him to admire, and whom his maturer reflection had not yet enabled him to see divested of the meteor glare which surrounded them. There was something great in their personal valour, in their contempt of death; and he did not recollect that their being themselves so indifferent to life was no reason why, to satisfy their own vanity, they should deluge the world with human blood. There were indeed times when the modern directors of war appeared to him in a less favourable light—who incurred no personal danger, nor gave themselves any other trouble than to raise money from one part of their subjects, in order to enable them to destroy another, or the subjects of some neighbouring potentate. Nor had he, after a while, great reason to admire the integrity of the subordinate departments, to whom the care of providing for troops thus sent out to support the glory of their master was entrusted. The provisions on board were universally bad; and the sickness of the soldiers was as much owing to that cause as to the heat of climate. Musty oat-

* Richard the Third.

meal, half-dried pease, and meat half spoiled before it had been salted down, would in any situation have occasioned diseases; and when to such defective food, their being so closely stowed and so long on board was added, those diseases increased rapidly, and generally ended fatally. But it was all for *glory*. And that the ministry should, in thus purchasing glory, put a little more than was requisite into the pockets of contractors, destroy as many men by sickness as by the sword, made but little difference in an object so infinitely important; especially when it was known (which, however, Orlando did not know) that messieurs the contractors were for the most part members of parliament, who under other names enjoyed the profits of a war, which, disregarding the voice of the people in general, or even of their own constituents, they voted for pursuing. Merciful God! can it be thy will that mankind should thus tear each other to pieces with more ferocity than the beasts of the wilderness? Can it be thy dispensation that kings are entrusted with power only to deform thy works—and in learning politics to forget humanity?

Orlando, embarked in a cause of which he had hardly ever thought till he was called upon to maintain it, was insensibly visited by reflections like these; but whenever they recurred he drove them from him as much as he could, and endeavoured to cherish the fond hope that all might yet be well; that Isabella, about whom he was haunted with a thousand fears, was in some of the vessels which were now all assembled in one fleet—for the slowness of their progress had enabled those ships which last sailed to overtake them; and that on his landing he should meet Warwick and his sister, and anticipate with them the fortunate hour of his return to England.

As the perilous situation of Isabella occupied his thoughts, whenever he could a moment detach them from the scene before him, he made several efforts to learn, if she was in any of the vessels near which he often found himself; but in none of them could he gain information of an officer of the name of Warwick. He then contrived to send a message to the captain of the frigate, one of the convoy, with whom Warwick had told him he was acquainted; but this officer, to the infinite disappointment of Orlando, told him in answer to his letter, that it was true his friend Warwick had sent some of his baggage on board, and a negro servant; but that, after waiting for him till the last moment, it became absolutely necessary for him to sail without him. This account only served, therefore, to increase the uneasiness of Orlando, who now feared that, instead of being able on his landing in America to write instantly to his father with an account both of himself and his sister, he should only add to the disquiet which he believed her flight must have occasioned to her family: nor was he at all satisfied that Warwick's dishonourable conduct towards her was not the cause of their not being in the fleet, which he was now almost persuaded they were not.

If at any time he had obtained a short interval of repose, these cruel images haunted him; but as the voyage was prolonged, and the discomforts of his condition became more severe, he found abundant reason to rejoice that he had resisted the alluring temptation offered to him by Warwick, and had not exposed his Monimia to difficulties and distresses, under which many around him had sunk: and in this self-congratulation he found the first reward of virtue; a sensation which soothed all his sorrows, and enabled him to support the accumulated evils which now pressed upon him.

The fleet was now within four days sail of New-York ; or at least the sailors, though it was a dead calm, declared that they had no doubt but before the end of that time they should get in thither. The sick men revived a little with the intelligence ; and the rest bore with less dejection the funeral of the dead (for two days had not for some time passed without a funeral) and the loss of the horses, of which a third had already perished. Orlando, to escape the intolerable smells below, now always passed the night on deck, and was sleeping on it when the noise occasioned by a sudden change of the weather awakened him : he got up, as well to be out of the way, as to assist the sailors, who were soon all busily employed ; for in a few moments it blew a hurricane. The darkness of the night and the violence of the storm were horrors, greatly increased by the apprehension the seamen expressed, that they should be driven against some of the other vessels and sunk : and this appeared extremely probable ; for, by the flashes of lightning, the transports in company were seen driven about, sometimes within a few yards of each other—guns of distress were heard, but none were in a condition to assist the rest ; nor was it possible for a boat to live in a sea that ran mountains high, and threatened to overwhelm even the men of war which formed the convoy.

Orlando, to whom as a novice in maritime adventures the danger seemed even greater than it was, imagined that death was inevitable, because it had never appeared to him so near before. He thought, however, not so much of the event, as of the effect the intelligence of it would have on those infinitely dearer to him than himself—He heard the agonizing shrieks of his mother, the more silent but more destructive anguish of his father, the tears of his

sisters, unable to suppress their own grief while they attempted to administer comfort to their parents, and above all the sufferings of his gentle Monimia, sufferings more acute because she dared not complain. Yet; when the vessel strained so much that the seamen declared they every moment expected the timbers to part, Orlando again thanked God that Monimia was not with him. The despair of the lieutenant was solemn and silent ;—he believed that the hour was come when he was to leave his family destitute in a world where, with all his exertions, his want of interest had not afforded him the means of supporting them by that perilous profession to which he had dedicated his life. But he bore this certainty (for there seemed not the least hope of escape) like a soldier and a man ; he assisted the sailors ; he encouraged the soldiers ; and endeavoured, with a calmness of mind which gave Orlando an exalted opinion of him, to inspire others with that hope he did not himself feel. To Orlando only he declared his opinion that they must perish ; and he spoke in approbation of the fortitude with which so young a man, and one so unaccustomed to look on danger and death, bore this intelligence ; but with the little cornet he could not keep his temper, who, half dead with terror, lamented himself aloud in terms unmanly and ridiculous ; and who, though he declared himself too much affected by the violent heaving of the ship to keep the deck a moment, ran up continually to ask puerile questions of the seamen, and to distract their attention by his complaints and clamours.

Morning at length appeared, but the wind rather increased than abated ; and the light of day served only to shew the horrors of their situation, and of some of their companions in distress, who were still in sight, for the men of war were no longer visible ;

and of the three transports who were near them, one was dismasted, and another without her rudder was driven about a wreck upon the waves, under bare poles. From this vessel, which the first dawn of day discovered close to them, they heard repeated signals of distress. Whenever the mountainous waves afforded them a view of her, they saw the people, among whom were two or three women, appearing on her deck, apparently in all the agonies of despair. Orlando was suddenly struck with the idea that this vessel might contain his sister; and with dreadful solicitude he watched it, till in the confusion of his thoughts, he fancied he really discerned her—All care for his own safety was then at an end; and he entreated the commander of the ship he was in to allow him to attempt in a boat to go on board, in the hopes of administering some help: but this the man positively refused, giving very loud and short reasons, in terms which Orlando did not understand, why such an attempt would be fatal to whoever undertook it, without being of the least use to those for whom it was undertaken. More and more impressed with the idea that Isabella was among the women, whose terrors he saw distinctly on the deck of the other vessel, he now hardly possessed his senses, and was on the point of plunging into the waves, tremendous as they were—when, as his eyes were fixed wildly and eagerly on it, he saw it sink, and the sea bury all it contained! There was hardly time to utter an exclamation of horror, when some of the unhappy people appeared so near the ship, that the sailors, though so likely to share the same fate, endeavoured to save them; but two only, stout men who swam strongly, were snatched from the raging element. The rest soon disappeared, never to rise again!

The force of the wind was now somewhat lessened,

and the men were inspired by some degree of hope to greater exertions. About ten o'clock the storm was so much abated that the master was able to take an observation; and he found himself many leagues out of his course. No ship remained in sight but one transport at a great distance; and the vessel yet drove too much to allow them to attempt altering her course. Their immediate danger, however, gradually diminished; and every man on board, who was able to work, laboured, in despite of the fatigue they had undergone, to repair their rigging, and remedy the damages the hull had sustained. The sick, who had for many hours been neglected, were now visited; and one soldier was found dead. As to the horses that remained, they had all been thrown overboard during the most imminent peril, as their weight occasioned the ship to labour so much more than she would do without them. The dead soldier was committed to the waves; and as Orlando, with glazed eyes, saw him deposited in his watery grave, and recollected all the horrors of the preceding night, he again involuntarily enquired of himself, whether such things were to be accounted the dispensations of Heaven—or, if they were the works of man, why they were permitted? The terrible idea that Isabella had perished in that ship he saw sink still haunted him, and redoubled by imaginary sorrow all that he saw or suffered. The poor fellows who had been taken up were so terribly bruised, and had swallowed so much water, that they were not yet sensible. As soon as they were, however, Orlando eagerly questioned them as to the females whom he had, through the obscurity of the dark and dashing waves, discovered on the deck; and he learned, to increase his misery, that one of them was a young lady, whose husband was an officer of foot, and who was

himself either in the fleet, or coming with the next convoy. The sailor who gave him this information knew not which, nor did he know the lady's name, or to what regiment her husband belonged. The other women, he said, were, one of them the lady's servant, and the other the wife of a serjeant in Orlando's regiment: which seemed to add to the probability that the young person who had perished was Isabella. There hardly needed this sad conjecture to add to the despondency which, in despite of all his steady courage, now took possession of Orlando—despondency which he found it extremely difficult to conceal. Strong as his constitution was, it yielded, at length, to the united power of malignant infection, uneasiness, and fatigue, and when, after beating about above ten days, the vessel at length reached the harbour of New-York, he was taken on shore in a state of insensibility, from the fever which had attacked him; and his friend, the old lieutenant, saw him accommodated as well as the circumstances the place was under would admit; and, feeling for him the affliction of a father, shed over the blasted hopes of a youth so promising, tears, which his own misfortunes had never extorted from him.

CHAPTER IX.

By the care of this excellent man, aided by the medical skill of the surgeon of the regiment, Orlando in about a fortnight arose as it were from the grave. His senses returned long before his strength, and with them all the sad recollection of his disastrous voyage:—almost the first use he made of his returning reason, was to implore the

lieutenant to enquire for Captain Warwick, of whom he found, with inexpressible sorrow, that no intelligence had been received, and that he was believed by his brother officers to be in one of those transports that had gone to the bottom. In a few days a negro servant enquired for Ensign Some- rive, and Orlando in a moment recollected that it was Perseus, the man who had served Warwick some years.—He now hoped to have heard some account of his sister and his friend that might have quieted his extreme uneasiness: but the sight of Perseus only served to increase it; for he learned from him that Captain Warwick arrived at Ports- mouth the evening the first transports sailed, and that, by his interest with the captain of the frigate in which the negro embarked, and some persons still higher in power, that ship was delayed for some days, at the end of which Warwick promised to appear; but as he did not, nor even at the end of some hours longer than the time he required, the captain would have incurred too great a risk by waiting longer; and therefore got under weigh with so strong and favourable a wind, that they overtook the rest of the fleet two days before they made the Pike of Teneriffe. This circumstance, however, Perseus said, was the only one that gave him hope; for he knew his master, thus missing his passage, would hire a vessel to convey him, which would probably not only take up some days, but hardly sail as they did, and therefore there was reason to hope that he might have escaped the storm in which they suffered, and it was improbable that the lady whom Orlando had seen perish, and afterwards heard was the wife of an officer of foot, was his sister.

On being questioned farther, the negro, who was very intelligent, said, that Captain Warwick had

ordered him, with a great part of his baggage, on board; and that he knew his master expected a lady to go with him—but he knew not whom. The baggage was landed, and put into Orlando's lodging, where Perseus desired leave to wait upon him; and where the attention of this faithful fellow, and the hopes he gave him that Isabella and her husband were safe, contributed greatly to his recovery.

A fortnight had now elapsed since his landing, and no news of his sister reached him, nor had he a single line from England as he had been taught to expect. The sad scene at home, where he feared Isabella's elopement had created insupportable sorrow, cruelly tormented him; and the image of Monimia in continual tears and hopeless solitude, pursued him incessantly. A thousand times during the paroxysms of his fever he had insisted upon having pen and ink to write to her and to his family; and he began many letters to his father, recommending Monimia to his protection, and apologising for his conduct in regard to his sister; but the Lieutenant, Mr. Fleming, had never sent any of these incoherent letters.—Orlando had now strength of body and of mind enough to look them over; but, circumstanced as he was about Isabella, he now hardly knew better than he did then, what to say that should not aggravate all the pain he lamented: something, however, it was necessary to write, as ships were now daily returning to England; and not to send some intelligence of himself would be more distressing to his friends, than the ignorance he must avow as to the fate of his sister.

Another idea struck him, that some discovery, or even her own fears, as the moment arrived when she was to leave her father's house, might have prevented the departure of Isabella from home; and that even her intention of doing so might be

unknown.—This made him hesitate whether to name her at all; and at length he determined he would not, since it would be only giving to his father an exchange, but not an alleviation of uneasiness.

He wrote then these unsatisfactory letters to his family; and afterwards one to Monimia.—He gave in all of them the best account he could of himself, described his voyage as tedious and stormy; and said, slightly, that he had been ill on his first landing; but was now recovered, and should soon proceed to join the body of his regiment with the northern army under Burgoyne.—But such was the agitation of his spirits while he was writing, from the lively idea he had of the sensations his letters would give to those to whom they were addressed, that it brought on an access of fever, and he was confined for a few days: nor had he quite recovered his usual health, when the commander of the two companies, despairing of seeing the men who were missing arrive, was ordered to muster all that remained of the two companies; and, with a party of dismounted dragoons, to find their way to the army, which was now on its march from Canada to Albany, in order to form a junction, or at least to open a communication between that army and New York. The whole body, thus destined to force its way through an enemy's country, consisted, including American volunteers, of about two hundred and fifty men; but they were not incumbered with artillery, and were almost all young men, eager for actual service, and in haste to join an army, of whose brilliant success they formed the greatest expectations.

It was on the 6th of August that this small party left New York; and now Orlando, who had hitherto been in garrison, began to perceive all the horrors and devastations of war. The country lately so

flourishing, and rising so rapidly into opulence, presented nothing but the ruins of houses, from whence their miserable inhabitants had either been driven entirely, or murdered!—or had, of the burnt rafters and sad relics of their former comfortable dwellings, constructed huts on their lands, merely because they had no where else to go.—Even from these wretched temporary abodes they were often driven, to make way for the English soldiers; and their women and children exposed to the tempest of the night, or, what was infinitely more dreadful, to the brutality of the military. In a war so protracted, and carried on with such various success, these scenes of devastation had occurred so often, that the country appeared almost depopulated, or the few stragglers, who yet lingered round the places most eagerly contended for, had been habituated to suffer till they had almost lost the semblance of humanity. The party had now marched about seventy miles; and as they carried their provisions with them, which it was not possible to do in a great quantity, it became necessary for them to encamp, and send out foraging parties to obtain a supply before it was actually wanted. It was on the edge of one of those morasses which are called by the natives savannahs, encircled on all sides by woods, that they formed this small camp; where the Colonel, to whom the conduct of this expedition was entrusted, fortified it as well as such a situation would admit; but Lieutenant Fleming, whose attachment to Orlando a long intercourse of mutual kindness had now greatly strengthened, pointed out to him, in confidence, the defects of the station thus chosen; and declared that if any body of American troops, or rebels as they were then called was in the country, they must be surrounded, and either compelled to surrender or fight their way through.

It happened, however, that for many days they remained unmolested—some recruit of provisions was obtained, and the plan of their future march settled. The parties who went out saw no enemies to oppose them; and Orlando had now an opportunity of observing this wonderful country, so extremely unlike England, that it appeared to him to be indeed a new world.

Every object seemed formed upon a larger scale. The rivers, more frequent than in England, were broader than the most boasted of ours, even on their approach to the sea; and the woods, larger than the oldest European forests, even those that kings have reserved for their pleasure in France or England, consisted often of trees of such magnitude and beauty as must be seen before a perfect idea can be formed of them. What Orlando had often seen cherished in English gardens as beautiful shrubs, here rose into plants of such majestic size and foliage as made the British oak poor in comparison, and under them innumerable shrubs, of many of which he knew not the names, grew in profusion. These woods, however, had in many places suffered like the rest of the country; and in some had been set on fire—in others the trees had been felled, as means of temporary defence.—And Orlando, whose early and ingenuous philanthropy had of late been often injured by a painful sensation of disgust, could not help remarking with a sigh, that man seemed not only a creature born to consume the fruits of the earth, but to wound and deform the bosom of that earth! and he found himself almost involuntarily assenting to some of the most gloomy aphorisms of Rousseau.

But he was yet a novice; and had only of late understood, as well as a partial representation of the cause by his otherwise candid friend Fleming

would let him understand, the origin of the quarrel in which he had drawn his sword.

The scenes however he had already been witness to, were, *he* thought, not to be justified by *any* cause: but his fellow soldiers seemed to see them in a very different light; and to consider the English Americans as men of an inferior species, whose resistance to the measures, whatever those might be, of the mother country, deserved every punishment that the most ferocious mode of warfare could inflict; and even the brave and generally humane Fleming endeavoured to convert Orlando, whose scruples as to the justice of the war became greater the more he heard of its origin.—He assured him that a soldier never thought of examining into such matters—It is, said he, our business to fight; never to ask for what—for if every man, or even every officer in the service were to set about thinking, it is ten to one if any two of them agreed as to the merits of the cause. A man who takes the king's money is to do as he is bid, and never debate the matter. For my part, I have heard while I was in England a great deal of clamour upon the subject, and it has been called a war upon the people, and therefore an unpopular war.—I am no politician, nor do I desire to enter into a discussion about taxation and representation, which these fellows have made the ground for their resistance. There is no end of the nonsense that may be talked in favour of their rebellion, nor the pleas of the ministerial party. For myself, as I was brought up in the army, I have always cut the matter very short—the sword is my argument; and, I have sold that to my king, and therefore must use it in his service, whatever and wherever it may be pointed out to me.

This way of settling the matter was, however, so far from being convincing to Orlando, that it gave

him new cause for reflection. He had always been told, that the will of the people was the great resort in the British Government; and that no public measure of magnitude and importance could be decided upon, but by the agreement of the three Estates. Yet the present war, carried on against a part of their own body, and in direct contradiction of the right universally claimed, was not only pursued at a ruinous expence, but in absolute contradiction to the wishes of the people who were taxed to support it. Orlando did not comprehend how this could be—he could not, however, though so often assured that it was no part of his business, help thinking about it: and an American prisoner, who was brought to their little camp by a scouting party just before it broke up, assisted very much to clear up his ideas on this subject. He was a man in middling life, and had kept a store at New York; but having taken part with his own countrymen, had been sent by them to Congress, where, being a man of strong plain understanding, he had joined heartily in all the measures of resistance, and afterwards gone into the field for the same purpose: but hearing that his wife, an English woman, whom he passionately loved, and his only son, a boy of seven years old, were arrived at New York from England, whither they had gone two years before, he had obtained leave to quit his command for a short time, and had set out alone, and in disguise, in the intention of reaching the neighbourhood of New York; where, at the house of one of his temporising friends, he had appointed his wife and child to meet him—in the hope of conveying them himself, through a country abounding in perils, to a place of present safety.

But when he was within an hundred miles of the place he wished to reach (a distance that in Ameri-

ca is reckoned a trifle), he had been met by a party of Indians, whom the British commanders had lately let loose upon the Americans; and having narrowly escaped being scalped, by promises, and some deceptions very allowable in such a situation, he was brought by the Red Warriors to the small camp of their allies the English, of which they had just received intelligence. As this unfortunate American immediately disclosed to the commanding officer who he really was, and for what purpose going to New York, he was deemed of consequence enough to be sent thither a prisoner, and till this could be done, he was alternately guarded by the British officers:—a circumstance that gave Orlando an opportunity he never before had of hearing the American party tell their own story, which served only to excite his pity for them, and a pity not unmixed with respect; while his astonishment increased as he considered the infatuation of the British Cabinet, or rather the easy acquiescence of the British People.

- If his concern was called forth by witnessing the anguish of mind endured by his new acquaintance when he thought of his wife and child—anguish with which Orlando well knew how to sympathize—his surprise and curiosity were not less awakened by the appearance of the native American auxiliaries who had been called to the aid of the English. They consisted of a party of near forty, most of them young men; and headed by a celebrated veteran warrior, who was distinguished by a name which expressed in their language, “The bloody Captain!” Their savage appearance, and the more savage thirst of blood which they avowed—that base avidity for plunder, with an heroic contempt of danger, pain, and death, made them altogether objects of abhorrence, mingled

with something like veneration: but the former sentiment altogether predominated when Mr. Jamieson (the prisoner) informed him, that among all the unfair advantages which the Colonists complained of in the manner of carrying on the war, there was none that seemed so unjustifiable as that of sending forth the Indians* against them. And when Or-

* "Several nations of savages were induced to take up arms as allies to his Britannic Majesty. Not only the humanity, but the policy of employing them was questioned in Great Britain. The opposers of it contended, that Indians were capricious, inconstant, and intractable; their rapacity insatiate, and their actions cruel and barbarous. At the same time their services were represented as uncertain, and that no dependence could be placed on their engagements. On the other hand, the zeal of the British *Ministers* for reducing the revolted Colonies was so violent as to make them, in their excessive wrath, forget that their adversaries were men. They contended that, in their circumstances, every appearance of *lenity*, by inciting to disobedience, and thereby increasing the objects of punishment, was eventual cruelty. In their opinion, *partial severity* was *general mercy*; and the only method of speedily crushing the rebellion was to envelop its abettors in such complicated distress, as, by rendering their situation intolerable, would make them willing to accept the proffered blessings of peace." Ramsay's History of the American Revolution.—The happy effects of this barbarous policy never appeared. Of the tragical scenes it occasioned, the reader, if he or she delight in studying circumstances in this war redounding to the honour of British humanity, is referred to the Annual Register for 1779, where an account is given of the expedition of sixteen hundred men, among whom one fourth were Indians, the rest British Americans in the interest and service of Government (these Americans were then called Tories), to the forts Kingston and Wilkesborough, in the settlement of Wyoming on the Susquehanna. Those who have so loudly exclaimed against a whole nation struggling for its freedom, on account of the events of the summer of 1792 (events terrible enough, God knows!), are entreated to recollect how much the exploits of this expedition (even as related by our own historian) exceed any thing that happened on the 10th of August, the 2d of September, or at any one period of the execrated Revolution in France—and own, that there are savages of all countries—even of our own!

Orlando saw in the hands of the Bloody Captain eleven scalps, some of them evidently those of women and children, others of very old, and consequently defenceless men; many of them fresh, which he said, with an air of triumph, he had taken from the enemies of the King of England within three weeks—the young unhardened Englishman shuddered with horror, and blushed for his country.

He could not help speaking warmly on this subject to Fleming, who answered calmly, it was very true that arming the Indians was a very severe measure—and their cruelty what we ourselves, said he, so loudly complained of in the last war; but after all, my friend, in war every advantage is taken by both sides; and our Government has considered that if by this dreadful sort of warfare they can the sooner conquer the rebels and reduce them to obedience, it is in fact best for them*. Orlando, still unable to digest or approve such doctrine, could never hear of the ferocity with which these red warriors treated their prisoners without disgust. With some of the younger among them, however, who were less inured to blood, he formed some kind of acquaintance, and learned some of their words. One of these he had distinguished from the rest, by remarking his more open countenance—his more gentle manners; and by hearing that he had, at the risk of his own life, saved a woman from the fury of his relation the Bloody Captain, when he was on the point of killing her with his tomahawk. This woman, whom they had found wandering in the woods, whither she had been driven by the British

* The same sort of sophistry was used by the monster Catherine de Medicis, to urge her son, the infamous Charles the Ninth, to the massacre of the Protestants in 1572.—What pity, said she, do we not shew in being cruel; What cruelty would it not be to have pity!

troops who had burned her little farm and killed her husband, the young Indian, who was known by the name of the Wolf-hunter, had conducted in safety to a fort garrisoned by her own countrymen—again hazarding his own life to preserve hers.

The secret sympathy between generous minds seems to exist throughout the whole human kind; for this young warrior became soon as much attached to Orlando as his nature allowed him to be to any body; and when they left their camp, and continued their march (after having dispatched their prisoner to New York with as strong an escort as they could spare), the Wolf-hunter constantly marched by the side of his new friend; and between the little English he had picked up, and Orlando's unusual aptness to learn languages, which had however been little exercised till now, he contrived to acquire a good deal of the customs of the Indians of North America, of which he hitherto had known but little: but in regard to their wars, the more he heard of them the more unpardonable it seemed to him to be in the managers of the war at home to authorise them to take up the hatchet.

After a very fatiguing march of many days, during which their Indian associates were eminently useful to them in guiding their way through woods and morasses, where they were least likely to meet parties of the Colonists superior to their own, they reached the place of rendezvous, where there was a probability of their finding the army they were to join; but it had pushed forward with so much celerity, that they found themselves three days behind it: its track, however, was sufficiently marked by smoking ruins—by the corn destroyed on the ground—and by the bodies of the dead, with whom they could not either encumber themselves, or always stay to bury. The heart of Orlando

sickened at the sight; but he had little time for contemplation—for a strong detachment of Americans, who had harrassed the rear of the British army, were now returning northward; and meeting this body of British, an engagement ensued, in which the Provincials were repulsed with some loss—but at the expence of nine men killed and eleven wounded—among the latter was Lieutenant Fleming: his wound, however, was not dangerous, and Orlando had the satisfaction of shewing, by his unwearied attendance on him, some part of the gratitude he felt for his former friendship. But the care necessary to the wounded, and the difficulties that their own people, in order to prevent their being followed by the enemy, had every where thrown in the way of their march, made it so tedious and so dangerous, that they often despaired of effecting their purpose; and when they at length arrived, quite worn down with fatigue, had the mortification to find the forces they joined in a situation very different from what they had been taught to expect—while the main body was equally disappointed that a stronger reinforcement was not sent them from New York, and a supply of provisions, of which they began to apprehend the want. At the same time the march of such a small body of men, for so many hundred miles, through a country every where in arms against them, was a matter of wonder; and in the detail of their expedition given by the commanding officer to the General, the conduct of Orlando was spoken of in such high terms, that he was desired to make him a compliment on the occasion. Orlando, from his ignorance of the country, had entertained a faint hope that he might find Warwick already arrived in the northern army; but he had the mortification not only to discover that this hope was groundless, but his bro-

ther officers, who knew him best, were unanimously of opinion that he had perished at sea, from Orlando's account—They were sure, they said, that nothing but some such disaster would have prevented their friend Warwick from coming back with his company; and Orlando, with increased anguish of heart, assented apparently to this, and forbore to say the reasons he had to feel, that though this might not be exactly the truth, the absence of Warwick was every way to him a subject of uneasy conjecture and bitter regret.

CHAPTER X.

THE increasing difficulties to which the British army, under the command of General Burgoyne, were at this period exposed, have been so often described, and so largely insisted upon, that they need not here be repeated. Deserted by the Canadians and other Americans, who were discouraged by their perilous situation—in want of necessary provisions, and seeing themselves likely to be surrounded—it was determined that, if the assistance they had been taught to expect from New York did not arrive before the expiration of another fortnight, they must give up all hopes of defence. In the mean time, however, a movement was resolved upon by a chosen body of fifteen hundred men, which brought on a general attack from the Americans, who carried part of the British lines, and night only put an end to the combat, in which a great number of brave men fell, as well English as Germans. Among the slain was Orlando's respectable friend Fleming, who, though hardly recovered of his former wound, had hurried without orders to

defend the lines, and was shot through the lungs as he was leading on his men to repulse a party of the enemy with the bayonet.—Orlando, who was only a few paces from him, saw him fall; and, amid the impetuosity of the action, he ran towards him, exhorting the men to proceed.—Fleming, as he lifted him up, knew him, and, wringing his hand, said—Go my dear boy! don't waste a moment upon me.—I am killed! but I die contented if those scoundrels are driven off.—If you return to England, be a friend to my poor wife—to my poor little ones! He spoke these last words with extreme difficulty, as the blood choked him. Orlando saw his noble spirit depart, and hastily ordering the black servant (who had belonged to Warwick, and now attended on him) to carry off the body, he plunged with a degree of desperation into the thickest of the battle; which lasted, however, only a few moments longer, because, as it was by that time too dark to distinguish friends from foes, each party found it necessary to retreat. The British passed the rest of the night in the melancholy employment of ascertaining their loss, which was very considerable in killed and prisoners, particularly in officers, of whom some that had been brought off the field were mortally wounded. Orlando, with concern that superseded every thought for himself, made it his first care to visit the body of his gallant friend, in a sort of lingering hope that he might yet live: but this hope was immediately at an end; and Orlando had no other comfort than in recollecting that he died gloriously, and shared an honourable grave with many other brave officers who ended a career of honour in this fatal field. The interval between this action and the removal of the British camp by night, from a situation no longer tenable, was short, but dreadful. Fatigue

and famine, great as those evils were, seemed less terrible to the minds of the English, than the certainty that they must very soon surrender to an enemy whom they at once abhorred and contemned. The officers still endeavoured to encourage their men, and keep up the spirits of each other—they recollected other occasions in which armies, in a condition equally desperate, had broken through their enemies, and conquered those who hoped to have destroyed them: but the commander himself knew the fallacy of these hopes, and saw that, unless succours arrived in a very few days, the surrender of his army was inevitable.

They had now, however, a messenger from New York, with information that three thousand men were advancing to their assistance up Hudson's River; but this expedition had been so delayed, or was, after it was undertaken, so managed, that there appeared not the least probability of their arriving in time to save from the necessity of a surrender the devoted army. The same messenger, however, who had with infinite difficulty made his way to the English camp from New York, brought a few letters to the British officers—and among them, Orlando, with a beating heart, and with hands so tremulous that he could hardly break the seal, opened a packet from his sister Selina. It contained a short letter from her, the comfortless purport of which, in regard to his family, was repeated in what follows from Monimia herself, whose letter Selina had inclosed:

“Rayland Hall, 28th June 1777.

“Though I know it is yet impossible for me to hear from you, every moment now seems to me an age.—Alas! Orlando, how little satisfactory was the short letter I received from Portsmouth! yet I

know you could not write more, hurried as you were. You have now been gone six long—long weeks, and that is only a very small portion of the time you are to be absent, though to me it seems already a thousand years.

“I do not love, Orlando, to say much of myself, unless I could tell you any thing that would make you happy, which Heaven knows I cannot! unless it is merely that I am as well as so unhappy a being can be. It would be some comfort to me, if what I cannot tell you of myself, I could relate of your dear family: but Selina will tell you, if I do not, that your father's health is still in a very precarious state, and that all your friends have suffered greatly by Isabella's going from them, and by their not knowing what is become of her; for though she wrote to them from Portsmouth, desiring their forgiveness, and informing them that she had gone off to be married to Captain Warwick, and that her unconquerable aversion to General Tracy was partly the reason of her doing so; yet they have never heard that she was really married, nor have any of Captain Warwick's friends, of whom your father has made constant inquiries, had any intelligence of him. It is concluded that he is gone with your sister to America; but not knowing it certainly, is a continual source of distress both to Mr. and Mrs. Somerive; sadly aggravated, I fear, by their hearing but too much of your brother, who is known to be living in London in great splendour, which it is said he supports by gaming. Your poor mother went up with Selina about ten days since, in hopes of seeing him, and persuading him to return to his family. Selina described the meeting to me, and half broke my heart by the description. All your mother could obtain was, a sort of half promise that he would come down to

West Wolverton in August or September, with which she has endeavoured to console your father; and I find has kept to herself the greatest part of what passed, and has no hope of his changing his conduct.

“ The poor old General has never recovered the shock and mortification of Isabella’s defection. He left West Wolverton as soon afterwards as the gout allowed him to move; and, it is said, has disinherited Captain Warwick, and given his whole fortune to his brother’s son, whose title I cannot recollect—However, he does not seem to resent Isabella’s desertion of him towards the rest of your family; for I understand that it was by his means your mother procured an interview with your brother; and that he was very obliging to her and Selina while they were in London. I have, though with a heavy heart, Heaven knows! rallied my dear Selina upon this; and told her, that perhaps the gallant General, who always admired her, may have an intention of transferring his affections to her; but she assures me, and I easily believe it, that were he emperor of the world she would not accept them.

“ And now, Orlando, must I talk to you of your poor Monimia—Ah! it is reluctantly I do it; for I can tell you nothing but what will make you unhappy. Mrs. Rayland seems to regret your absence very much; she speaks of you every day, and appears to me to be very sorry she ever suffered you to depart. Judge, dear Orlando! whether I do not execute the little offices about her, which now she will suffer no other person to do, with redoubled pleasure, when I hear her thus speaking of you like a tender mother! I wonder how I ever disliked her and thought her severe. Ah! I wish Mrs. Lennard had half as much kind-

ness; yet has her Lady had much to disturb her lately, and my aunt reason to be in good humour. Mr. Harbourne, the gentleman who has so long managed the business of the Rayland estate, is dead; and within these last ten days my aunt has prevailed upon Mrs. Rayland to replace him with a Mr. Roker, who she tells me is a relation of hers, and a relation of mine, which may be; but of all the disagreeable men I ever beheld, he is to me the most disagreeable—He has, however, got every thing into his hands through the influence of my aunt; and his nephew, a creature as odious as himself, is put into the house at North Park End; where Mr. Harbourne used to be for a month or two; which is fitting up quite in an elegant style, as to new papering, painting, &c. I hope when it is done he will be less at this house than he is now; for, at present, he passes every day here, and very often the night; though I never could observe that his hateful cringing manners pleased Mrs. Rayland, who does not know, I believe, that he has taken possession of your room.—Oh! how different a possessor from what it ought to have! I meant, Orlando, to have said as little of this disagreeable change as I could; but my unconquerable aversion to these two men has betrayed me into saying more about them than I intended; yet I find from Selina, that your father is uneasy at their introduction to the management of the Rayland estate, and says that Roker is a man of the worst character of any attorney in the country.

“Perhaps you will impatiently exclaim, Why does Monimia talk to me about these attorneys when she began with saying she would mention herself! It is, Orlando, because they have had more influence already in injuring my peace than you would suppose likely. This Roker (the nephew), were he not

young enough almost to be her grandson, I should really fancy was a lover of my aunt Lennard's. He is a great raw-boned fright of a man, I think, with two eyes that look I know not how, but particularly horrible to me--a wide mouth, full of great teeth, that are only the more hideous for being white, because his face is so red that, when he grins, the contrast makes him seem ready to devour one; then he has a red beard, and a great bushy head of carrotty hair: but all this my aunt says is handsome; and that this giant-looking monster, who is not, I think, above eight and twenty, is a fine manly figure. The man returns, or rather earns, this her good opinion of him, by flattery so fulsome that really I blush for my aunt when I hear it; which, however, she takes care I shall do as little as possible, for she is almost always out of humour with me on some pretence or other when he comes into the room where I am, and generally contrives some excuse to send me away; and before her the disagreeable monster affects not to notice me: but if ever I meet him by accident in the house, which I avoid as much as I can, he speaks to me so impertinently that I have often been provoked to tears; indeed I am convinced he would be more insolent if I did not threaten that I would acquaint my aunt.

“I pass almost every moment of the time that Mrs. Rayland does not want me, in my own room: and you know how little I should regret never leaving it, if I could there possess quiet, and read the books you left me directions to go through. But even these comforts are denied your poor girl; and while my very soul sickens to tell you how, because you will in one respect fancy yourself the cause of it, it is necessary that I adhere to my promise, Orlando, and conceal nothing from you.

“ You recollect, my dear friend, the pain we both endured, and the risk you incurred (of which I cannot now think without trembling), in consequence of that unlucky meeting with Sir John Belgrave.—This person, you know, left the country soon after, and went into Scotland with your brother, and I remember your telling me afterwards, that he was gone abroad for his health—Would to Heaven he had staid there, that I might never have heard again a name I could never hear without terror!

“ It is to-day a week since, Mrs. Rayland being extremely well, which she had not been for some days before, my aunt desired leave to go out to dinner with Mr. Roker’s family, who were on a visit at Great Wolverton, at farmer Stepney’s.—She accordingly had the coach, and set out in great form, leaving me strict orders not to quit her mistress. After tea the evening was so warm, and Mrs. Rayland felt herself so well, that she had an inclination to get into the park chair; and for Pattenson to lead the old poney in it round the park slowly, that she might see the alterations and repairs which she had been persuaded to order for the accommodation of the nephew and deputy of her new steward at North Park; and after she was seated by the footman safely in this low carriage, which you know she has not been in for almost two years, she said she found it very pleasant, and was sure she could bear to go quite up to the lodge, but, lest she should be faint, she ordered me to walk by the side of the chair with her drops. Pattenson did all he could to persuade her that the distance would be too much for her; but she spoke to him more sharply than ever I heard her do before—saying, that she was the best judge of that: and we set out, the carriage being drawn only a

foot pace, so that I found no difficulty in keeping up with it. As we went along, we saw your horse lying under the chesnut trees in the long walk; for it was a very hot evening, and he had gone there for shade. Mrs. Rayland called to me, and pointed him out to me—Poor creature! said she, he looks melancholy; as if he missed his master; and he is quite solitary too in the park. Then speaking to Pattenson, she asked if he was well taken care of?—While I, with a sigh, *could* have answered her remark, by saying—Ah, Madam! there are other beings who miss Orlando yet more than that beloved animal, and who are more solitary and undone than he is.—But I affected to be at ease; and I hope my countenance did not betray how much my heart was otherwise. Indeed there was the less danger of this, because Pattenson's answer, which was very surly, and signified that she had better ask about your horse of Jacob, with whom it was left in charge, if she had any doubts about it, diverted Mrs. Rayland's attention from me, and fixed it upon Pattenson, towards whom she expressed her displeasure. Indeed he has seemed to me for some time to be losing ground in her favour. At length we reached the north lodge; and as the workmen were putting up a new door, which you know is next the high road from Carloraine Castle to Wolverton and other villages, and putting on a new coat of stucco on that side, Mrs. Rayland ordered Pattenson to lead the chaise round thither, and stopped some moments there, while she talked to the carpenter and plaisterer, who were just going from their work. She kindly said to me—If you are tired, Mary, sit down at my feet and rest yourself.—I assured her I was not; but she bade me get her a glass of water out of the house, and give her a few drops, lest she should find the ride

too much before she got home. There was not a glass in the house; so I ran across the way to James Carter's cottage, which is, you know, about fifty yards beyond the lodge, on the opposite side. His wife went out with the water, and I followed her; when a gentleman, attended by two servants, rode up so very fast, that his horse almost trampled on me before I could cross the road. He checked it, however, when he saw me, and exclaiming with a great oath—My lovely little wood-nymph! By all that's sacred she shall not now escape me! He then alighted from his horse, and (as I conclude, not seeing Mrs. Rayland and her servants, who were concealed partly by the projection of the lodge on that side, and partly by the slight turning in the road) rudely seized me—I shrieked aloud; and the woman, who was but a few paces before me, began to remonstrate with him—I hardly knew, so great was my terror and confusion, what either of them said; but upon Pattenson's advancing with Robert, who had also accompanied the chaise, he let me go, saying, You are still at the Hall then; I shall see you again, for I find your gallant defender has resigned his post. He said this as he mounted his horse, and as I, almost senseless, was led by Carter's wife towards Mrs. Rayland, who, hearing from her how the gentleman had behaved, expressed great indignation, and as he was by this time past her, she ordered Pattenson to follow him, and let him know that she desired to speak to him. I would have prevented this if I had retained breath or recollection enough to speak; but I sat down on the foot-stool of the chaise, unable to utter a word to prevent Pattenson's waddling away after Sir John, to whom, as there were no hopes of his overtaking him, he followed—Sir John stopped his horse, and Pattenson,

puffing and blowing with hurry and anger, delivered, and I suppose in no very complaisant terms, his Lady's message—I did not hear it, but I distinguished Sir John's answer, which was—

“Come to your lady, good fellow? No; she will excuse me—my business is with young ladies; I have too much respect for the old ones to intrude upon them. My service to the ancient gentlewoman of the Hall, good Mr. favourite butler, and tell her, if she has any commands for me, she must employ one of her pretty handmaids (*that I saw just now, if she pleases*); and she will not fail to find for her embassy a more favourable reception than I think it necessary to give your worship. Sir John then laughing aloud at his own wit, in which his two servants accompanied him, put his horse into a gallop, and was out of sight in an instant; long before Pattenson, whom rage and indignation did not render more active, had reached Mrs. Rayland, and repeated this message, not without some additions of his own, to his Lady. I think I never saw Mrs. Rayland so much disturbed as at the general brutality of this rude stranger, I however soon recovered of my alarm, when I found that this very disagreeable scene had ended without bringing on any conversation as to what had formerly passed; and I hoped and believed I should hear no more of Sir John Belgrave. Mrs. Rayland, from the agitation of spirits this insult had thrown her into, was quite ill when she got back to the Hall; but the next day, after she had given vent to her displeasure, by talking about it to my aunt Lennard, and every one who approached her, she seemed to recover; and the bustle that this ridiculous man had occasioned gradually died away. It happened on Friday, and on the following Sunday I had promised to meet Selina, whom I had never

had an opportunity of seeing after her return from London till now. We were equally eager to meet each other; and as I have now no difficulty in obtaining leave to walk in the park when my aunt is with her Lady, I got her permission to go out on this evening, and passed with our dearest Selina an hour, the most delightful and yet the most melancholy that I have known since your departure. Selina was afraid of being missed, as she told me her father was never easy when she was out of his sight; and now only stole out while he was asleep after dinner. She left me therefore sooner than either of us wished; but after she was gone I sat some time weeping where she had left me. It was the bench, Orlando, in the fir grove, by the boat-house, where we sat all together when you made us promise to meet there, and talk of you when you should be gone. All your sister had told me of what passed in London between your mother and your brother, and of your father's dejected spirits and declining health, had affected me more than I can describe; but after I had indulged my tears some time, I recollected your charge to me to keep up my spirits, and I endeavoured to conquer this depression. The sun was nearly set, and I went over the pond-head by the great cascade, in order to go home the nearest way. I had just passed through the high plantation, and was entering the park, when I saw this hateful Sir John Belgrave approaching me.—Had I met him in the path of the plantation, it would have been impossible for me to have escaped him; but now, as the park was open before me, I ran the instant I observed him the opposite way. He pursued me for some time, intreating me to stop, and assuring me that he meant only to beg my pardon for his behaviour two days before, with a great deal of other nonsense; which I did not however,

hear much of, for I was almost in a moment within sight of the house, and I saw him turn back. I arrived quite out of breath, and sadly terrified, but I dared not complain. After I recovered myself, my greatest concern was to think that I could never meet Selina without fearing a repetition of this disagreeable adventure ; but I had now nobody to listen to my complaints or to relieve me from my sorrows. I thought the sermon of that evening the most tedious and uninteresting I had ever read ; and both the old ladies were certainly particularly ill humoured, my aunt more especially, who was snappish and peevish to such a degree that she almost quarrelled with Mrs. Rayland ; but, as she could not vent all her spleen on her, it fell upon me ; and I went to bed in more than usual wretchedness, and for the first time wished that the younger Roker might return to the Hall—for to his having been two days absent I imputed the irritability of my poor aunt's temper.

“Ah ! Orlando, how dreary now seemed my own room, to which, when you were here, I used to retire with so much delight from all the discomforts of my lot ! It was a lovely moon-light night, and yet early when I went to the turret. From the window I looked into the park, with sensations how different from those I used to feel when I expected to see you cross it ! I was restless and wretched, and knew I could not sleep if I went to bed ; or, if I did, I feared I should dream of Sir John Belgrave's pursuing me. I wished for some book I never had read, for you have often told me that nothing so soon quieted the mind, and led the troubled spirit away from its own sad reflections, as some amusing or instructive author ; but I had none in my room but those books of your own that you gave me, which I had read over and over again ; and since this Mr.

Roker has occasionally been in possession of your apartment next the study, and I once met him as I was going thither, I have never had the courage to venture down after the books as I used to do. Some of the poems however, Orlando, that you gave me I am never, never weary of reading, though I can say them almost by heart; and therefore, when I was tired of looking at the moon, I took up that little volume of Gray, and read that beautiful Ode to Adversity which you have so often bade me admire; and indeed I thought, Orlando, that we, though suffering under its "iron scourge and torturing hour," were yet in a situation more really happy than the prosperous worthless Sir John Belgrave, who was able to enjoy every luxury of life, while you were wandering about the world in danger and in sorrow. Alas! these thoughts, however consoling at first, brought on a train of others, and fears, the most terrible fears for your precious life assailed me. My fancy conjured up a thousand horrid visions, and dwelt on a thousand terrible possibilities, till at length I found myself unable to bear the wretchedness I had thus created for myself, and I determined to attempt at least to lose it in sleep; and was, from mere fatigue of spirits, beginning to doze, when I was startled by a rap at the door at the back of the bed. I believed it to be a dream, too well recollecting that you were not there. When I listened a moment, and the noise was repeated, never, among all the terrors I have suffered, did I feel any alarm like this—I had not courage to speak, nor to move: my first idea was to run into my aunt's room, but then I must have discovered to her what we have so anxiously concealed; and of which, I believe, she never had the least notion; for whatever might be her suspicions of our meeting, she never seemed to guess how. While I deliberated in the most fear-

ful agitation what it would be best to do, the noise was made a third time, louder than before; and a voice called, in a half whisper, Miss! Miss!

“For God’s sake, who is there? cried I, hastening to dress myself. You cannot have any business there, whoever you are, and I will call my aunt and the servants.

“No, no, Miss! cried a man’s voice aloud! don’t do that, for you will only betray yourself; I mean you no harm, but, on the contrary, good.—Lord, Miss, ’tis only me: and I would not have frightened you so at this time o’night if I could have met you by day. I have got a letter for you.

“I now knew, by the voice, that it was Jacob, the under game-keeper; and though I trembled still with fear, it was mixed with a sensation of joy, for I hoped the letter was from you. A letter! said I: Oh, pray give it me instantly. Yet I recollected as instantly, that it was foolish to open the door. The man said eagerly, But make haste then, Miss, and take it. No, answered I: leave it at the door, or put it under it; I cannot open the door, for it is nailed up. Ah! Miss, Miss! cried the man; it did not used to be nailed up when I know who was here. This speech, though I know not why, increased again the terror which had a little subsided; and his manner of speaking of you gave me a confused idea that the letter was not from you. Where did you get the letter, Jacob? said I; and who is it from? Never mind that, replied he, it is a letter that will please you, I can tell you. I will not receive it, answered I, unless I know whom it is from. Pooh, pooh! what a to-do is here? said the man, in a very impertinent manner—Well, then, if you are so squeamish all of a sudden, I’ll leave the letter, and will come to-morrow up the stairs the same way for an answer.

“ Jacob then seemed to go down; and I thought I heard him shut the door of the lower turret room after him; but, for the world, I could not have opened that of my room. Oh, Orlando! consider what I must have suffered, from supposing there might be a letter lying without it; and that only a few pieces of half-decayed board were between me and the first intelligence I had received of you! Yet it was also possible that it might be from some other person, though I could not conjecture who should write to me: but there was something of impertinent assurance in the manner of the game-keeper that shocked me; and I well recollected that you once thought of our corresponding through his means, yet afterwards determined not to hazard it, and seemed sorry that you had entrusted him so far. I will not attempt to describe the state of mind in which I passed the night. It was not, luckily for me, very long; but the sun had risen some time before I could acquire courage enough to open the door, and even then I trembled. But my hopes vanished, or rather were exchanged for the most alarming fears, the moment I saw that, if the letter contained any news of you, it was not from yourself. I know not how I opened it, for I expected now nothing but tidings of despair; when, casting my eyes on the name that concluded it, for I could not read the contents at that moment, I saw that of Sir John Berkeley Belgrave; and though I instantly comprehended the insult it contained, I was relieved to find that it was not written by some friend of yours, to tell me what you were unable to write yourself.

“ I will not, Orlando, copy this ridiculous billet; but as I was determined neither to answer it, nor to give the officious Jacob any excuse to come up the stairs to my room, I thought, after some consideration, that the best thing I could do would be to

speak to this letter-carrier, though nothing could be more disagreeable to me, unless it was his coming for an answer. As soon as breakfast was over, I summoned all the courage I could, and went out to the stable yard, where I knew it was most likely I should meet him. As soon as he saw me, he came eagerly towards me; and none of the other men being within hearing, he said, I hope you have got an answer for Sir John, to give me, Miss?

“No, I answered; I neither have an answer, nor ever intend to give one to so impertinent a letter; and I beg you, Mr. Jacob, not to disturb me any more with messages so very improper; for if you do, it will oblige me to complain to Mrs. Lennard.

“The fellow had the impertinence to say, that if I would not give him an answer, Sir John would come for one himself; but I hope and believe I shall hear no more of it, as it is now Thursday, and I have had no more visits. I have fastened the door as well as I am able, and would secure that below if I knew how, but it is not possible for me to do it myself; and were I to ask any other person, it would put whoever it was in possession of the secret which we have so much reason to regret was ever divulged.

“But, do not ever dear Orlando, be uneasy—I am persuaded Sir John is satisfied with his frolic, and that I shall hear no more of it; indeed I believe he has left the country; but I own I am uncomfortable at being so much in the power of such a man as this game-keeper.—However, I now leave half open the door into the passage that leads to my aunt’s room; and, upon the least alarm, I would fly to her, and rather own the truth, than subject myself to a repetition of such visits, either from this worthless servant or his employer. Do not therefore, I again entreat you, my dear friend, be uneasy.

“What a letter have I written, Orlando! and how

little pleasure will any one sentence in it give to you. I, who would die to procure you the smallest satisfaction am destined to be the cause of your unhappiness. Sometimes I am so wretched when I think of this, that I wish we had never met, or resisted, in its beginning, an attachment likely to make all your days uneasy; yet I feel that were I without this tender affection my life would be a blank, and my existence not worth having.

“I will not conjure you to remember your poor Monimia! I must indeed end a letter which I have made so very long, that I am afraid Selina will not be able to send it in her packet. Oh! how hard it is to say adieu! yet my tears fall so fast that it is quite time—God bless you, my dear, dear friend!”

Orlando, during the perusal of this letter, was so entirely occupied by it, that he forgot where he was. The Hall and all its inhabitants were present to him; and he started up to demand instant satisfaction of Sir John Belgrave, and to chastise the mercenary and insolent servant, when he found himself, by the distance of many thousand miles, deprived of all power of protecting his Monimia, under marching orders to remove he knew not whither, and cut off from all communication with her. He stamped about the tent in a turbulence of mind little short of phrensy—cursed with ineffectual vengeance the objects of his indignation, whom he could not reach; and was awakened from this dreadful state, only by a message from his Colonel that he must that moment attend him.—Hardly knowing what he did or said, he followed the serjeant who brought these orders; and was directed, instead of preparing to go with the camp, to make himself ready, with another officer, the negro Perseus, and three rank and file, for an expedition to New York, where it was hoped

so small a party might arrive unobserved; and as the men were chosen who were the fittest for so perilous an exploit, Orlando was named, from the experience his commanding officer had in his first march of his patience, prudence, and resolution. Orlando cared not whither he went or what became of him—he obeyed, as soon as possible, the orders he had received; and that night, at eleven o'clock, began his excursion with his five companions, and crossed Hudson's River.

CHAPTER XI.

THE small party dispatched on this hazardous adventure, having crossed the river, penetrated a wood near it, where they rested till the light of the morning should afford them assistance to pass through it. One of the soldiers, who had a knowledge of the country, made light of the difficulties of their undertaking; and the whole party were in some degree cheerful, except Orlando, who, far from attending to the perils that surrounded himself, was lost in thinking of those to which Monimia was exposed; and in meditating schemes of vengeance against her persecutor, which he forgot that it was impossible for him to accomplish. In the midst of an immense American forest, surrounded with almost every species of danger, and suffering, if not actual hunger, a great deficiency of nourishment (for the whole army had been some days on short allowance) he felt nothing but that Monimia was liable to the insults of Sir John Belgrave; perhaps already the victim of his infamous designs—an idea that stung him almost to madness. The painful news he had heard from his father's house added to the anguish of his spirit; and perhaps never was a mind more distracted with a variety

of tormenting apprehensions, not one of which he had the means of alleviating. As soon as it was light, the party renewed their journey, but had not proceeded half a quarter of a mile towards the thickest part of the wood before the war-whoop burst forth; and a shower of bullets fell among them, wounding some, and killing one of their small party. The Indians rushed forward the moment the English had at random fired among the trees, and Orlando saw no more; a violent blow on the head deprived him of his senses, and to all appearance of his life.

When he recovered his recollection, he found himself lying on the ground in one of those temporary huts which the Indians erect in their hunting parties. It was night, and he heard them in loud conversation near him—He found he was their prisoner, and concluded he was reserved for those horrid tortures of which he had heard so many terrific descriptions. Death appeared to him most desirable; and his great hope was that he should by death escape them—for the pain from the wound in his head was so excessive, that he doubted not but that his skull was fractured and of course his dissolution near.

He attempted to rise; not with any hope of escape, for that was impossible, but with a sort of confused desire to accelerate his fate; when an Indian entered the hut with a light, in whom Orlando discovered his former acquaintance the Wolf-hunter.

This young savage approached and spoke kindly to him, telling him, that though his brothers had killed and scalped the rest of the party, he had saved him, and was his sworn friend—that no harm should come to him, and that the chief had promised him his life.

Orlando in a faint voice thanked him for his

kindness, which he said was too late, as he felt the wound in his head to be mortal. He then enquired why the Indian warriors had fallen upon a party of their allies and brethren, the soldiers of the king of England?

The Wolf-hunter replied, that the English had not dealt fairly with them—that they were promised provisions, rum and plunder, instead of which they got nothing in the English camp, but had lost some of their best men in defending the lines; and that, the English having thus deceived them, they were no longer their allies, but were going home to their own lands, determined to plunder the stragglers of whatever party they might meet in their way, to make themselves amends for the loss of time, and the heavier loss of brave warriors that had perished by believing the promises of the great English Captain.

Orlando's generous heart bled for his comrades thus inhumanly sacrificed; and he lamented that they, as well as himself, had not fallen like his friend Fleming in the field. He asked if all the men who were with him had perished. His Indian friend answered, All but two—a white man and a negro—who had escaped while they were plundering the rest.

Orlando heard this with a sigh of deeper concern; for he knew that, unless these unfortunate men could again cross the river and regain the camp, they would probably die in the woods of hunger and fatigue. The Wolf-hunter then enquired of Orlando, if he thought he could march with them in the morning?—To which he answered, he hoped so; but at the same time imagined that he should long before that time be released from all his sufferings. He knew, however, that to complain would not only be fruitless, but injure him in the opinion of

his host, who made light of the wound he had received; and telling Orlando he would cure it, he cut off the hair, washed it with rum, and then laid on it a pledget of chewed leaves. An Indian blanket was thrown over him, for his own clothes were taken away; and the young savage giving him a drink, such as they had themselves been merry over, of rum, water and honey, desired him to sleep, and in a few moments set him the example.

Giddy and disturbed as was the unhappy Orlando from the effects of the blow, he now began to awaken to a sense of his condition; and in believing that the injury he had received was not of so fatal a nature as he had on the first sensation of pain imagined, he felt infinitely more miserable in supposing that he should live in such insupportable anguish as his fears for Monimia and his family would inflict upon him—condemned probably as long as his life lasted, to drag on a wretched existence among the savage tribes of the American wilderness, and cut off from all communication with his country.

In such reflections on his own wretchedness he passed this miserable night, his Indian protector soundly sleeping in the same hut. Before the dawn of day they began to move; as the chief, or leader of the party, was anxious to escape, with the plunder they had already got, to the Iroquois country, from which they came. Orlando, contrary to his expectations, found he could walk; and his friend the Wolf-hunter, pleased with the resolution he exerted, sometimes assisted him when he appeared on the point of failing in this rapid and difficult march, through a country known and accessible only to Indians. His shoes and stockings had been taken from him, and his feet bled at every step: but he went on in a sort of desperation, hoping that the

more severe his sufferings were, the sooner they would end; nor was it the least of these, that, on the first dawn of morning, he saw the scalps of his unfortunate comrades triumphantly carried by the chief of the party, whose title was the Wild Elk.

New scenes of horror awaited him on his way. As plunder was now the avowed purpose of this party of Iroquois, which consisted of near forty men, they attacked the defenceless villages of the English Americans, whose men were out with the army; and destroyed the women and children, or led them away to captivity infinitely worse than death. Some few the Wolf-hunter, who was the second in power, was influenced by the entreaties of Orlando to spare; but even these were, he feared, reserved only for a more lingering and deplorable fate; and in fact many hundreds of the unhappy people, thus driven from their dwellings in the course of the war, perished by famine in the woods and gullies.

Orlando was now nearly recovered of the wound in his head, notwithstanding so rude a method of cure; but, in fact, the skull had not been injured. The blow was given with the butt end of a musket, and not with a tomahawk, which are almost always mortal. His friend the Wolf-hunter had equipped him like an Indian warrior. His fine hair was cut off, all but a long lock on the crown of his head—and he was distinguished from an Iroquois by nothing but his English complexion. In these circumstances, after a long and fatiguing march of eleven days, he arrived with his protector at the camp or rendezvous of those Indians who had taken up the hatchet as allies to the king of England, where they halted and held a general council. A party who had just arrived before them, brought intelligence of the convention of Saratoga, so fatal

to the British, and their German allies: in consequence of this, one body of the Indians returned again towards the seat of war, on a scheme of general depredation; and the other, in which was the Wolf-hunter, who carried every where with him his English friend, went to the town of their district, with an intention of recruiting their numbers, and falling upon the back settlements while they were in their present defenceless state.

The ground was now every where frozen; and their way seemed to lay over sharpened flints—so impenetrable it was become. Orlando was inured to every personal suffering: but those of the unhappy victims of this war—victims that every day seemed to multiply around him, and very few of whom he could save, were a continual source of torment to him; while, at every pause of these horrors, the fears of what might happen, perhaps had already happened at home, were even more dreadful than his actual miseries. He found that Perseus, Warwick's black servant that had attended him, was among those who escaped from his unfortunate party: if he did not fall a victim to hunger, or failed of being destroyed by some other wandering horde of savages, he might, as he was a stout man, inured to hardship, and of good courage, find his way to New-York, and from thence to England, where he would undoubtedly report to Mr. Somerville and his distracted family, that he saw Orlando die under the hands of an Indian. The wretchedness that such news would inflict on his friends, on his Monimia, there was no likelihood of his being able to remove; for, in his present situation, there was no means of conveying a letter with any hope of its ever reaching the place of its destination. He tried to prevail on his savage friend to let him go with the party who were returning towards

Boston, in hopes that he might escape from them, and find his way alone to some fort, either of English Americans or English: but this, for reasons which Orlando did not altogether comprehend, the Wolf-hunter refused, and even expressed some resentment that it was proposed.

By the time they had reached the Indian village, it was the end of November; and the winter set in with such severity that the Indians, however eager after plunder, felt but little disposed to encounter its rigour. Orlando then saw that the dreary months between November and April he must be condemned to pass among these barbarians, deprived of all human intercourse, and in a kind of living death. Even if he could have forced his mind from the consideration of his own disastrous situation, to contemplate the wonderful variety which Nature exhibits, and to have explored these wild scenes, this resource was denied him; for the whole country was a wide waste of snow, and every thing around him seemed cold and hopeless as his own destiny.

The booty which the Indians had divided at their camp comprised, among other articles, a small port folio of his, a memorandum book, his pocket book, and a writing case: these had fallen to the share of his friend the Wolf-hunter, who was very willing to restore to Orlando things of so little use to himself. This was the only alleviation the unhappy Orlando found to his sorrows; yet it was a melancholy one, to write letters which he could hardly expect would ever be read, to make for his father a journal of occurrences so mournful, and to feel, while he wrote it, that it was too probable the eye for which it was intended was closed for ever.

The sufferings of Orlando were such as time, the

great softener of most affliction, served only to aggravate. What would he have given for even a hope of hearing from England! and how many conjectures were continually passing through his mind, each more distressing than another! In his dreams he often saw his Monimia pursued by Sir John Belgrave entreating his protection, and he started up to chastise the inhuman persecutor of her innocence. At other times fancy, more favourable, represented her as she used to appear in the early days of their attachment—cheerful, because unconscious of having erred—and tenderly trusting to him, even when she discovered that their clandestine meetings were contrary to the strict line of duty and propriety. He heard her voice, he admired her simple beauty, her innocent tenderness, the strength and candour of her uncultivated understanding—and supposed himself engaged, as he used to be, in the delightful task of improving it. Dreary was the contrast between his real situation and these soothing visions; and he often preferred, such as gave him sleeping torment, to such as by flattering with happiness rendered more insupportable the despair which consumed him.

Five weeks, five miserable and dreary weeks had now crept away; when something like a change of ideas was offered by the arrival of two French Canadians and a party of Indians from that country, who had travelled across the snows and frozen lakes to the Indian village.

It was some comfort to the desolate Orlando to hear a European language; and though he could speak but little French, he could read it extremely well. But with these men he now constantly conversed, and soon found himself able to speak it fluently; from whence he was encouraged to hope

that he might contrive to get to Quebec, and that from thence a passage to Europe might easily be obtained.

“ The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope”——

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

—and of this the young soldier of late had so little, that the least glimpse of more restored his dejected spirits; which, when all the evils he felt or feared are remembered, it will be acknowledged that nothing but a temper naturally sanguine, and a constitution unusually strong, could have enabled him so long to support.

On sounding his savage protector, who was extremely attached to him, he found it seemed not very unlikely that he might go himself with five or six young warriors to Quebec to trade early in the spring, hunting or fighting on their way as occasion might offer. His Canadian friends encouraged this plan: and Orlando ventured to promise a considerable present of spirits from the governor of Quebec, as an acknowledgment for the restoration of an English officer; and made many promises to the Wolf-hunter, of sending him from England what should give him a great superiority over all his countrymen, if he would release him and promote his return to Europe. The means of conciliating this his Indian master, and procuring his consent to a scheme that he formerly seemed so averse to, were suggested to him by his new Canadian friends, and promised to be successful.

Thus relieved by hope, the months of January, February, and March, passed less heavily. The spring, which in America approaches not gradually as it does in England, but appears at once, surprised him by the sudden change which it produc-

ed. The snow was gone; and, in a very few days, the whole country was covered with verdure and burst into bloom. A thousand birds filled the extensive forests, as gay in their plumage as exquisite in their song; and, whichever way Orlando looked, a new Eden seemed to be opening around him.

On the 20th of April 1778, Orlando, the French Canadians, and the Wolf-hunter leading a party of five-and-twenty Indian warriors, set out for Quebec—the Indians carrying great quantities of furs, the spoils of the animals they had taken during the winter. Of these Orlando carried his share: and now, re-animated by the soothing expectation of being restored to his country, he endeavoured to conform himself to the modes of his savage hosts, and was indeed become almost as expert an hunter, in their own methods, as the most active among them.

They had travelled some hundred miles, and were within a few days journey of Quebec, when it was resolved by the Wolf-hunter to encamp for some days, in a spot particularly favourable to hunting. This determination, however displeasing to Orlando, he knew was not to be disputed; and though every delay was death to him, he was compelled to submit to what no remonstrance would avert.

The camp, therefore, was formed; and if any local circumstance could have reconciled him to the procrastination of a journey on which all the hopes of his deliverance from this wretched and tedious captivity depended, it was the very uncommon beauty of the scenery amid which these huts were raised.

This was on the banks of the river St. Lawrence, at a spot where it was about a mile and a quarter

over. The banks where they encamped were of an immense height, composed of lime-stone and calcined shells: and an area of about an hundred yards was between the edge of this precipice, which hung over the river, and a fine forest of trees, so magnificent and stately as to sink the woods of Norway into insignificance. On the opposite side of the river lay an extensive savannah, alive with cattle, and coloured with such a variety of swamp plants, that their colour, even at that distance, detracted something from the vivid green of the new sprung grass; beyond this the eye was lost in a rich and various landscape, quite unlike any thing that European prospects offer; and the acclivity on which the tents stood sinking very suddenly on the left, the high cliffs there gave place to a cypress swamp, or low ground, entirely filled with these trees; while on the right the rocks, rising suddenly and sharply, were clothed with wood of various species; the ever-green oak, the scarlet oak, the tulip tree, and magnolia, seemed bound together by festoons of flowers, some resembling the convolvuluses of our gardens, and others the various sorts of clematis, with vignenias, and the Virginian creeper; some of these already in bloom, others only in the first tender foliage of spring: beneath these fragrant wreaths that wound about the trees, tufts of rhododendron and azalea, of andromedas and calmias, grew in the most luxuriant beauty; and strawberries already ripening, or even ripe, peeped forth among the rich vegetation of grass and flowers. On this side all was chearful and lovely--on the other mournful and gloomy, the latter suited better with the disposition Orlando was in, and he reared his little hut on that side next the cypress swamp, and under the covert of the dark fir trees that waved

over it. They had been here three days, when with the usual capriciousness of his country, the Wolf-hunter determined to recommence their journey—a circumstance that gave Orlando some satisfaction; and he went to his couch of bear-skin with more disposition to sleep than he had felt for some time, and, contrary to his usual custom, soon sunk to repose; and his dreams were of his Monimia, soothing and consolatory.

There is in America a night hawk*, whose cry is believed by the Indians always to portend some evil to those who hear it. In war, they affirm that, if a chief falls, the funereal cry of this bird announces it to his distant survivors. Ignorance, the mother of superstition, has so deeply impressed this on the minds of the Indians, that it is an article of their faith, and Orlando had seen some of the most courageous and fierce among them depressed and discouraged by hearing the shriek of this bird of woe near their tents.

From the most delicious dream of Rayland Hall, and of Monimia given to him by the united consent of Mrs. Rayland and his father, he was suddenly awakened by the loud shriek of this messenger of supposed ill tidings; piercing, and often repeated, it was echoed back from the woods; and Orlando, once roused to a comparison between his visionary and his real situation, was alive to the keenest sensations of sorrow. The hateful noise still continued, and he went out of his tent, for he knew any farther attempt to sleep would be vain—Alas! the turrets of Rayland Hall were no longer painted on his imagination—instead of them he

* Supposed to be the *Caprimulgus Americanus*: the bird that is called by the Anglo Americans "Whip poor Will," because his notes or cry seem to express those words.

looked perpendicularly down on a hollow where the dark knots of cypress seemed, by the dim light of early morning, which threatened storms, to represent groups of supernatural beings in funereal habits; and over them he saw, slowly sailing amid the mist that arose from the swamp, two or three of the birds which had so disturbed him. Great volumes of heavy fog seemed to be rolling from the river, and the sun appeared red and lurid through the loaded atmosphere. Orlando endeavoured to shake off the uncomfortable sensations, which, in despite of his reason, hung about him; but he rather indulged than checked them, in throwing upon paper the following

SONNET.

ILL omen'd bird ! whose cries portentous float
 O'er yon savannah with the mournful wind,
 While as the Indian hears your piercing note
 Dark dread of future evils fills his mind—
 Wherefore with early lamentations break
 The dear delusive visions of repose ?
 Why from so short felicity awake
 My wounded senses to substantial woes ?
 O'er my sick soul, thus rous'd from transient rest,
 Pale Superstition sheds her influence drear,
 And to my shuddering fancy would suggest,
 Thou com'st to speak of every woe I fear—
 But aid me, Heaven ! my real ills to bear,
 Nor let my spirit yield to phantoms of despair.

 CHAPTER XII.

IN a very few days after leaving this temporary settlement, Orlando arrived at Quebec.—He there found means to convince his Indian friend, that to permit him to go would be much more to his interest than to detain him.—But he was without

money, and without clothes.—His Canadian acquaintance, however, persuaded him that, on proper application to the Governor, he would be furnished with necessaries as a British officer:—and, after encountering a few difficulties of office, he had an opportunity of submitting his situation to the then Governor; who being convinced, notwithstanding his present appearance, that he was the person whom he described himself to be, gave orders for his being received and treated as an officer in the service of his Britannic Majesty. Orlando referred himself to his Excellency for orders.—He had now no longer a regiment to return to, as that to which he belonged was one of those that had surrendered at Saratoga—Though he was not actually among those who suffered there the humiliation of laying down their arms, having been sent away with dispatches two days before, he knew not how far he was included in their captivity, or might consider himself freed by it to serve in any other regiment, or to return to Europe.

The Governor advised him to proceed to New-York, there to receive the orders of the Commander in Chief of the British forces. A small vessel was preparing to sail in about a fortnight; and in this Orlando, once more restored to the appearance of an Englishman (though much changed by the hardships he had undergone, and by the loss of his hair, which had been remarkably fine), embarked five weeks after his arrival at Quebec. He took leave of his Iroquois protector, with a thousand protestations of gratitude for all the services he had rendered him, and promised to remit him a present of such articles as were most acceptable, to Quebec, as soon as he returned to England, or arrived in any port where they could be obtained; and these promises he meant religiously to fulfil.

The vessel on board of which the luckless adventurer hoped to make his way to New York, was a small sloop sent with dispatches from the Governor of Quebec to the Commander in Chief; and the master, who knew the importance of his commission, took every precaution to secure the execution of it. But all were fruitless; for at some leagues distance from the mouth of the Delaware, he was seen and chased by two French frigates dispatched from the fleet of Count D'Estaing; and though he was an excellent seaman, and his vessel sailed well, he found it impossible to escape.—His dispatches, however, were thrown overboard; but the sloop immediately surrendered to force which it would have been folly to have resisted, and Orlando was once more a prisoner.

His captivity was, however, much less terrible than that he had formerly sustained. He received from the French officers all those attentions which, among civilized nations, ought to soften the horrors of war. Nor was he sorry to learn that the *Fleur de Lys*, in which he was, was to return to the fleet from which she was detached, only for her last orders, and then to proceed to France.—The Chevalier de Stainville, who commanded her, made a point of testifying, by his behaviour to Orlando, his regard and respect for the English nation: divested, by the candour of his mind, and the strength of his understanding, of all national prejudice, he conceived an esteem for Orlando the moment he conversed with him; and agreed most willingly to give him his parole as soon as he arrived in France (that he should not serve during the present war either against America or France), and to assist him in returning to England, which he thought no military engagement now prevented his doing with a perfect adherence to duty and propriety.

The Fleur de Lys, after receiving her dispatches for the Court of Versailles from Count D'Estaing, proceeded with a fair wind; and in six weeks Orlando saw himself once more on European ground. He landed at Brest, and felt such sensations as are only known to those who, after having resigned all hope of ever being restored again to their friends and their country, see themselves almost within reach of all they hold dear upon earth. France, contrasted with his banishment in America, seemed to him to be part of his country, and in every Frenchman he saw, not a *natural* enemy, but a brother.

Had the Chevalier de Stainville been really so, he could not have behaved to Orlando with more generosity, or more kindness. He was himself under the necessity of going immediately to Paris:—but he placed his English friend in the house of a merchant, whom he commissioned to supply him with every thing he might want; and recommending him also to the protection of his second captain while he remained in Brest, this generous captor took leave with regret of his interesting English prisoner—not, however, without procuring him a proper passport, giving him a certificate, and taking his parole. Orlando, eager and anxious as he was to return to his own country, had now a wish that went farther; it was to have an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance, and testifying his gratitude to this amiable officer.

He staid only a few days after him at Brest, when, taking from the merchant who was ordered to supply him, as much money as he supposed would be requisite for his journey, he set out by the diligence for St. Malo, where, he was told, he might perhaps get a conveyance to Jersey or Guernsey. The name of those islands brought

afresh into his mind all his fears concerning the fate of his sister Isabella: eighteen months had nearly elapsed since her departure with Warwick; and the mention made of her in Monimia's letter, dated in the following June, was the only intelligence he had received of her. Nor was this the sole mournful recollection to which Orlando was subject in his journey—It was, alas! almost as long since he had received any information relating to the destiny of his Monimia. As to the situation of his family—Gracious Heaven! how many events might in that time have occurred, any one of which would embitter, with eternal regret, his return to his native country.

At St. Malo he could not find the conveyance he sought, and therefore journeyed along the coast in as cheap a manner as he could to Havre; but, there being no open communication now between France and England, he found the accommodation he wanted extremely difficult to obtain, and it was not till almost the end of October that he found means to engage a large fishing-bark, which under that pretence was employed in smuggling on the coast, to land him at Southampton; and this bargain was made at the price of all the money he had, with a promise of a farther reward if he arrived safely at an English port, where he doubted not but that, upon making himself known, he should find friends who would enable him to fulfil his promises. There was considerable hazard to his conductors in attempting to land at any port of Hampshire, when so many vessels lay at Portsmouth; an hazard on which they took care to insist with great vehemence, after they had got their passenger on board. Orlando, who had infinitely rather have been landed on the coast of Sussex, proposed to them to make for some part of that county; but even this proposal did not

seem to please them, and two of the three men appeared to be very surly and savage.

They agreed, however, to go up the Channel; and the wind, though very high, served them for the purpose. It was already night when they adopted this resolution. With the dawn of morning Orlando saw the white cliffs for which his heart had so long languished. It was, the Frenchmen told him, the back of the Isle of Wight; and Orlando, whose impatience to touch English ground was redoubled, entreated them there to put him on shore; but this they refused, as they alledged that their bark would there be in the most imminent danger of being seen and seized by the vessels cruising round the island; and their only way was to haul off the English coast, and affect to be fishing. Orlando, supposing them practised in these sort of deceptions, and having no remedy even if he had not approved of their plan, submitted to do whatever they thought safest.

They kept, therefore, as near their own coast as if they had intended landing there; but towards evening, the wind being still strong and favourable, they stretched away for the Sussex coast, and Orlando saw the land where all his hopes reposed!—He was little disposed to dispute with these men any terms they now wished to impose upon him; but he began to think them very unreasonable, when they told him that, as he must land at night, and on the open coast, he could not pay them the farther reward he had promised them on his getting safely on shore; and, therefore, they expected that he would make up to them that failure, by giving up part of his baggage. This was so little, after the casual supplies he had received at Quebec and at Brest, that as he was now within a few miles of his home, it appeared to him no object. But if he had more tenaciously

intended to preserve his little wardrobe, it could not have been attempted without rashness. He was alone, and unarmed, in the boat with three very stout fellows, who were answerable for his life to nobody, and who might, with safety to themselves, have thrown him overboard. He yielded, therefore, to this robbery with as good a grace as he could; and at sun set, in a stormy evening at the beginning of November, he was set on shore between Shoreham and Worthing, with two pieces of twelve sous in one pocket, which had escaped the rapacity of his piratical conductors, and a shirt in the other; his sword, which he had got at Quebec, and which was returned to him immediately by De Stainville on his being captured, his high and romantic spirit might have been unwilling to surrender to those rapacious wretches; but fortunately perhaps both for them and for himself, this his only weapon had slipt from under his arm as he was violently staggered by a sudden tossing of the boat, and to the vexation of his guides, who meant to make it their prize, it fell overboard and was irrecoverably lost. All the other articles of his little property, which they coveted, he granted them very readily: with these petty acquisitions they hurried from the English coast, and were very soon out of sight. Orlando, who had waded through a heavy surf to the land, kissed the beloved soil the moment he reached it; and was unconscious that he was half drowned, and knew not where to lay his head. To be on English ground, to be within a few miles of his native place, was happiness he so little expected ever to have enjoyed, that the tumult of his spirits would not give him leave for some time to think of any thing else. He was, however, so breathless, and so much agitated by his bodily exertion, and the vari-

ous sensations of his mind, that he sat down a moment to recollect and compose himself.

It was not yet so dark but that he knew nearly where he was; but it was necessary to proceed along the shore to some town or village, where he might procure an horse, on which he meant to hasten instantly to the Hall. The village of Worthing was the nearest to the place where he wished to be. He walked therefore along the sands: but a storm from the south-west, which had been long threatening, now came on with such violence that he took the first shelter he could find, in a little ale-house built under the low cliffs, and serving as a receptacle for the inferior contraband trader, or those of even a more humble description.

A light, however, invited him into a place than which nothing could be more dreary and desolate, and the group he found around a fire in a miserable little room black with smoke, and filled with the fumes of tobacco and gin, did not contribute to give him a more favourable idea of this receptacle: but he had lived near ten months among the Iroquois; and evil is only by comparison. He saw that his entrance very much disturbed the people who were assembled here. Some took him for a Frenchman, and some for an Exciseman; two beings extremely obnoxious, it seems, to some or other of the party. All agreed that he was a spy, and heartily wished him away.

Orlando now spoke to the landlady, and begged of her to give him something to eat; for he had fared very ill on board the fishing boat. To this, and to his request that he might be allowed to dry his clothes by her fire, she answered in a way which convinced Orlando she doubted his power of paying for the accommodation he desired. To remove

an objection so natural, and so incontrovertible, he put his hand into his pocket, and produced two pieces, which the hostess, not a novice in the value of French money, knew was hardly equal in amount to an English shilling. This (and Orlando had actually forgotten that it was all he possessed) was, however moderate, enough to pay for the coarse repast he expected: but the woman seemed more discontent than before, and the people surveyed him with eyes more severely scrutinizing; being convinced he was a French spy, or some person whose appearance there boded them no good: and these their suspicions, now that they found he was poor, they very openly professed; and the landlady, telling him "she never took no French money, not she—nor let folks bide in her house as she know'd nothing of, because as why? it made her liable to lose her license," desired him to walk out: a request with which, though the storm continued with some violence, Orlando found it necessary to comply; and, fatigued as he was, determined to attempt finding his way through the darkness and the tempest to Shoreham, where he thought there must be some person who would believe his story, and assist him for so short a journey as he had to perform.

In this resolution he set out to go back the way he came; but mortified that such brutish inhospitality as what he had just experienced could exist in British bosoms, and lamenting that there were Englishmen less humane than the rude savages of the wilds of America.

Cold, hungry, wet, and fatigued, he pursued his walk: it was soon so extremely dark that he could not distinguish the cliff, on which he was walking, from the beach over which it hung. The rain, driven by violence, almost blinded him, and the roaring of the wind and sea deafened him. Hardly

able to stand against the tempest, he frequently stopped, debating whether he had not better wait the return of morning before he attempted to proceed.

His impatience, however, to get to Rayland Hall, conquered every idea of present danger—and he went on, contending against the united opposition of darkness and storm. After a walk of above a mile, he was nearly overcome with fatigue and cold, when lights, which he thought he distinguished through the comfortless gloom, animated him to new exertions, and he went on.

His hope did not deceive him; but, in the eagerness to pursue it, he forgot the precaution with which he had walked before, and fell headlong from the top to the bottom of the cliff, which fortunately for him was not at this place above ten or twelve feet deep, and he reached the bottom, without breaking any of his limbs, at the expence of some contusions. Recovering immediately from the surprize, he found himself able to walk; and kept along the cliff till he reached the town, which was not till between twelve and one.

It was then with some difficulty that he discovered a house of public entertainment; and when he did, it was with more difficulty still he obtained admittance. At length, after telling his story, which the man who heard it did not seem to believe, he was suffered to enter the kitchen of an abode between an inn and an alehouse; where some embers of fire were renewed, and where, though suspicion evidently appeared to be very unfavourable to him, the man who had let him in brought him some cold meat, beer and bread, none of it of a very promising appearance, but such as his hunger made extremely welcome. This being appeased, he enquired if he might have a bed, as he could go

no farther that night. There either was no bed, or the person to whom he spoke thought him a traveller whom it was unsafe to admit to one; for this man answered drily, that they made up no beds in that house; but that he might go into the stable, where there was plenty of clean straw. There seemed to be no alternative, as the man objected to his proposal of sitting by the fire all night. To the stable, therefore, the unhappy wanderer was led, and in his wet clothes threw himself down on the straw in one of the stalls; where, in despite of his uncomfortable situation, extreme fatigue gave him up to sleep.

The noise of men entering to take care of their horses awakened him at the early dawn of the morning; and awakened him to such a sense of pain, from the bruises he had received, and the damp clothes in which he had lain, that it was with some difficulty he was able to move from his straw into the kitchen, where he had been the night before. Two sailors were drinking there, who, having nothing else to do, began questioning the stranger. Orlando related in a few words his melancholy adventures, and saw that these honest fellows not only believed him, but pitied his distress, and wished to contribute to his relief. His sufferings were now so acute from the bruises received in his fall, that all his fortitude could not conceal them. One of his new friends went to get him "something comfortable," which in his opinion was a large glass of spirits, while the other assisted him in drying his clothes, which were still wet; and as during this operation Orlando surveyed himself in a little looking glass stuck against the wall, he found, in the appearance he made, some excuse for the coldness of his reception the night before.

His face was covered with blood and dirt, for his nose had bled from the fall; an old hat, which his

pirate-fishermen had given him in place of a very good one they took, had been torn at the same time, and seemed only half a hat; his great coat was gone, and his coat was French; his waistcoat being the only part of his dress that was the same as he brought from Quebec. He had no buckles in his shoes, for the fishermen had desired them; and his hair, which had not had time to grow long since his coiffure was in the mode of the Iroquois, and now presented what is called a shock head. Having amended his appearance as much as he could, he enquired if he could have an horse? but he was told that none were let there, nor did they know of any to be had in the town. By this time several other men were assembled in the kitchen; and the same inquiry being renewed, one of them said, that he could let him have a horse for fifteen shillings: but then how was it to come back? and besides, he must be paid for it upon the spot. This Orlando at once confessed his inability to do, and the *reasonable* man who offered it made no farther attempt to accommodate him.

Orlando then determined to set out on foot. The very little money he had in his pocket was insufficient to pay for even such entertainment as he had had, and he proposed leaving the shirt he had in his pocket as a pledge for the rest, when the two honest seamen offered to discharge his reckoning between them, and even to lend him each a shilling to carry him homeward—an offer he without hesitation accepted; made a memorandum of their names, as he doubted not of having an immediate opportunity, not only of repaying them, but of returning their kindness fourfold; and then he set out on foot, notwithstanding the pain he suffered, taking leave of the honest tars with many acknowledgments, and giving them his address at Rayland-Hall. He was

told that a stage would pass along about eleven o'clock ; which, if he did not miss it by getting out of the high-road, would carry him some part of the seventeen or eighteen miles that was between him and the place where he wished to be. This route was farther about ; but he determined to pursue it, because he found himself unable to walk with his usual activity ; nor could any less forcible inducement than the excessive impatience he felt to be at the Hall, have supported him in such an undertaking, worn out as he was with the fatigue he had sustained, and his limbs almost dislocated by the injuries he had received the night before.

His progress was slow ; and when at length the stage, by which he had been promised a conveyance part of the way, overtook him, he found it carried only so small a part of his way that he had then seven miles to walk. He knew that by going over the downs, he could reach Rayland-Hall by a nearer way than continuing along the turnpike high-road ; and therefore, quitting the vehicle, he again proceeded on foot.

So little was he able to walk as he used to do, that as the days were now short, it was almost dusk before he reached the top of an high chalky down—the same where, on his departure, he had taken a last look of the place that contained all that was dear to him—and he again beheld it, its antique grey towers rising among the fading woods ; he distinguished the turret ; and recollecting that so long a space had intervened since he left there the object so dear to his soul, and how many distressing circumstances might have occurred within that time to destroy all his happiness, he became breathless through excess of agitation, and was under the necessity of sitting down on the turf to recover himself.

Beyond the Hall, which was within a mile and a half of the foot of the hill, he distinguished the country round West Wolverton:—the house was concealed: but a wood, or rather shrubbery, on a rising ground behind it, and some part of the offices, were clearly discernible. With sensations of mingled dread and delight he surveyed the well known spot. Dear paternal house, cried he, in what a situation do I return to your asylum;—but of how little consequence is that if your beloved inhabitants are well!—Oh, my father; are you now thinking of your Orlando, unconscious that he is within a few miles of you! The son whom you perhaps regret as dead is returning—a beggar indeed but not dishonoured—to your arms, and to find in the bosom of his family ample consolation for all his misfortunes.

When, in indulging these mixed sensations, Orlando had a little recovered his breath and his resolution, he descended the hill; and was soon, by crossing the nearest way the few fields that intervened, at one of those gates at Rayland park where there was no lodge. He found it locked; but there was a stile near it, and he was soon under those well-known shades where he had passed the pleasantest hours of his life. Every thing seemed just as it had been left about the park. With a heart almost throbbing through his bosom, he approached the house, and wondered to see no servants round it; nor the dogs who were usually running out on the approach of strangers. All was mournfully silent; and most of the windows were shut. Certain of not being known, he was unable to resist the temptation he felt, to try the door of the lower turret—It was locked, and he proceeded round the house to the stable yard. There was no person to be seen where formerly there had been

four or five servants: there was no appearance of horses; no poultry pecking about; all was still as death, and the grass had grown up among the pavement. Orlando's heart sunk within him; yet he knew not what to fear! the approach of the evening lent new gloom to the desolate appearance of all that he beheld.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN apprehension of the truth, vague as it was, was infinitely more terrible than any certainty. With trembling hands, and breathless fear, Orlando now attempted to open the great door of the passage that led to the kitchen and servants' hall; but this too was locked. He called aloud: his voice echoed round the old buildings that surrounded the court where he now stood; but no answer was returned. After waiting and repeating again and again the names of the servants who lived with Mrs. Rayland when he went away, he rapped at the doors, and then at the windows: the lower windows on this side of the house, having strong iron bars, were not shut within. He looked through them into the servants' hall, and the passage leading to it; all was apparently deserted and dark!

He could no longer doubt but that Mrs. Rayland was dead—But where was Monimia? what was become of all her domestics? to whom did the mansion now belong, that it was thus forsaken? New horrors beset him at every step; but now, in a desperate determination to know the worst, or rather to indulge the mournful propensity he had to traverse these dreary rooms, and to visit the turret, he went round to the other part of the house. He

tried the chapel door, which had so often befriended him in happier days; he found it broken, and off the hinges: he entered the chapel, which appeared more ruinous and neglected than it used to be; he would have enquired if the remains of his benefactress slumbered in the vault beneath it, but no trace remained that could inform him:—he approached the door that led from the chapel to his former apartment, but that was strongly fastened on the inside.

He then, while the only sound he heard was that of the owls from the neighbouring woods, or the night jar as it flitted before him near the house, again traversed the park around it, and went to the opposite side, or principal front, in the middle of which was the door of the great hall;—that too was fastened; but over it was the achievement of Mrs. Rayland, the family arms in a lozenge:—Mrs. Rayland then was undoubtedly no more.

Whither could the weary, the wretched Orlando go for information? and how sad the information he must ask! for it was but too certain that, if Mr. Somerive, or any part of his family, had possessed the Hall, it could not have been thus desolate.

Orlando meditated a moment; if he could be said to meditate, whose heart felt petrified by the shock. He recollected, that the old and long-deserted summer-parlour near the library had a glass-door which opened into the park, and which was formerly left unlocked. He tried it: it was fastened; but it was yet light enough for him to distinguish that the key was in it, within. He broke a pane of the glass without hesitation, and, putting his hand through, unlocked the door, and entered this parlour.

Melancholy were the observations he made, as, by the little light he had, he traversed this room.

The wainscot had fallen down, and the boards were rotted away: the study, of which the door was open, had only half its books left; and the tapestry hung in fragments from the walls. Orlando could not bear the cold chill that struck on his heart. A low hollow gust of wind rushed through the deserted rooms: it seemed loaded with the groans of all he had ever loved, or revered—Yet he proceeded along the passage, which was quite dark—and, hardly knowing to what purpose, went through the great hall, and up the principal staircase—He entered the long north gallery, where, in the April days of their juvenile affection, he had nearly betrayed his innocent partiality for Monimia, by throwing the cricket-ball against the window.—Hideous spectres seemed to beckon to him from the other end of it, and to menace him from the walls; though he knew that they were the portraits of his family in their black doublets, their armour, or their flowing night-gowns:—he stopped however, in terror he was ashamed of feeling, and listening a moment, thought he heard a door shut in some distant part of the house—Were there then inhabitants? or was it only the wind which flung to one of the doors he had left open?—He listened again; but all was still, and he began to consider what he should do next—Fatigued and worn out as he was, and almost incapable of going farther, he felt a momentary inclination to take possession of a bed. He opened the door of one of the bed-chambers: the old high testered green silk bed looked like a mausoleum—it seemed black, and Orlando could have fancied that the corps of Mrs. Rayland lay on it: the whole room appeared so damp that he resigned his half-formed project, and returned into the gallery with an intention of going out of the house, and repairing to some of the neighbouring

cottages, when he heard again a door, shut towards the kitchen, and thought he distinguished a human voice.

He went down a back stair-case across the apartment where Mrs. Rayland generally sat, and shuddering, as he now almost felt his way, he walked towards the kitchen. This was a room quite in the old fashioned English style; and such as gave an immediate conviction, by the size of every utensil, of old English hospitality. It was such as Pope describes in his letter to the Duke of Buckingham, where the peasantry suppose the infernal spirits hold their sabbath; but upon a still larger scale.—As Orlando came near the door, he was convinced that he heard the murmuring sound of some person speaking as if in discontent. The door was not shut close; he pushed it gently open, and saw a female figure blowing the fire: he advanced towards her, and remarked, by the flashing light of the flame which rose as she blew, that she was bent double with age, and in coarse dress of the lowest peasantry. Instead of turning or speaking to him, she continued to mutter and mumble to herself, of which Orlando could distinguish no more than, Why a plague did you not come sooner? about no good I warrant ye . . . at this time o'night! and stalking about instead of helping . . . Orlando now appeared before her, and spoke to her, enquiring for Mrs. Rayland; when the beldam, suddenly looking up, let fall the bellows, and, uttering a shriek or rather yell, hobbled towards the nearest door, crying out, Thieves! murder! thieves!

Orlando, following, attempted to pacify her: he assured her he was no thief, but the son of Mr. Somerive, the nearest relation of the late owner of that house, who was lately come from abroad, and did not know but what she still owned it.—His voice

seemed to have some effect in appeasing the fears of the old woman ; but upon surveying him, they again returned—You 'squire Somerive's son ! exclaimed she—Will you persuade me of that ? Didn't I know 'em both ?—Oh Lord ! oh Lord ! I shall be murder'd, that's for certain, and our Ralph's not come back—Oh ! what shall I do ? what shall I do ? It was in vain Orlando renewed his protestations that he meant her no harm ; she continued to insist on his leaving the house, and he remained resolutely bent not to go till he had obtained some information as to whom it now belonged. The contest lasted some minutes, when at last an halloo was heard without, and the woman exclaimed, Oh ! thank the good Lord, there's our Ralph. She went out to the passage, opened the door, and a stout surly-looking clown followed her into the kitchen, to whom she had related that a strange man had got into the house, had been walking all about it, and now would not go out—I thoft, Lord help me ! it was you ; and there sat I blowing the fire, and wondering what a dickins you could be prancing about up stairs for.

The sturdy peasant surveyed his new visitor with evident marks of displeasure, while Orlando told him who he was, and desired to know to whom Rayland Hall now belonged.

I don't believe 'tis any business of yours, replied the churl, and I'm sure you have nothing to do here ; for, let it belong to who 'twill—'tis no place for travellers and wagabons—Come, master, troop ! mother and I be put in this here Hall to look ater it, and we can't not answer it to our employers to let in no strangers nor wayfaring people.

I only ask, said Orlando, who *are* your employers ? surely you can have no objection to tell me that. Why, master archdeacon Hollybourn is *my* employer, then, if you must know ; and this house and

premises belongs now to our bishop and dean ; and the archdeacon Hollybourn—

Good God ! and how long has Mrs. Rayland been dead ?

How long ? Why eight months or there away— But, come, master, I've answered your question civilly, though I don't know no right you have got to ask it, and now I desire you to walk out ; and I hope there's no more on you about the premises ; for, if there is, I must carry you before the Justice—and so, look'e, I've got a gun here (and he reached one down from over the chimney) that will do more sarvice in case of need besides hitting a rook.

Orlando, unarmed and defenceless as he was, and finding no success in his attempts to gain credit, was now compelled to leave this once hospitable mansion, where he had formerly been encouraged to dream of passing in it the noon of his life with his beloved Monimia—after whom, or her aunt Leonard, he had enquired fruitlessly. With despair in his heart he left the house (not however for the last time, though it was now the property of the good bishop and his dean and chapter), being determined to return the next day, for the mournful delight of surveying the apartment of Monimia, where he almost wished to expire. Yet he had hardly given way a moment to this unmanly despondence, than he was ashamed of it : his father and his family were yet ready to receive him, and he quickened his pace through the gloom ; for it was now quite dark, and a strong south-west wind brought on a heavy driving rain.

How very mournful were the reflections of Orlando as he followed the well-known foot-path to West-Wolverton ! How different was his situation from that he fondly thought to have been in when he last took a reluctant leave, in this very path, of

his Monimia! Accustomed to associate poetry with all his ideas, his present condition, opposed to that which his sanguine imagination had flattered him with, brought to his mind that sublime ode, "the Bard" of Gray,

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows;
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

In such mournful meditations, and by dint of habit, or rather of his perfect recollection of every shrub and tree about the place, so that he could have found his way even had it been darker than it was, Orlando reached the upper plantation, and descended on the other side, the almost perpendicular path that led down over the pond-head. The roar of the water, which murmured hollow in the blasts of wind, and the sullen noise of the mill, well-known sounds which Orlando had so often listened to, brought back, in all their force, the recollection of the evening walks he used to have from Wolverton to the Hall to visit his Monimia. He went over the foot-bridge that arched the cascade now swollen with the rain, and entered the old fir grove, where he fancied, in some former fits of despondence, that he heard, in every hollow wind, Orlando will revisit this place no more! Yet he did revisit it; but how? How fallen from all those dreams of happiness that had so often flattered him, and, in contradiction to this gloomy impression of his pensive moments, had said—Orlando will be the master of these scenes!

Yet, if he found his father living and rejoiced at his return—if he once more felt the maternal tear of his beloved mother wet his cheek—if his sisters were well—if news had been received of Isabella—

and if Selina, as he fondly hoped, could give him certain intelligence where he might fly to Monimia, all would be well ; and, though he should regret his kind benefactress, regret the severe disappointment to his family, there was yet happiness, much happiness, to be hoped for.

It was so perfectly dark within the wood, that Orlando, not being able with all his knowledge of the place to find his path, went out to the edge of it, and continued his way along the pond side. He saw a light glimmering at a distance upon the water, which he perceived was reflected from the mill. The storm becoming more violent, he determined to go thither. The miller was one of Mrs. Rayland's tenants, who had not long before Orlando's departure for America granted him a very great favour in regard to the renewal of his lease, in consequence of Orlando's intercession. From this man, therefore, he doubted not of an hospitable reception, and the information relative to Mrs. Rayland which at the Hall he had been denied.

He soon arrived ; and, with a short stick he carried with him, rapped loudly at the door. A woman soon after looked out of the window from whence the light had proceeded, and enquired, in apparent alarm, Who is there ?

Orlando answered, Is it Mrs. Whitly who speaks ?

Mrs. Whitly, friend ! replied the female voice : Lord ! I cannot think what you want here at this time o'night ; why, master's a-bed, and the men folk too—I'm sure I wish you'd go about your business.

My business, said Orlando, is with Mr. Whitly.—Tell him it is Orlando Somerive, his old friend.

The woman then retired from the window as if to speak to somebody, and, presently returning, cried, Master says how he knows no such person—Young

'squire Orlando is dead a long while ago in parts beyond sea ; and you must be an impostor—for 'twas well known the young man's not alive, and all his family were in mourning for un before they went out of this country.

The woman would then have shut the window ; but Orlando, rendered half frantic by her last expression, conjured her with so much vehemence to hear him, that she delayed it a moment. He implored her to tell him what she meant by saying that the Somerive family had left the country. Why 'tis plain, answered she, that you don't belong to none of them—for, if you did, you'd know that the old 'squire have been dead ever so long—a matter of two or three months before old Madam at the Hall ; and that the young one, he as was always so wild like, have sold the house and farms and all to the great 'squire at the castle, and that the rest on' em have left the country.

Orlando could hear no more—his fortitude and his senses forsook him together—and weakness, from fatigue and want of food, disabled him from resisting any longer these repeated and overwhelming strokes of affliction—He staggered a few paces, and fell against the door of the house.

The woman, who perceived him by the light of the candle from the casement, began to think he must be, in some way or other, interested for the Somerive family, since he was thus affected ; and, communicating his situation to her husband, who was in bed in the room from the window of which she had spoken, the miller, not without some grumbling and swearing, got up, and, looking out, saw Orlando lying on the ground, and apparently insensible. He then feared that he might get into trouble, to use the expression of the country, if a man was found dead at his door, without his having

assisted him; and calculating, rather than yielding to the impulse of humanity, he ordered his wife to go call up one of the men, and go down with him to see what was the matter with the fellow, and, if he was only drunk, or sick, to give him a dram, and to haul him away to a hovel full of straw in the yard—all which he thought less trouble than might be given him by the Coroner's Inquest, if the man should be found dead at his door in the morning.

His wife obeyed—and, taking a servant man with her, who had lived many years at the mill, they opened the door.—Orlando was insensible, and the man pronounced him dead; but had not half a second held the candle to his face, before he exclaimed with a great oath, it was either Orlando Somerive, or his ghost! That it was not his ghost, but himself, though sadly changed both in countenance and appearance, the miller's man was convinced, when Orlando, awakened from his trance by being moved, opened his eyes, while with a deep sigh, and wildly staring about him, he wrung the man's hand, and conjured him, in incoherent terms, to tell him if it was true that his father was dead, and all his family dispersed—or if it were only a hideous dream.

The old man, who had known him from his infancy, was moved by the melancholy situation in which he saw him; and, helping him into the house, put him into a chair, and made him swallow some coarse kind of spirits—Orlando submitting to receive his assistance, but still passionately imploring him to say if what he fancied he had heard was real, while the man with tears in his eyes continued silent. By this time, however, the miller himself, Mr. Whitly, having been assured by his wife of Orlando's identity, came down; and Orlando renewing to him his eager adjurations, he began a long consolatory discourse, in which he attempted to

prove that, as every body must die, none should be immeasurably grieved when an event so common happened to their friends.

Orlando with glazed eyes and contracted brows appeared to listen to his discourse; but, in fact, heard not a word of it beyond those that confirmed his misfortune. With wildness in his voice and manner, he now desired to go to the house that was his father's, to go to the parish-church where he was buried. He demanded eagerly where his mother was? where were his sisters? His host answered, that they had been gone a long time to London; and that as to talking of going to West Wolverton house or such-like, or for to go for to think of going into the church at such a time, why it was quite out of reason; but he advised him to go to bed where he was for that night, saying very coldly (which coldness Orlando did not however remark), that he was welcome to a spare bed they had for one night or so; and the old servant plying him with spirits as liberally as his master did with advice, and believing his remedy the most efficacious of the two, fatigue and weakness soon overcome by the power of this application, he suffered himself, almost in a state of insensibility, to be led to a room where was a bed, on which, without taking off his clothes, he threw himself, and forgot a little while all his sorrows.

Alas! they recurred in the morning with severer poignancy. — He did not, on his first recovering his senses, recollect where he was, and stared wildly around him; but too soon the sad remembrance of his irreparable calamities rushed upon him, and he had need of all his reason and all his fortitude to enable him to bear this terrible conviction like a man. He went down stairs, determined to visit West Wolverton and the church, and then to set

out for London; but he had only eighteen-pence in his pocket, the remainder of what the sailors had lent him at Shoreham, and his clothes were such as would prevent him from obtaining credit on the road. He hoped that at the neighbouring town he might, when he was known, obtain credit for such an equipment as would prevent his terrifying his family by his appearance; and, perhaps, a small supply of money from Mr. Whitly, to whom, as soon as he saw him, he opened without hesitation the reduced state of his finances, and desired he would lend him a guinea or two to bear his expences to London. This man, who was grown very rich by the excellent bargain he held under Mrs. Rayland, and by being a great proficient in the secrets of his trade, had, like many other rich men, an invincible aversion to the poor, or to any who might be accidentally reduced to the necessity of borrowing; and to Orlando, coming under both these descriptions, he gradually became more and more reserved as his present situation was explained; and when he ended by desiring a temporary assistance, the miller, with a sagacious look, replied, that he was very sorry, to be sure, that things were as they were—For my part, said he, I have a family of my own; nevertheless, I am sure I would do a kind thing by a neighbour's son as soon as another—But the thing is this—Here's a will, d'ye see, of old Madam's, dated a good many years ago, which gives all her landed property to the bishop of this here diocese, his dean and chapter, for purposes therein mentioned, and then legacies—Orlando would here have interrupted him with questions; but the affluent miller, opining, like most other affluent men, that a borrower ought to have no sentiments of his own, waved his hand to silence him, and continued—Well, well, but hear me out, and then I'll hear you—I say,

that being the case, why the will is disputed; because as why? Your brother Phill, d'ye see, says he's heir at law, and so there's a Chancery law-suit about it—But we knows that a will's a will, and the longest purse will carry the day.—Well! the upshot of all is, that heir at law, or not heir at law, your brother, if he can carry on the suit, which folks be pretty dubious about, will never get no part of it.—And, therefore, said Orlando sharply, you will not lend me what I asked? It is well—I wish you a good morning, and desire to pay for what I have had at your house, which I think cannot exceed a shilling in value. He then threw down a shilling on the table; and, without attending to Mr. Whitley any farther, left his house; and hardly knowing what he did, he went towards the house of his father. The ingratitude and selfishness of the man whom he had left gave him an additional pang; but it was only momentary, for grief of a more corrosive nature overwhelmed him: and when he arrived at the door of the house he proposed entering, his knees trembled under him; his looks were wild and haggard; and he was incapable of considering that the house was now in possession of strangers. He passed into the yard, which was surrounded by the offices, but all was changed, and he stood in the stupefaction of despair, without having any precise idea of what he intended to do, till he was roused from this torpid state by a maid-servant, who, hearing the dogs bark, came out and enquired what he did there.

Orlando answered incoherently that it was his father's house—that he came to look for his father.—The girl in terror left him; and, believing him either a madman or a robber, but rather the former, ran in to her mistress, and, carefully locking the kitchen door, informed her that there was a crazy

man in the yard. This young woman, who was the mistress of one of Stockton's friends to whom he had lent the house, wanted neither understanding nor humanity, however deficient she might be in other virtues; and knowing the natural propensity of the vulgar to terrify themselves and others, she called to a man, who was at work in the garden, to follow her, and then went to speak herself to the person whom her servant had represented as a lunatic.

She found the unhappy young man seated on a pile of wood near the door, his arms resting on his knees and concealing his face. The noise of her opening the door and approaching him seemed not to rouse him from his mournful reverie: but she spoke gently to him; and Orlando, looking up, shewed a countenance on which extreme agony of mind was strongly painted, but which was still handsome and interesting, and appeared to belong to one who had seen better days:—Is there any thing, Sir, you wish to know? Can I be of any service to you? These few words, spoken in a pleasing female voice, had an immediate effect in softening the heart of Orlando, petrified by affliction. He burst into tears; and rising said—Ah, Madam! forgive my intrusion, forgive me, who am a stranger where I had once a home. This house was my father's—Here I left him when seventeen months since I went to America—Here I left my father, my mother, and three sisters—and all, all are gone; He lost his voice, and leaned against a tree near him.

The young person, extremely affected by the genuine expression of grief, and convinced that he was no madman, now invited him into the parlour; and Orlando, unknowing what he did, followed her.

Every object that he saw was a dagger to his heart. As Philip had sold to Stockton every thing as it remained at his father's death, a great part of the furniture was the same. Startled at every step he took by the recollection of some well-known object, he entered the parlour more dead than alive, and pale as a corpse, and with quivering lips, he attempted to speak, but could not. The young woman saw his agitation, and pouring him out a large glass of wine, besought him to drink it, and to compose himself, again repeating her offers of kindness. He put back the glass—I thank you, Madam, but I cannot drink—I cannot swallow.—That picture, added he, fixing his eyes wildly on a landscape over the chimney—that picture belonged to my father; he used, I remember, to value it highly—I beg your pardon, Madam—I know not what I proposed by coming hither, unless it were to procure a direction to my mother and sisters. Where my father is I know too well, though I believe, continued he, putting his hand to his forehead, that I said when I first came into the court-yard, that I looked for him—Can you, Madam; tell me where I can find the part of my family that does survive.

The young woman, with increasing interest, told him that she had been there only a few weeks, and was quite a stranger in the country; but that if he could recollect any person thereabouts likely to be better informed, she would send a servant to fetch them, or with any message he might direct.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER a pause, sufficiently expressive of the difficulty with which he thought, Orlando said, that there was at the neighbouring town an Attorney with whom his father had been long connected; and who at his setting out in life had received many favours from the family of Somerive.—To him he wished to send—or rather I will go to him, Madam—for why should I be longer troublesome to you? He then got up; but the young person with great gentleness and good nature, said, You are not able, I am sure, to walk so far—if you are not too much wounded by the recollections that surround you here, to stay, I beg you to take some refreshment, while I send a servant to the gentleman; he shall go on horseback, and will soon be back. As Orlando did indeed doubt whether he was able to walk so far as the town, and an idea struck him, that while the messenger was gone, he could visit the family vault, in the church of West Wolverton, where the remains of his father were deposited, he accepted, after a slight apology, of the obliging offer of his hostess; who bringing him pen and ink, he wrote with an uncertain and trembling hand—“Mr. O. Somerive being returned from America, and quite ignorant till his arrival here of the many alterations in this neighbourhood, will esteem it a favour if Mr. Brock will oblige him with his company for half an hour—at the house formerly his father’s at West Wolverton.”

Having sent away this note, and being prevailed upon to take the refreshment he had at first refused; he told his new acquaintance, that he had a wish to visit two or three places in the adjoining village, and would, with her permission, return to

the house in time to meet Mr. Brock, if he were so obliging as to attend upon his message.

The servant being sent away, Orlando set forth to visit the tomb of his father.—He knew well the spot: it was in the chancel of the church, and the entrance was marked by a stone, with the arms of Somerive and Rayland quartered upon it. The sexton, who at first appeared to have lost all recollection of him, gave him the keys as soon as he knew him—and the unhappy wanderer, throwing himself on the ground, gave way to that grief which he had hitherto checked.—Now it was, however, that he felt the reward of his dutiful conduct; for he was conscious that, except in the single instance in regard to his sister Isabella, he had never wilfully disobeyed his father; and he felt too, that if by taking Monimia with him, or by any other act of disobedient ingratitude, he had felt himself accessory to that affliction which he too well understood had hastened the death of his parent, that sorrow, which was now unmixed with self-reproach, would then have driven him to distraction.—As he kissed and took a last leave of this deposit of the ashes of his family, he recollected, that his affection to the lost friend whom he deplored would be shewn rather by his tenderness and duty towards his mother and sisters, than by giving himself up to useless despair—Roused by this reflection to more manly thoughts, he arose from the ground, and his heart having been relieved by the indulgence he had thus given to his grief, he quitted the church with a deep sigh, and determined to walk as quickly as he could round Rayland park—having an unconquerable desire to visit the turret of Monimia, which he thought he might do in the day time, by letting himself in through the same door where he had entered before; and

as he knew every part of the house, finding his way thither without alarming the vigilance of the old woman who kept the house. In this intention he traversed the outside of the park paling very hastily, when the sight of the north lodge and the cottage near it, brought to his mind the circumstances of Monimia's letter ; who there described her meeting with Sir John Belgrave ; and he thought the woman of the cottage might give him some particulars, which he hitherto had not been able to learn.—Entering therefore, and making her, not without much difficulty, recollect him ; he was forced to bear all her wondering, and all her enquiries, before he could prevail upon her to give him the following particulars :

Lord, Sir ! why now I tell you as well as I can all how these bad things have come to pass. In the first place, after you was gone, somehow there seemed no content at the Hall—I heard say that Madam began to droop as 'twere a fortnight or two afterwards ; and was never pleas'd with nothing that could be done for her—And there came out a story about Pattenson—the rights of the matter, my husband says, never were cleared up ; but however, to the surprise of every body, my Lady she believed some story about him ; and though 'twas reported he tried to turn the tables upon Madam Leonard, sure enough he was dismissed from the Hall for good ; but for certain not like a disgraced servant ; for Madam gave him a power of good things, and his farm as he took was stocked from the Hall ; and sure enough he had feather'd his nest well one way or other ; for he died worth a mort of money.

Pattenson is dead then ? said Orlando.

Lord help you, yes ! answered the good woman—Why he died of the gout in his stomach just afore my Lady—But if you'll have a little patience

I'll go on with my story. So Pattenson went away ; and after that Madam Lennard seem'd somehow to govern my lady more than ever ; yet folks said, that it was not so much she, as them there Rokers, uncle and nephew, that was put in by her as stewards ; and to be sure there was for a long time strange talk—and they said, that Madam Lennard was jealous of young Roker, he as she afterwards married—and so sent away her niece's daughter, that sweet pretty young creature that you remember at the Hall.

And what is become of her ? cried Orlando eagerly—Whither was she sent ?

Why that nobody knew nothing about at the time, as every body saw Madam Lennard was shy of speaking of her : but folks *have* said since, that she was gone up to London, with some Lord or Baron Knight : for my part, as I says to my husband, I don't care to give credit to such scandalous stories upon mere hearsay. However, to go on with my story ;—By then Madam Lennard had sent this poor thing away, every body thought how the affair would go—at least folks about the house says, they saw it plain enough—So then, your poor father, who had been ailing a long time, he was taken sick, and when all the doctors had given him over, he sent to beg Mrs. Rayland would come to him ; and though Mrs. Lennard she did, as I've heard say, all she could to hinder my Lady's going, she went ; and though nobody knows what passed, because nobody was in the room but Madam Somerive, your good mother, yet every body said, that the 'squire got a power better after he had seen the old lady, and said his mind was easy ; and then every body thought he would recover—and it was given out, that the 'squire had seen my Lady's will, or, how-

ever, that she had told him the contents, and that she had made you her heir.

Me ? said Orlando—alas ! no !—

Well, but that was the notion of the country, and I am sure, there's nobody in all this here part of our country but what heartily wishes it had been true— Well, and so 'squire Somerive he went on for a little while, getting better and better ; till something fresh broke out, about your brother, Mr. Philip ; and so upon that, he grew worse again, and died in a few days. Oh ! what sad affliction all the family was in ! but Madam, at the Hall, was more kind to them than she used to be ; for she sent to fetch them up to the Hall the day of the funeral, and kept them there three or four days, till the young 'squire hearing how his father was dead, came down—then your mother and sisters went back to their house ; but alack-a-day ! he soon began to make sad alterations, and was driving a bargain for the sale of the estate to 'Squire Stockton, almost, folks said, before his father was cold in his grave. —

Orlando clasped his hands eagerly together, and drew a convulsed sigh ; but he was unable to interrupt the narration, and the woman went on—

So, Sir, just about that time Madam Rayland she was taken ill—yet it did not seem, somehow, that there was much the matter with her ; but she drooped, and drooped, and pined, and pined—and people said, as saw her sometimes, that is the footmen who waited before she took to her bed, and the maids as sat up with her, especially Rachel, that she honed so after you, and used to send every day to your mother to know if she had heard of you ; and sent for her to come to her, and gave her letters for you to desire you would come back ; for she mistrusted, somehow, that Lennard had never sent the letters she wrote to you before ; and all the people said, that Lennard,

with all her art, had not been able to keep matters so snug, about her lover, but that her lady had an inkling of the matter—And they said, too, that Madam was not half so fond of her as she used to be ; but that she had been used to her so long, and had been so in the custom of letting her do what she would, that now, as she was so old, and sick, and feeble, and out of spirits, she had not resolution to speak her mind.—Well, Madam died, and then—Good Lord, what a work there was at Hall !—

How do you mean ? said Orlando.

Why, your brother Philip sent to take possession of every thing as heir at law ; but old Roker and his nephew would not let him or his people come in ; as they said they had a will of Madam Rayland's, and he must come and hear it read. Your mother tried, as I heard say, to pacify your brother ; because she knew, or however believed for certain, that your honour's self was the heir—So with that, upon a day appointed by these Rokers, who had possession of the house, your poor mother, and your two sisters, and the young 'squire your brother, they went to the Hall, and there, as I heard say, was the two Rokers and Madam Lennard, and the servants, all assembled ; and so young Roker took upon him to read the will, though your brother took a young lawyer with him from London, one Counsellor Staply ; and there the will was read ; and instead of leaving you the heir, it was a will made ever so long before, when Madam Rayland was out of humour with Mr. Somerive : and so there, it seems, that she gave five thousand pounds to Pattenson if he outlived her, but he was dead, and there was an end of that ; and two thousand to the old coachman, who is as rich as a Jew already—and a matter of ten thousand to Mrs. Lennard—And not only so, but all her clothes—and ever so many pieces of fine plate ;

and a diamond ring—and the Hampshire farms, which ben't worth so little as four hundred pounds a year—And then, all Madam's fine laces and sattin gowns, and her sisters' too, for none of them had ever been given away—They say that 'twas not so little as six or seven hundred pounds worth of clothes and laces! and all the fine houshold linen—Such beautiful great damask table-cloths and napkins—and such great chests full of sheets; besides a mort of things that I cannot remember, not I—But the great house, and all the noble estates in this county, she gave to the Bishop, as I suppose you know, and to the Dean and Chapter, for charitable uses, and to build a sort of alms-house—But it's very well known that the greatest part of it will go into their own pockets—and I cannot think, for my share, and my husband he says the same, why a-duce Madam gave her money to them there parsons, when they always take care to have enough out of the farmers and poor men, let who will go without.

A deep sigh was again extorted from Orlando, and the good gossip remarking it, said: Ah, Sir, to be sure you may well sigh!—Such a fine estate! and so justly your right by all accounts; and then after promising your father so faithfully too!—Poor Madam Somerive, your good mother, was in very sad trouble—Philip he raved and ranted, and made a sad to-do, but there was no remedy; them two Rokers had got possession of the house, and after the funeral, I reckon, they thought to have kept it, as stewards to the new owners; but whip! the parsons come upon them, and packed them off; and they've put in old Betty Grant and her son just to look after it, and open the windows—But, Lord! I'm sure the place looks so mollencholy as makes my very heart ach to pass it.—But, however, to go on with my story of all the troubles of your poor

dear mother—After this, a week or so, news came by a negur man as went with that young captain as your sister Belle ran away with, that he and miss were drowned or cast away, at some place beyond sea—I can't remember rightly the name of it; but, however, that they were lost, and that you were killed in battle by the wild Ingines; this man told my husband he saw you dead with his own eyes, and your skull cleft with one of their swords.—

And where, said Orlando, is this man now?—Why, Madam took him, replied the woman, and when the family left the country, he went up to London with them—

And how long have they been gone?

Nigh two months, as well as I can remember; poor dear ladies! I'm sure we poor folks miss them sadly, and so we do the Hall.—

And my brother, enquired Orlando, what is become of my brother?

Oh, as for that, answered the woman, nobody knows; and I must say this, 'squire, that if you'd a been like him, nobody would have been so sorry as they were, that Madam gave her money elsewhere; for would you think it?—at the very time he came down here to take possession of his house, after the poor gentleman his father's death, and when all the family was in such affliction—what did he do, but bring down that nasty flaunting hussey Bet Richards, that was took from the parish work-house to be housemaid at the Hall—whom he have kept in London all's one as a lady, and dressed her up better than any of his sisters—and she's as impudent and proud!—I'd have all such wicked toads sent to beat hemp—and every body has said 'twas a thousand pities she was not in her old place the work-house again, instead of prancing about as she did, to break poor dear Madam Somerive's

heart; who, though she seemed to bear it all with patience, and to take no notice, was quite as I may say, sunk and weighed down with one sorrow's falling so fast upon another—and, at last, when she found the house and estate and all the goods were sold, and that she and her daughters must leave it, and then, just afterwards, when the negur's news came, she seemed to be quite, quite gone!—and I heard say, her health was in a bad state after she got to London.

Dreadfully affected by this account of his mother, all of whose sufferings he felt, however coarse and simple the relation of them, Orlando now again enquired of his informer, if she knew where his mother and sisters lived in town?—She said, No; there was a neighbour's daughter gone up lately to London to live with them as a servant; whose friends knew the direction, and to them she would send if he would stay. Orlando thanked her—and then expressed some wonder that his mother, who had always disliked London, should fix there. To which the woman said, Why, Sir, I've heard say, that the reason of that was, that Madam's brother, the London Merchant, insisted upon it; and another reason was, because she thought that if she was not always at his elbow, your brother would go after his pleasures and that; and so neglect the great law-suit.

What law-suit?—said Orlando, who had forgotten at that moment the vague information he had received from the miller.

Why you must know, Sir, replied the woman, that when first my Lady died, there was a great talk about the country, that there was some black doings about the will; for from what she had said to your father, and from a great many other things she had said, and from her having Lawyers from

London come down about three years and a half ago, when folks thought she made a new will in your favour; there were those, and in the house too, who didn't scruple to say, that the real will was made away with by them Rokers, and that an old will was proved—So your brother he was advised by counsellor Staply to go to law;—but he said if there was another will, it was in your favour, not in his; and he'd as lieve the parsons, or the Devil, had the estate as you.—However, when a little while after news came of your death, then he went to law directly; because, he said, if there was such a will, he was your heir-at-law, and the old woman's too:—and so he is suing the Rokers; that is, Mrs. Leonard and her husband; for you know the old soul took to herself a young husband at last.

Orlando expressing his surprise at this, enquired where they lived—Oh! answered she, when they found they were bit as to continuing in the stewardship, and that Archdeacon Hollybourn had provided another for my Lord Bishop and the Parsons, and was to overlook the estate himself, Mr. and Mrs. Roker went away to live in Hampshire, upon the estate my Lady gave them there; and there, I understand, they live quite like great people, and are visited and noticed by all the quality; only Madam I hear is terribly jealous;—and they say her young husband is not over and above good-humoured to her, though he got such a great fortune by her.

The good woman seemed never weary of talking; but having at length exhausted all she could recollect, and promising to procure a direction from her neighbour, and send it down in a few minutes to West Wolverton, Orlando took his leave. And as, just as he left the cottage, the clock in it struck three, he was afraid of intruding upon the benevo-

lence of his new friend, at the house once his father's, if he left her long with the lawyer whom he had sent for; and therefore, instead of going then to make his mournful visit to the turret, he returned to West Wolverton, where he found the man sent to the town had been some time returned, and had brought from his father's former friend, the attorney, a note to this purport—

“Mr. Brock's compts: imagines some mistake—has not the honor to know any gentleman of the name of Somerive, except Philip S. Esq. late of West Wolverton—hopes to be excused, being particularly engaged.”

This note completed the distress of Orlando, who saw that he should now be taken for an impostor where he was, and obtain no credit where he expected it to carry him to London, where he now most earnestly wished to be, because there only could he hope to see his family, or to have any explanation of the hints so darkly given by the labourer's wife—hints, which among the complicated misfortunes which surrounded him, gave him the most insupportable pain.—Gone with some lord! Impossible—Yet the very idea was distraction. He was believed dead. He regretted that he had not asked whether Monimia heard of his death, not at that moment recollecting that his informer's knowledge hardly went so far; and that, by her account, Monimia was gone before the death of Mrs. Rayland, and before the arrival of the intelligence brought by Perseus the negro: yet again he recollected, that if Selina and Monimia still corresponded, she must immediately have known it; and thus by all he loved in the world he was considered as dead.

To undeceive them as soon as he could was what

appeared most necessary; but how to do that he knew not. - He could not bear to beg of any of the neighbouring gentlemen—indeed he knew none of them but Stockton (who was the last man in the world he desired to meet), for all the rest were at a great distance, and the elder Somerive had never sought their acquaintance: some were too expensive for him, and others too ignorant to afford him any pleasure in their society. By the richest he was contemned as a petty gentleman; and by the rest envied as the future possessor of Rayland Hall—and therefore very little intercourse had ever passed between them and the family at West Wolverton. While Orlando, whom his hospitable acquaintance had the consideration to leave by himself, was meditating on his wretched and forlorn situation, a young man was introduced into the room, in whom he immediately recollected a clerk to the lawyer to whom his unsuccessful note had been written; who, immediately acknowledging him, changed as he was, related, that Mr. Brock having shewn him the note, and declaimed against it as an imposition, it being, he said, perfectly well known that Orlando Somerive was dead—the young man thought he recollected his hand, there having been formerly some degree of intimacy between them; and unwilling to dispute the point with Brock, who was, he told him, solicitor in the depending cause between the Bishop and the Somerive family, he had made some excuse of business, and came to see himself whether it was his old friend, or some one wishing to represent him.

All the difficulties which Orlando had to encounter as to going to London were now removed at once—This young man, Mr. Dawson, offered not only to supply him with money but clothes; and they agreed to proceed together to the town in the

dusk, as Orlando did not wish to be known, nor indeed to be seen, in his present condition. This being settled, Orlando would immediately have taken leave of his humane hostess; but she entreated both him and his friend to stay dinner, with a frankness and good humour which Dawson was less disposed than Orlando to resist. As soon as it was nearly dark she ordered him to be accommodated with a horse, and sent a servant with him to bring it back.

With a thousand grateful acknowledgments Orlando took his leave; and with an agonizing sigh left, as he believed for ever, the paternal house and the neighbourhood of the Hall, without having been able to indulge his melancholy by visiting the turret.

His friend, though he could give him very little information more than he had already received, and none about Monimia, yet soothed and consoled him; and, having equipped him with a coat, hat and linen of his own, as they were nearly of a size, he put five guineas into his hand; and, desiring to hear from him, saw him into the stage-coach, which, at six every morning, set out from the town where they were for London.

CHAPTER XV.

THE variety of uneasy emotions which passed through the mind of Orlando, as he journeyed towards London, would be difficult to describe, since he himself could hardly discriminate them; but each, though not distinct, was acutely painful. In what a situation did he return to his family! in what a situation did he find it! How should he, while his mind was yet enfeebled from the cruel

disappointments he had experienced on his arrival in England, be able to bear the tears of his mother, the sorrow of his two sisters? how console them for the loss they had sustained? how strengthen by his example their more tender minds, to endure what he feared the dissolute folly of his brother might yet bring upon them; while his own heart recoiled from the idea of meeting that brother, and was bleeding with the dreadful wounds inflicted by the uncertainty of what was become of Monimia; which, had he not entertained some hopes of hearing of her from his sister Selina, would have driven him to distraction! Of his sister Isabella he thought too with great concern; and when the reflection, which alone brought some comfort to his mind, occurred to him, that he had resisted the temptation Warwick threw in his way, and had not, to gratify himself, plunged another dagger in the heart of his father—even this consolatory testimony of his conscience was embittered by the enquiry that conscience immediately made, whether he had not acted wrong in not discovering the design of Warwick, and had not sacrificed his real duty to a mistaken point of honour. As he approached London, the agitation of his mind became greater. As his mother believed him dead, his sudden appearance might have the most fatal effects—That even if he was put down at a coffee-house, and sent a note to inform her of his arrival, the sight of his hand-writing might equally affect a mother and sisters, who had long lamented him as consigned to a grave on the banks of Hudson's River.

There was one expedient that occurred, which, though extremely disagreeable to him, he at length determined to adopt—which was, to go on his reaching London to Mr. Woodford's, and consult with

him on the properest way of discovering to his family his unexpected arrival.

Though he was aware that he should have only insulting pity or coarse raillery to sustain from his uncle, he thought the dread of such transient and inconsequential evils, should yield to the important point of not injuring the health of a parent so beloved; and as soon as the stage in which he travelled reached Westminster Bridge, he got into an hackney-coach and ordered it to be driven to the house of Mr. Woodford.

On his reaching this place, and enquiring for him, he was told by a maid that opened the door, that Mr. Woodford's family had been removed some months from that house, and resided in King's Street, St. James's Square, at an house of which the maid gave him the number, and whither he immediately repaired.

It was easily found—two lamps at the door, and the appearance of the house, which had been lately refitted in a style of uncommon elegance, seemed to say to Orlando, that he would find his uncle in increasing affluence.

A very smart powdered footman opened the door, who, upon being asked if Mr. Woodford was at home, answered shortly, No; and surveying the hackney coach with contempt seemed disposed to close the half-opened door, without attending to any farther enquiries.

But Orlando, putting his head out of the coach, called to the servant, and enquired at what time that evening he could see Mr. Woodford, with whom he had business that admitted of no delay.

He can't be seen to-night, said the servant; he is engaged for the evening.

If you will tell me where then, replied Or-

lando, I will go to him, for I must see him immediately.

The man, who seemed afraid of venturing out to the coach door, lest he should soil his shoes, or lose the powder from his hair, still held the door only partly open, and said very sullenly—You must leave your business, and call again—my master will do no business with any body to night; he expects company to dinner; and I am sure he won't be disturbed.

Orlando now got out of the coach, and said to the servant, that as he was Mr. Woodford's nephew, he was sure he would see him. The man then, though with apparent reluctance, opened the door of a back parlour, and, while he stood at it himself, as if he was afraid Orlando would steal something, called to another footman to go and inform his master that his nephew desired to see him below.

At the same moment loud rapping was heard at the door, and the man, in visible distress, said, I shall be blamed for letting any body in—here's the company come; I wish, Sir, you'd call any other time—there's my Lord and Sir Richard and Lady Wiggin, and Sir James and Lady Penguin—it's quite impossible, Sir, for my master to see you.

Orlando had not time to answer, before the other footman returned, and said very roughly, that his master desired the person, whoever he was, to walk out—for he must be an impostor, because he acknowledged no nephew.

Orlando, imagining that Mr. Woodford supposed him to be his brother, and therefore would not see him, had only to quit the house, and desist from his design of speaking to his uncle that evening; or to convince him that he had yet a nephew living, whom he had at least no reason to disclaim:

he resolved on the latter, and putting back with his hand the servants who would have opposed his passage, he went up stairs. The door of the dining-room was yet open, for the visitors had hardly yet settled themselves, and some were standing near it till Sir Richard and Lady Wiggin had paid their compliments. Orlando, notwithstanding the abusive and insolent efforts of the servants, who had followed him up stairs to stop him, entered the room, and going up to Mr. Woodford, who stared at him as a perfect stranger, made himself immediately known to him. Mr. Woodford expressed more surprise than pleasure. But he could not help acknowledging his nephew, whom he slightly named to his guests, and coldly asked him to sit down and stay dinner.

Orlando, not much flattered by his reception, answered, that as he had not seen his mother, he must hasten to her, and meant no farther to intrude upon Mr. Woodford, than to consult with him on the properest way of breaking to his mother, news the joy of which might overpower her.

Oh! cried Woodford, if that be all, I fancy you may venture to take your own way—I never heard that joy killed any body; and I don't imagine you have much good fortune to relate (added he, surveying him) to turn the brains of your family.

Lady Wiggin, a squat figure, most sumptuously dressed, now surveyed Orlando, as he stood talking to his uncle before the fire, and then whispered to a younger woman who sat next her, whom he had not till then observed, but in whom, under the disguise of the most preposterous extremity of the fashion, with a very high head, and cheeks of the last Parisian dye, he discovered his elder cousin, to whom he bowed; while she slightly bowing in return, bit the end of her fan, and screwing herself

into an attitude which she seemed to have studied, replied with half shut eyes to the whisper of her titled neighbour.

Woodford seemed glad that Orlando declined dining with him, yet was unwilling to take the trouble of interfering in his first introduction to his mother. Predetermined not to be discouraged by the unfeeling raillery, or repressed by the coldness of his uncle, he enquired again in a low voice, If he could be allowed to speak to him alone—I have much to say to you, Sir, said he, which is not proper to discourse upon now. You may imagine I am very impatient to see my mother and my sisters: I will not detain you long—only let me for five minutes ask your attention below.

The great man, who was no longer a wine merchant in the Strand soliciting the custom of the great, but their pompous entertainer, who was enabled, by the advantages of a great contract obtained by the favour (and perhaps by yielding to the participation) of one of them, to vie in splendour with his patrons, seemed to be made very restless by this demand—I'd go down into my study with you, with all my heart, said he, in the same low tone; but my Lord and Sir James are not come, and my son not being here to receive them, I should be sorry but however you had better stay and dine perhaps, and then . . . Another loud rap at the door relieved him from this embarrassment; it wanted but a quarter to seven, and my Lord was announced. In the bustle to receive so eminent a personage, with what Woodford thought politeness, but what appeared to Orlando the most cringing servility he had ever witnessed, his worthy uncle seemed totally to have forgotten him; and before the ceremony of this reception, and that of Sir James, who followed

the peer as one of his satellites, was over, dinner was announced; and the company proceeded down stairs; while Orlando, finding that his uncle had as little taste for poor relations as if he had been born himself a great man, instead of having suddenly become so, by means which Orlando wondered at, rather than understood, took the opportunity of opening the street door himself, and returned to his hack, which was driven into the square, to make room for the splendid equipages which had since arrived at the door.

He stepped in; but when the coachman asked him whither to drive, he knew not what to reply. He knew nobody: nor did he recollect one friend in this immense town, to whom he could in such an exigencé apply.—The small house his mother had taken, was in Howland-Street; and he thought he had better drive to some coffee-house in the neighbourhood, where he might consider how he could first speak to Selina. As he proceeded to a coffee-house in Oxford Street, which the coachman named to him upon his enquiring for one, he could not help reflecting on the strange vicissitudes of fortune, and the strange way in which her gifts are divided. It was only a few months since he had an almost undoubted prospect of succeeding to the great estates of Mrs. Rayland: he was now not only deprived of all those hopes, but was literally a beggar—and going home, not to assist his ruined family, but to add to it another indigent member, and to weep with them all the mournful changes that had happened during his absence.

He had not yet determined how he should introduce himself to the dear dejected group, when he arrived at the coffee-house, where he discharged his coach, and called for a private room. He then, since no better expedient occurred to him, desired a

pen, ink, and paper, and in an hand which he attempted to disguise (and he trembled so as to aid the deception) he wrote these few words to Selina—"Your brother Orlando is living, and in England—have the presence of mind not to betray this secret, which will I think give you great pleasure, to your mother too suddenly; and when he knows he can come without too much surprising your mother, he will be at your door."—He had hardly finished and directed this note, in which he tried to alter his hand only that the sight of it might not so suddenly strike his sister as to render his precaution useless, he recollected, that as Perseus the negro was now his mother's servant, he had better go himself to the door of the house; discover himself to that faithful fellow; and contrive, by his means, to speak to Selina first.

This scheme appeared to him so much better than the first, that he determined to put it into immediate execution. However, he put the note he had written into his pocket, that if Perseus happened not to be at home, he might still proceed as he had at first intended.

With a beating heart he approached the door, and hesitated with apprehension before he could determine to knock at it. At length he gave a loud single rap, and Perseus appeared.—Do you know me, Perseus? said Orlando, in a low voice. Know you, answered the negro, who spoke pretty good English, and without much of the negro accent—No! how should I know you?—Have you forgot, said Orlando, the morning we passed together in the wood, on the banks of Hudson's River?—While he thus spoke, Perseus held the candle, which he had set down in the passage, to his face, and with a sudden exclamation letting it fall, he ran as fast as he could back into the kitchen, declaring to the two

maids, as trembling he threw himself into a chair, that he had seen a ghost.

The elder of these women, a stout peasant from the weald of Sussex, who had no notion of ghosts, huffed the affrighted negro for his folly, and said, I wonder what you mean, Perseus—why sure you are not in your right wits? A ghost quotha! I hope you have not left the door open, with your ghosts?

I cannot tell, cried Perseus— but you better see—I see master Orlando's ghost, and I'll go no more.

Orlando, foreseeing that from the poor fellow's terror, all the risk would be incurred which he had wished to avoid, now walked into the house, in the hope of preventing his mother and sisters from being alarmed by the folly of the servants; and when Hannah ascended to secure the door, which she had been strictly enjoined never to leave of an evening without a chain, she met Orlando on the top of the stairs. Struck with equal terror, though from a different cause, she now screamed and returned to the kitchen, where, as well as her fright would let her, she declaimed against the folly of Perseus, who being afraid of a ghost, had let in a man.

Orlando, provoked by the ridiculous fears of both, now went into the kitchen; and not without difficulty convinced the negro that he was alive; and the maid, that he had no intention to rob the house: but all the clamour that these mistakes had excited, could not be unheard in the room where Mrs. Somerive was sitting with her daughters; and the bell had rung violently several times, before the assurance of Orlando's identity had restored to Perseus courage enough to obey the summons.

Orlando entreated of him to go up, to account for the noise below as well as he could, and to beckon, or by some other means contrive to get his sister

Selina out of the room. Perseus, trembling with his former apprehensions and his present joy, undertook to do this, and hastened up stairs. At the door of the dining-room Selina stood, and asked him if any thing was the matter below; and Mrs. Somerive eagerly repeated the question, saying—Perseus, is any thing wrong below? who was at the door?—He advanced to the table near which his mistress was sitting, and saying to Selina in an half whisper as he passed her—'Tis your brother, miss, you go see him, he answered to the questions Mrs. Somerive asked him—No, Ma'am—no bad matter—only that I thought, that I that Hannah . . . she say—His confusion was the more evident, the more he attempted to conceal it; nor did his dark skin conceal the emotion of his spirits; while Selina, who believed it was her elder brother, and who felt only terror at his name, approached the table paler than death; and Mrs. Somerive, convinced that something was the matter below, though she could not conjecture what, arose from her seat, and taking a candle said, What can have happened? Selina, my child—if you know it, for God's sake tell me!—Alas! added she, recollecting all that had happened to her within so short a space—after all I have suffered, what can I have to fear.

She now approached the door, while neither Selina nor the servant had courage to stop her.—But in the passage she was met by Hannah, whom Orlando, mistrusting the skill of his first messenger, had sent up while he waited himself at the foot of the stairs. Mrs. Somerive, more convinced from the appearance of the maid, that some alarming circumstance had happened, was struck with the idea of fire, and calling to her two daughters to follow her, said: The lower part of the house is on fire—let us, if it is so, make our escape.—Selina!

Emma! my children! let me at least save something.

Dear ma'am, exclaimed Hannah, how you do fright yourself!—Lord! there's no fire below, I assure you: I'm sure if there was, we should not stand staring here; but don't be frightened, pray, ma'am! nothing at all is the matter, but very good news—Come, ma'am; pray go back into the room and sit down, and make yourself easy; you can't imagine, I'm sure, as that I would go for to deceive you.

Mrs. Somerive, hardly knowing what to believe, returned into the room; and Hannah following her, said—Now, ma'am, as you be so calm I'll tell you, it is the young captain, ma'am, your son—he is not dead, thank God.

Not dead! cried Mrs. Somerive, my Orlando alive! Oh! it is impossible! don't be so inhuman as to awaken such hopes, only to aggravate my misery. He is dead, and I shall never see him more! No, no, said Perseus, young captain's alive. He is indeed, ma'am, cried Hannah. Where? said Selina, where is my brother? He is below, miss, said she in a low voice.—Selina rushed out of the room, and Orlando caught her in his arms. Emma, divided between her fears for her mother, who rested almost insensible on the arm of the servant, and the anxious desire to see her brother, trembled and wept a moment; and then seeing him actually enter, Selina resting on his arm, she uttered a faint shriek, and flew back towards her mother, at whose feet Orlando kneeling, besought her to recollect and compose herself. She threw her arms round him, but convulsive sobs were the only signs she gave of recollection; while the servant was bathing her temples, and her two daughters entreating her, for their sakes, to assume a composure, which their

own extreme agitation proved they did not themselves possess.

The scene was too painful, though produced by excess of happiness, to last long. The certainty that her son, her beloved Orlando, was living, was joy to which the mind of Mrs. Somerive, long weighed down by affliction, could not sustain without feeling what almost approached to a momentary deprivation of reason; but the manly tenderness of Orlando, who argued with her, and the lively sensibility of her two girls, who hung around her, and entreated her not to destroy herself, now that they were so blest as to have their brother restored to them, at length called her to a greater serenity of mind; yet as she looked at Orlando, she started, she trembled, and seemed to doubt whether she was awake; and when she spoke to him of his father, she relapsed into such inarticulate expressions of agonizing sorrow, that her children, looking in consternation at each other, dreaded the consequence, so much had she in those moments the appearance of a person about to lose her reason.

There was another topic which had not during the first hour of their incoherent conference been touched; and Orlando, who dreaded it, endeavoured to avoid it. This was the loss of his sister Isabella; for that she had perished at sea, in their ill-starred voyage to America, he now more than ever believed. He tried therefore to call off the attention of his mother from what she had lost; and to convince her, that not merely her son was restored to her, but restored to her as affectionate, and as much attached to his family, as when in an evil hour he quitted it.

Mrs. Somerive, feeling herself unequal to some kind of conversation that evening, confined herself, when she was able to do more than gaze at her son, to questions that related wholly to himself. She ob-

served how very much he was altered—that his hair, of which in his infancy and youth she had been so vain, was grown much darker, and had been cut close to his head. Orlando, to escape from subjects which he thought would be from their catastrophes more painful to her, gave her, or rather attempted to give her, a short history of his adventures, from his leaving New-York till his return to England; but when he came to speak of the wounds he had received, and of his being carried up the country by the Iroquois, she became so extremely faint, that Selina advised her, and she consented to desist from any farther enquiries, till she was better able to bear the relation of Orlando's sufferings. At the request of her children she consented to go early to rest, where Emma was to remain with her till she became more calm; and when Selina had seen her in bed, and left her in much quieter spirits, she returned to Orlando, who was in an agony of impatience to enquire about Monimia, which in his mother's presence he had not dared to alleviate or to betray.

When his sister returned to him, they both sat down by the fire; and the soft tempered Selina yielded to those emotions, which during her mother's alarming situation she had struggled to suppress. Orlando, his eyes overflowing, tenderly kissed her hand, and said—Are these tears, my own Selina, given to past sorrows? or are they excited by your knowledge of tidings yet to come, that will wound the heart of your brother worse than any of the accumulated miseries which he has told you he has collected since his landing in England?—Monimia! what is her fate, Selina? Where is she? am I completely miserable? He could not go on, nor could his sister immediately answer him—You do not speak, Selina, cried he eagerly

I can hear nothing worse than my fears suggest, nor can any torment equal this horrid suspense.

Indeed, answered Selina, in a tremulous voice—indeed I know no reason to believe that you ought to be in despair about her, but—But! exclaimed he—but what?—You believe—you don't know? Have you not *seen* her then, Selina? Is it possible you can have been so cruel to her, and to me, as to have abandoned her, because she was abandoned by all the rest of the world, because you thought me dead. . . .? Oh, Selina! should you not therefore have cherished, with redoubled tenderness, her who was so very dear to me?

Have patience with me, my dear brother, replied Selina—pray have patience with me; and do not, do not condemn me unheard, nor suppose that I would willingly neglect or forsake her whom you loved, and whom I loved too. But

You have however forsaken her! you do not know where she is now?

No indeed, I do not, answered Selina—nor have I heard of her for many many months.

Well, cried Orlando, with a deep sigh, I have patience, you see, Selina—I do not beat my breast, nor dash myself against the wall. I am wretched, my sister; but I will believe you could do nothing in performance of your solemn promise, nothing to avert such extreme wretchedness, and I will not reproach you.

You will have no cause, replied the weeping Selina; indeed, Orlando, you will have none, when you have heard all I have to say—Oh! if you did but know all we have suffered!

Poor Monimia! sighed Orlando, she too has suffered, and in this general wreck I have lost her—You do not even know then, continued he, you do not even know if she yet lives? I would rather

hear of her death, than of her being exposed to all the dangers, I dread for her, perhaps to disgrace, to shame, to infamy. This idea was too horrible; he started from his chair, wildly traversed the room; and it was some time before Selina could persuade him to listen quietly to the relation he yet continued to demand of her.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN you left us, my brother, said Selina, we hardly thought it possible that any sorrow could exceed what your departure and the apparent estrangement of Philip inflicted on us all; yet in a very few days we learned that, heavy as these evils were, they were only the beginning of that long train of calamity which was about to overtake us. Isabella disappeared within two days, and left a letter to say that she was gone with Captain Warwick to America.

And pray tell me, said Orlando, interrupting her, was my poor father extremely hurt at her elopement?

Not so much at her elopement, as at her having deceived him; for I do not believe, Orlando, that my father ever thought of Isabella's marrying General Tracy without pain and doubts of her future happiness. But it grieved him severely to reflect that Isabella was capable of deception, which, notwithstanding the rashness of her going away with a man she hardly knew, must have been meditated for some days.

Did my father believe me to have been a party in this deception?

Of that he sometimes doubted: yet, after dwelling on those doubts a moment, he would say, No—Orlando could never be acquainted with the plan

of these two young people ;—Orlando would not have concealed their intentions from me—Orlando never in his life deceived me—He is all integrity and candour—

And in this persuasion my father died ?

Yes ; and never spoke of you, Orlando, but as the hope and reliance of us all.

Orlando sighed deeply, reflecting that he had not deserved in this single instance the confidence of his father ; yet he rejoiced that, believing him ignorant of his sister's flight, this opinion of his integrity had not been impaired where it could have done no good to have known the truth, and would only have inflicted another wound on his father's heart. Selina proceeded.

We received your letter from Portsmouth, and some days afterwards another from Isabella—I believe it was near a fortnight afterwards—She was about to embark for America with her husband, who had hired a small vessel for that purpose, having missed his passage. This, in some degree, quieted the apprehensions of my father about my sister : though, as General Tracy almost immediately disinherited his nephew, we had the mortification of knowing that Isabella had married in what is called a very indiscreet way. However, as nothing could be objected to Captain Warwick, but his conduct towards his uncle, and his consequent want of fortune ; and as the young people seemed to be passionately attached to each other, my father seemed gradually to lose his anger, and to recover his spirits ; when a new instance of Philip's cruel disregard for us all threw him into an illness of so dangerous a nature, or rather so hastened the progress of that which uneasiness about him had first brought on, that he was soon given up by the physicians. It was then that believing himself dying, and feeling more con-

cern for the state in which he was about to leave us than for his own dissolution, he sent to Mrs. Rayland to come to him—a step which, he said, was very hazardous, but which he could not satisfy himself without taking. She came; we were none of us present at the conversation—but my father told us, as soon as she was gone, that his mind was now quite easy, and that he should die content, at least as far as related to pecuniary affairs: for Mrs. Rayland had assured him, that in her last will she had given you the Rayland estate, and entailed it all upon your posterity, on condition of your taking the name and bearing the arms of Rayland only; that she had set apart a sum for the purchase of a baronet's title; and that was the only money, except legacies to her servants to the amount of eight thousand pounds in the whole, which she had appropriated—having given you all the rest of her real and personal estate; and my father said that the latter had accumulated much more than he was aware of.

I am sure, said he, when he had told us this—I am sure that Orlando will use, as he ought to do, the power that is thus put into his hands to secure the provision for you, my love (speaking to my mother,) and for our dear girls—Nay, that, if our poor unhappy Philip should, as my fears prognosticate, utterly dissipate his paternal fortune, that he too will find a resource in the fraternal affection of his younger brother: In this persuasion my father became much easier, and, we hoped, grew much better: but a discovery that he very unluckily made by opening a letter intended for my brother, which, from the names being alike, he thought was his own—a discovery that Philip was actually in treaty with Stockton for the sale of his future interest in the estate at West Wolverton, quite undid all the good effects of Mrs. Rayland's generosity,

and in less than a fortnight we lost our dear father—who, alas! Orlando, died of a broken heart!

I will not distress you with a description of the terrible scene—I mean that of his last hours; for though he died calmly, recommending us to your protection and to that of Heaven, the distraction of my mother is not to be described; and I never think of it but my heart sinks within me.—When the first shock was a little over, my mother reflected on the necessity of her living for us, unprotected and helpless as we were, and she became more tranquil; though I am sorry to say that the presence of my brother Philip, who came down as soon as he heard of my father's death, did not serve to assist her in the recovery of her spirits. On the contrary, his evident wish that we might soon remove from the house, and his bringing down a mistress, whom he seemed impatient to put into it, were far from being cordials to a mind so oppressed with her recent loss.—The only hope that sustained her was your return and succeeding to the Rayland estate: but even this comfortable hope was diminished and embittered by a thousand fears:—days, and weeks, and months, were passed, and we had not heard of your arrival at New-York; but learned that the fleet of transports, with which you sailed, was dispersed by a storm, and some of the vessels lost. This I heard, for ill news is communicated early; but I kept it from my mother till Mrs. Rayland's impatience, who sent continually for news of you, and at length expressed her fears for you, in consequence of the accounts she saw in the newspapers, discovered it; and added to all the sufferings of my poor mother, doubts of your safety, which were more dreadful than any.

Mrs. Rayland, who had always disliked my mother, and, as I thought, us till now, seemed much

more disposed than she used to be to shew us all kindness, and really seemed concerned for my father's death. She made us all a present for mourning; and used to invite us often to the Hall, and I believe would have taken us to live there if Mrs. Lennard would have let her. But that good for nothing old woman, who had her own purposes to answer by it, would never leave any of us a moment alone with Mrs. Rayland—who often seemed to have an inclination to speak to my mother, and to be checked in what she intended to say by the presence of Lennard, who, in proportion as the old lady became more feeble through age, and as her mind became weaker, seemed to acquire over her more power: though it often appeared to me that Mrs. Rayland submitted to it rather from habit than from choice, and had not resolution to throw off a yoke she had been accustomed to so many years—

But, my Selina, cried Orlando, you have not all this while said a word of Monimia.

We contrived to meet, replied Selina, every Monday, according to your injunction; except when my poor father lay so dangerously ill, and after his death. And though these short interviews were passed almost always in tears on both sides, they were the only pleasure we either of us tasted; and we have often said, that the consolation of the rest of the week was, that Monday would return at the beginning of the next!

I missed meeting Monimia for three weeks, for the melancholy reason I have assigned; and on the fourth I hastened, at the usual hour, to the place of our appointment, the bench near the boat-house, where I saw Monimia waiting for me. If my mourning and dejected looks struck her with concern, I was not less shocked to see her look so very

pale, thin, and dejected—We could neither of us speak for some time, for our tears choked us, till at length she recovered voice enough to say, with deep sobs that seemed almost to burst her heart, that she should never see me more; that even this little comfort of meeting by stealth was denied her: for that her aunt had determined to send her away, and to put her apprentice to a person who kept an haberdasher's and milliner's shop at Winchester, who had agreed to take her for a small premium, and that she was to go in two days.

Amazed and distressed by this intelligence, I enquired why her aunt would do this? and she told me, that the importunity of Sir John Belgrave, and his perpetual attempts to see her by the same means by which you had formerly found access to her room, compelled her, in order to avoid him, to tell her aunt of the door in the turret; and after enduring a great deal of very cruel usage, and having been repeatedly threatened with Mrs. Rayland's displeasure and with being turned out of the house, her aunt first removed her into her room; and then, finding that inconvenient, had the door in the lower room at the bottom of the stairs bricked up, and Monimia returned to her former apartment—from whence she was hardly ever suffered to stir out but for a walk in the park, and even then was ordered not to go out of sight of the house. So that it had always been at a great risk that, while we did meet, she used to run as far as the fir-wood on those mornings.—My aunt, said poor Monimia as she told me all this, my aunt was always very cruel to me; but now she was much more so than ever; for the strange and ridiculous fancy she had taken to Roker, who now lived almost always in the house, though Mrs. Rayland did not know it, made her jealous of every body, but particularly of me, who

detested the man so much that I was quite as desirous to avoid him, as she was that I should not meet him—while the odious fellow affected to be jealous of her attachment to me, though all the time he took every opportunity of speaking to me very impertinently; but between my aunt's watchfulness that I should never be in the room with him, and my own to shun him, I escaped tolerably well from his insolent speeches, and never regretted my confinement, unless when I feared, my dear Selina, it would prevent my seeing you.—Now, however, for some reason or other, my aunt has taken it into her head that I shall not stay at the Hall any longer.—I cannot guess why I am more obnoxious to her than formerly, as she seems to have settled to marry and secure her dear Mr. Roker to herself, unless it is because Mrs. Rayland seems lately to grow more fond of me; and as my aunt is engaged with her lover more than with her mistress, I have been more about her, and she seems always satisfied with my services—which makes Mrs. Lennard quite in a rage with me sometimes; and often of late she tells me I am a sly, deceitful girl, and she'll blow me up with her lady—such is her expression, if I dare to fancy that I have any interest with her. This she has repeated so often lately, that knowing as I do that the discovery she has made of my meeting Orlando would entirely ruin him with Mrs. Rayland, I think that, however dreadful it is, Selina, for me to leave this place, where only I can have an opportunity of weeping with you and talking of him, I had much better do so than hazard, by my stay, incurring my aunt's unreasonable displeasure, since it may so much hurt Orlando;—and as she told me again, about ten days since, that she was determined to send me off to Winchester, and had given her lady such good reasons for it that she ad-

vised it, and had promised to give me the apprentice fee, I answered, that I had rather go than be burthensome to her.—So she wrote immediately, and the answer came yesterday, which fixes my departure for next Thursday. Thus, my dear brother, our dear injured Monimia related to me the circumstances which had produced this resolution, so distressing to me. Some of them indeed, particularly what related to that hateful Sir John Belgrave, I had heard before; for he used not only to persecute poor Monimia with attempts to speak to her by means of a servant—Jacob I think she called him—who was unluckily let into the secret, but wrote to her continually letters which, from the high promises they contained, might have tempted many young women so uncomfortably situated as she was—Eternal curses light on him! exclaimed Orlando; he shall feel, the scoundrel shall feel, that she is not now so unprotected as to suffer him to make his insulting proposals with impunity.

Alarmed by his vehemence, Selina repented that she had said so much; yet, by way of palliation, added—The last letter Monimia shewed me

Why did she open—why receive his d——d letters? cried Orlando.

They were forced upon her, answered his sister, in a thousand ways, which I hope she will one day have an opportunity of telling you herself, though it would take up too much time were I to do it now.—However, I am sure that when she related to me how she was beset with them, I saw no cause at all to blame her; and as for the last letter, of which I was going to speak, it was sent in form under cover of one to her aunt, and contained a proposal of marriage.

Of marriage!

Yes indeed, and even offered settlements—and

begged pardon for his former ill behaviour: it was after Monimia was obliged to complain to Mrs. Lennard of his behaviour, and was removed to her room. And one great cause of her aunt's displeasure afterwards was, that Monimia positively refused to marry Sir John, which her aunt insisted that, if he was in earnest, she should do. Monimia, however, wrote to him a refusal, in the most positive terms we could invent together; and after that she heard no more of him till she left the Hall.

Well, said Orlando; but, for Heaven's sake tell me! has she heard of him then since she left the Hall?—and where is she now?

Would to God, my dearest brother, replied Selina, that I could tell you!—We settled to correspond, not without some difficulty, because, though my mother herself, if I had dared to tell her the truth, would not I am sure have refused to let me write to and hear from her, yet as I did not dare, and she knows I have no correspondents but my sister Philippa, who now and then writes to me from Ireland, it is very natural for her to ask what letter I receive. However, I contrived it, and did for you, Orlando, what worlds should not bribe me to do for myself; I mean, deceive my mother, or rather act without her knowledge; yet I hope it was innocent.

Not only innocent, but meritorious, said Orlando warmly; but you still do not answer me, Selina, where is Monimia now?

Alas! Orlando, have I not already undergone the pain of telling you that I do not know?

Not know!

Indeed, I do not.—Amidst all the wretched scenes I passed through upon Mrs. Rayland's death—our very cruel disappointment in reading a will, so unlike what we were taught to expect—and Philip's horrible conduct, which drove us from the country,

and from our father's house, now sold, with every thing almost in it, to Mr. Stockton:—amidst all the exertions I was compelled to make to support my poor mother, who seemed to be sinking under our complicated misfortunes; misfortunes rendered almost insupportable, by the dreadful increase of our fears for your life:—believe me, Orlando, amidst all this, I never forgot to write punctually, according to our agreement, to our beloved Monimia; and for some time she punctually answered my letters:—but for these last five weeks never having any letter from her, I grew very uneasy, and last week wrote to the person with whom her aunt had placed her, and a few days since I had an answer.

What answer? enquired Orlando, with breathless eagerness.

None from the person herself to whom my sweet friend was bound, but from a relation of hers, who informed me that Mrs. Newill had, in consequence of some embarrassment in her affairs, left Winchester, and was gone to London with her apprentice, where she was under the necessity of remaining concealed till her affairs were settled; and then proposed going into business in London, if she could find friends to set her up.

Distraction and death! cried Orlando, striking his hands together, and starting from his chair, I shall be driven to phrensy!—And is it to a person thus situated that my poor Monimia is entrusted? and, under the pretence of becoming an apprentice, is she given up to a mean servitude? or perhaps sold to that detestable Belgrave, by her necessitous mistress? But I will pursue him to the end of the world.—Good God! added he, walking quickly about the room, if something very dreadful had not happened to her, she would have written to you—

surely, Selina, she would have written, wherever situated.

Perhaps, replied Selina, still more apprehensive of the effects of that despair he seemed to feel at this account—perhaps her not having written may have been owing to her having never received that letter of mine, which contained a direction whither to write to me.

What direction? enquired Orlando.

To this house, replied his sister, where we have only been about a month; having got it cheap of a gentleman who was obliged to go abroad, and was glad to let it on reasonable terms, for the few remaining months of his lease. We were before in lodgings in Holles-Street, and I knew nothing of our removal hither till a few days before it happened. The moment I did, I wrote to Monimia; but that letter was among those she never received.

This conversation, in which the impatient anguish of Orlando only found increase, was now interrupted by the entrance of his youngest sister, who came down to tell him and Selina that Mrs. Somerive, hearing them talk below, and supposing the melancholy account Selina had to give Orlando might affect him too much, entreated him to put off any farther conversation till the next day, but for the present to take some refreshment and go to bed.

Orlando, vexed that the agitation of his mind had betrayed him into vehemence which had alarmed and distressed his mother, promised to obey; and endeavouring to stifle his torments, he consented to sit down to supper, and requested that he might see his mother, and endeavour to calm the inquietude she expressed for his health. She desired he would come up to her; but when he approached the bed, he could not speak to her—he could only take the hand she gave him, and bathe it with tears, in spite

of his endeavours to check them, as he pressed it to his lips. In a broken voice, however, he at length collected resolution enough to assure her, in answer to her tender enquiries, that it was true he had been much affected by the detail his sister had at his own request given him, yet that he was now recovered, and after a night's rest should regain fortitude enough to consider his own situation, and what it was best to do, without shrinking from any task, by executing which he would contribute to her comfort. His mother blessed him—and, expressing the utmost solicitude about his health, said—Make yourself, dear Orlando, easy about me; for, after so great, so unexpected, and I fear so undeserved a blessing as having you restored to me, and to your dear sisters, I should be unthankful and unworthy of such happiness if I dared to murmur.

As the repose of Mrs. Somerive would not, Orlando thought, be much promoted by the continuance of this affecting conversation, he shortened it as much as he could, and, in pursuance of his promise, went, in hopes of transient forgetfulness, to his bed.

CHAPTER XVII.

IF Orlando had known Monimia was in safety—if he had known where, after this cruel absence, he might find her, and assure her of the sentiments of an heart more fondly than ever devoted to her, all the cruel circumstances that had happened in his absence would have been supportable; but when, in addition to the death of his father, and the dispersion of his family, his loss of the Rayland estate, and the ruin of his brother (for, being now ut-

terly undone, and unable to carry on the law-suits he had begun, he had for sometime disappeared, and no one knew what was become of him)—when to all these distracting certainties was added his fear of finding Monimia, or finding her innocent, lovely, and devoted to him, as he had left her; he was no longer able to check the violence of his apprehension; nor could he, for some hours after awaking from his short and disturbed sleep, collect his thoughts enough to form any plan for his future conduct.

Two things, however, were immediately necessary: one was, to find some method of tracing his lost Monimia; and the other, to find the means of subsisting, not only without being a burthen to his mother, whose income was so very small, but to endeavour if possible to make hers and his sister's situation more comfortable. This he knew the slender pay of an ensign would not enable him to do; and, while he knew that nothing could be more dreadful to his mother than the idea of his going abroad again, he felt that few means of passing his time would to him be so disagreeable as that of remaining unoccupied, and disarmed as he was by his parole, while he yet called and considered himself as a soldier.

He at length determined to enquire how far, as his commission was given him, he could dispose of it; and if that could be done, to put the money it would produce into some business. But even this arrangement was secondary to his ardent desire to gain some intelligence of Monimia. He wrote as soon as he arose in the morning to the relation of the person with whom she lived at Winchester, entreating a direction to that person, and assuring her to whom he wrote, that his enquiry was not meant to do any injury, but rather might produce some advantage to the person under inconvenient circumstances. He

then, after some deliberation, determined to write to Mrs. Lennard, or, as she was now called, Mrs. Roker;—and, as he had now no longer any thing to fear from the resentment of his benefactress, he openly avowed to Mrs. Roker the purpose of his enquiry; informing her that, if her niece was unmarried, and still retained for him her former affection, he intended to offer her his hand.

Having thus taken all the means which his anxiety immediately suggested, he joined his mother and sisters at breakfast with some degree of apparent composure, and gave them, as he found his mother now better able to bear it, a sketch of his adventures upon the road; at which they were so much affected, that he soon found it necessary to drop the conversation; and saying he should walk out till dinner, he took his way to a coffee-house much frequented by military men, near St. James's, where he hoped to hear something of Warwick, as well as to learn whether the General (whom he dared not mention to his mother lest it should occasion enquiries about Isabella which he could not answer) had consoled himself with some other young woman for his cruel mortification in regard to Isabella, and revenged himself by disinheriting his nephew for the loss of his intended bride.

He met several of his old acquaintance; one of whom very willingly gave him all the information he wanted about his commission; but told him that he could not, he thought, dispose of it without applying to General Tracy, from whose hands he had received it. This Orlando determined to do; and as he was impatient to be at some certainty, he went immediately to his house in Grosvenor-Place.

It happened that the General, who was now almost always a martyr to the gout, had given orders to be denied to every body who might chance to

call; except two persons whom he named, and for one of whom the man who opened the door, and who had only lately come into the house, mistook Orlando, who was therefore ushered up stairs, where, in a magnificent room, the General sat in a great chair, supported by pillows, and his limbs wrapped in flannel. Orlando was much altered, and the General was near-sighted: so that he was obliged to approach, and to announce himself. Forgetting for a moment his disabled limbs, Tracy almost started out of his chair; but then recollecting probably that a man of fashion should never suffer himself to appear discomposed at any thing, he recovered himself, and coldly desired Orlando to sit down.

Orlando, affected by seeing a man whom he had last seen as a guest of his father, gave, in a mild and low voice, into a little history of his adventures; the parole he had given, which precluded him from serving during the present war; and his wish therefore to transfer his commission to some one who might not be under the same disadvantages.

General Tracy heard him with repulsive indifference, and then said—Well, Sir, the commission is yours, and you are perfectly at liberty to keep or to dispose of it. I am very far from meaning to trouble you with my advice; but as your expectations of Mrs. Rayland's fortune are all disappointed, I should have supposed a profession might have been found useful to you. However, Sir, you are the best judge. The commission is yours—I am sorry I am too much indisposed to have the pleasure of your company longer, and I wish you a good day. He then rang, and his valet appearing, he bade him open the door.

Orlando, thus dismissed, retired in anger, which he had no means of venting; and went back to the coffee-house, where his friend waited for him, to

whom he forbore, however, to speak of Tracy's behaviour; because he could not but feel that if he believed him, as he probably did, concerned in the elopement of Isabella with Warwick, he had some grounds for his resentment—a resentment which, when Orlando reflected on his humiliation, and his being now tormented by bodily infirmities, he was too generous not to forgive. His friend, a lieutenant in the 51st, now went with him to the office of an agent, to treat about his commission; and, as they went, related to him, that it was believed at the War Office, Warwick had perished at sea, as there never was an instance of a man's being missing for so many months; and that, had he been taken prisoner by an American or French privateer, and carried to some of their places of rendezvous, he would before now have written home, or he would have been exchanged. This appeared to be but too probable; but still Orlando, in recollecting how he had been situated himself, entertained a faint hope that they might yet hear of his friend and his sister, though the dangers and difficulties to which the latter might have been exposed made him tremble. Having put his business in the proper train, he returned home, meditating, as he went, on all the strange and disagreeable occurrences that had happened since he used to traverse these streets with Warwick, who had lodgings in Bond-street. All the scenes he had passed through arose in lively succession in his mind, and that for the first time since his landing in England; for the shocks he received on his arrival at Rayland Hall, and by hearing of the death of his father, had for a while absorbed all other recollections. He now considered that, when his commission was disposed of, his whole fortune would be only between three and four hundred pounds; yet, with the sanguine spirit of a

young man, which his former severe disappointments had not checked, he believed that, with a sum so moderate, he could, by dint of perseverance and industry, find some reputable employment, by which he might not only be enabled to assist his mother, but to keep a wife—as he was resolved, the moment he could find Monimia, to marry her; and in this only he thought he might be forgiven for not consulting his mother—to his duty and affection towards whom he never meant that any other attachment should be injurious.

He had not yet had time to talk to Selina, of the law-suit which he heard Philip had instituted for the recovery of the Rayland Estate; but he had in the evening an opportunity of talking about it to Selina, and heard that it now languished, partly for want of money, and partly through Philip's neglect, who had of late again disappeared and therefore nothing was likely to be made of the suit.

Orlando enquired against whom, and on what grounds it was begun?—and learned, though Selina did not very clearly understand the terms, that it was against the reverend body who claimed the estate, one of whom (Doctor Hollybourn) had administered as executor; because the will nominated to that office the dean of the diocese for the time being, to which the doctor had succeeded a few days only before Mrs. Rayland's death: and that there was not only a suit at common law, but in chancery.

As there was great reason to believe that there was another will entirely in his favour, which had been either secreted or destroyed, Orlando determined to attempt discovering this, and got a recommendation from his friend the lieutenant (for he was too much disgusted by the reception he met

with from Mr. Woodford to trouble him again) to a young attorney, before whom he laid the affair, and who gave him great encouragement to pursue it.

But the occupation in which this engaged him, or in which he was engaged by the sale of his commission, that was now within a few days of being completed, could not for a moment detach his mind from those fears which continually haunted him for Monimia.—He waited with anxiety for the answer he expected from Winchester, which, he had hoped to have, as he had very earnestly pressed for it, by the return of the post; but that and another, and another post arrived without any letter; and he wrote again, waited again three days, and was again disappointed of an answer.—He now determined to go down himself, and find out the woman from whom Selina had received the information of Monimia's removal; but, the day on which he had hired an horse, and was on the point of setting out for that place, he was visited by a man of between fifty and sixty, who sent in his name, in great form, as Mr. Roker.

If a painter had occasion to put upon his canvas a figure that should give an horrible idea of the worst, meanest, and most obnoxious passions—and to represent the most detestable character in Pandæmonium, where, on the brow, villainy sits enjoying the misery it occasions—where every rascal vice, concealed by cowardice and cunning, are mingled with arrogance, malice, and cruelty—where a nose, the rival of Bardolph's, depends over a mouth “grinning horribly a ghastly smile,”—and scornful eyes, askance, seemed to be watching with inverted looks, the birth of chicanery in the brain—this fiend-like wretch would have been a fine study. His shambling figure appeared to have

been repaired with straw and rags, since it had suffered depredations on a well-earned gibbet—A figure more adapted to the purpose of scaring crows, was never exhibited in former days as Guy Vaux, the Pope, or the Pretender.

Orlando was somewhat surprised to behold this strange being, who, strutting up close to him, put his nose almost in his face, and then, in a sonorous voice, said—

Your name, Sir, is Somerive?

I suppose you know it is, replied Orlando, since you come to seek me by it.

You wrote, Sir, to my nephew's wife, Mrs. Rachel Roker—

Well, Sir, and I expected Mrs. Rachel Roker would have answered my letter.

No, Sir—*We* make it a rule never to put our hands to any thing—We desire to know, Sir, your reasons for writing—I call, Sir, in behalf of Mrs. Rachel Roker—You ask after a young woman, Sir, whom she kept out of charity—Now, Sir, though we never do give answers to matters so irrelevant, my client, that is my niece, Mrs. Rachel Roker, does hereby inform you, that she the said Rachel—

Orlando, anxious as he was, and trembling in the expectation of hearing something of Monimia, could not check his indignation and impatience—Your niece! your client!—What is all this to me? said he.

Sir, cried the fiend, have patience if you please—I go on in this matter according to the due course, and such as I always observe in all my business, whether it relates to Sir John Winnerton Weezle, Baronet, my very worthy client, or any other. Now, Sir,—Nay, Sir—(seeing Orlando about to speak)—nay, Sir, hear me! and when I have done, Sir, you shall speak in turn—

You will be pleased then, said Orlando, to be brief, as patience is not my forte.

He felt much disposed to prove this assertion by turning the fellow down stairs; but, recollecting that he might thus lose all trace of Monimia, which her aunt might otherwise afford him, he checked himself: and the man proceeded in an harangue of some length, tending to give an high opinion of his abilities, and of his skill in conducting causes; laying much stress on the confidence with which he was treated by Sir John Winnerton Weezle, Baronet, and his brother Thomas Weezle, Esquire, who seemed to have taken, from their rank, great hold on his imagination: and he at length concluded with saying, that the girl Orlando enquired after had behaved most ungratefully, to his niece Mrs. Rachel Roker, and had contemptuously refused to marry advantageously, to a Baronet, a man of great rank, Sir John Berkely Belgrave, Baronet;—an acquaintance of his client, and very good friend, Sir John Winnerton Weezle, Baronet, and Thomas Weezle, Esquire, his brother:—wherefore Mrs. Rachel Roker had discarded her; and the person to whom she was bound apprentice was now a prisoner for debt in some of the London prisons, and this girl had left her for another service, nobody knowing whither she was gone.

This account almost drove Orlando to distraction. From the man's coming himself on a message with which he had so little to do; and from several other observations he made while he was talking, it seemed as if he had some particular reason for wishing to put an end to all farther enquiry on the part of Orlando—who now, stifling his detestation, asked if he could not see Mrs. Roker, formerly Mrs. Leonard? The attorney said, No! that she was not only at a great distance from London, but kept her

bed, and saw nobody. In the course of these enquiries, which he now insisted upon some answer to, he found that this Roker and his nephew were employed by the reverend body of clergy to defend their right to the Rayland estate against Philip Somerive; and it was easy to see, that the arrival of Orlando in England was the thing in the world these worthy gentlemen the least expected and the least wished.—

When this hateful being was gone, Orlando, after a moment's reflection, resolved upon visiting all those receptacles of misery in London where poverty is punished by loss of liberty, and where, in a land eminent for its humanity, many thousands either perish, or are rendered by confinement and desperation unfit to return to society—where vice and misfortune are confounded, and patient wretchedness languishes unpitied, unrelieved, unknown—while villainy shews that, if there is money to support it, it will triumph in despite of punishment.

Selina knew the name of the person—Mrs. Newill, to whom Monimia had been consigned; and Orlando, making a memorandum of it in his pocket-book, with such other circumstances as might lead to a discovery, set out on his melancholy search.

He had now been near a fortnight in London, and had in a great measure recovered his looks—so that he was no longer a stranger to the few acquaintance he had; and his mother beheld with satisfaction the same Orlando, on whose fine figure and ingenuous countenance she had formerly so fondly prided herself.

His first visit was to the Fleet-prison—He enquired of every one likely to inform him, if the person whom he named to them was there? But mistrust seemed universal in that scene of legal wretch-

edness; and, with an heart bleeding at the thoughts of there being such complicated miseries, and that man had the power to inflict them on his fellow-creatures, he almost wished himself again among the cypress swamps and pathless woods of uncultivated America, that he might fly from the *legal* crimes to which such scenes were owing; when, indulging this mournful train of thought, he quitted the prison, and walked slowly up Holborn Hill.

There was a crowd just before he reached St. Andrew's church, and several coaches stood at the door of an haberdasher's shop. In making his way by them, a female figure, very smartly and somewhat tawdrily drest, took his arm and cried—Ah, Sir! your name is Mr. Orlando Somerive? It is, indeed, replied Orlando; but I do not know, Madam, how I deserve the honour of your being acquainted with it.

What! have you forgot me then? said the lady: Lord! how soon old acquaintance are forgot!

Orlando then thought he knew the voice, and had some recollection of the face; but he still hesitated, unable to remember where he had heard or seen either.—Have you far to go? said she, still detaining him:—I have a carriage here, and can put you down—Lord! why, have you really forgot Betsy Richards?

Orlando now immediately recollected his former acquaintance, and what he had heard of her being entertained as a mistress by Philip occurred to him: as he had been very solicitous ever since his return to see his brother, he now eagerly enquired where he was. Ah, Lord! cried the girl, shaking her head, I have but very so-so news to tell you about him, that's the truth—But, dear! one can't talk of them sort of things in the street—why; I shan't bite you, Sir—you may as well get into the coach with me.

Orlando, though unwilling to be seen with such a companion, yet, on finding she could give him some information of his brother, determined to accept the offer; and the lady, who called herself Mistress Filmer, then ordered her carriage to advance: and Orlando seated himself by her, in an hired chariot with a black boy in a turban and feathers behind.

Though he was persuaded nobody knew him, he was very much ashamed of the equipage; but, applying himself immediately to learn of his fair companion what he so much wished to know, he listened to her very attentively—and, after some circumlocution in a style peculiar to herself, he learned with inexpressible concern that his brother Philip was a prisoner, for a debt of an hundred and twenty pounds, in the place he had just been visiting; and that Mrs. Filmer, though now under the protection of another person, yet retained so much recollection of her first seducer, and so much gratitude for the sums he had lavished upon her, that she had that morning been to visit him, and only stopped in Holborn to make some purchases before she went to her lodgings in Charlotte-Street.

Orlando could not bear to hear that his unhappy brother was in such a place, without going immediately to him. He staid only, therefore, a moment longer to enquire of Mrs. Filmer, if she had, when she was in the country with his brother (for they had not long before, she said, been down at Stockton's together), heard what was become of Monimia. She would have rallied him on his constancy, but he could not a moment endure to be trifled with; and, finding she knew nothing of importance, he said he recollected some material business in the city, whither he must return.—Then, stopping the chariot, he wished her a good day, and hastened back to the Fleet-prison.

On enquiry for the person he wanted, he still found some difficulty in being admitted to him: but, on signifying that he was brother to Mr. Somerive, which his resemblance to him immediately confirmed; a turnkey, to whom he gave a shilling, walked before him to the apartment where Philip was confined.

On his entrance, the neglected and altered figure of his brother struck him with the deepest concern—He was sitting at piquet with another prisoner, on a dirty table, where some empty porter pots seemed to signify that they had lately taken their dinner. Philip hardly looked up; and Orlando stood a moment unnoiced, till the man who was with him cried—Why, squire, here's your honour's brother.

The devil it is! replied Philip—By the Lord, though, but—let me see—It is he!—why, hast had a resurrection, my honest Rowland?—Thou wert killed and scalped, I thought, by the Cherokees.

I almost wish I had, Philip, answered Orlando, for I think I should have preferred death to what I now see.

Why, to be sure, pleasanter sights may be seen if a man is in luck—For example, it would have been pleasanter for thee to have come home master of Rayland Hall—Eh! Sir Knight?

Good God! exclaimed Orlando, will you never, my brother, be reasonable? Will you never believe that, notwithstanding your repeated unkindness to me, I can never consider you otherwise than as my brother, and can have no motive in coming hither but to do you good?

And what good canst do me? Canst let me out of this cage; Hast brought any money from the Yankies? any plunder, my little soldier? Canst lend me the ready to pay this confounded debt?

The person who was with Orlando, now supposing they might be upon business, left them together; and Philip finding from the generous earnestness of Orlando, that though he had very little money (in fact no more than the price of his commission, which he was to receive in a few days), he was willing to pay his debt, and to share with him all that he should then have left, began to grow more civil to his brother, and did not refuse to lay before him, though his pride seemed cruelly mortified as he did it, the state of his affairs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE unfortunate brother of Orlando now related to him, that though his actual debts were very great, the sum he was at present confined for was nor much above ninety pounds; and his arrest was at the suit of the very attorney whom he had been persuaded by Stockton to employ—a young and inexperienced man; who having, without knowing what he was about, led his client into very heavy expences, had been, as it seemed, bribed by Roker to abandon him; and now, without returning his papers, had arrested him. Orlando, inexperienced as he still was in the miserable chicanery with which our laws are disgraced and counteracted, yet knew that this could not be right, and that some means might be found to procure at least the papers such a man detained—This he promised his brother he would do, and take every necessary measure for his speedy release. He then gave Philip all the money he had in his pocket; and, leaving him with an heavy heart, returned home, not only disappointed in his search after

Monimia, but that disappointment embittered by the discovery he had made of his brother's situation, whom, now that he was in distress and in prison, Orlando forgave for all the calamities he had brought on his family, and for all the ill offices which jealousy had excited him to be guilty of against himself.

Yet, to his mother he dared not speak of Philip; for, though she at present suffered extreme anguish in believing her son had forsaken her, after having so largely contributed to the dispersion and ruin of his family, she would, he knew, be quite overwhelmed by the intelligence that he was in prison. She had already in bitterness of heart experienced—

“How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.”

But still that half-broken heart had all the tenderness of a mother within it for this her eldest child, on whom, during his early years, her fondest affections were fixed—and Orlando well knew that the misery he had thus brought upon himself would add an incurable wound to those which his mother had already received.

But, though he endeavoured to conceal the extreme dejection of his spirits on his return, his mother immediately perceived that something had more than usual disturbed him. He told her, however, in answer to her anxious enquiries, that he had been embarrassed by the delays of office in regard to the sale of his commission; and as soon as he could quit her without exciting anew her apprehensions, he left the house, and set out to execute, as far as he could that evening, his promise to his brother, telling his mother and his sisters that he should not be at home to supper.

Baffled in his first attempt to find Mrs. Newill,

who was the only person from whom he could hope to hear any intelligence of Monimia, new terrors assailed him; and he thought that, amidst the most dreary-hours he had passed in the wilds of America, and among men who have little more rationality than the animals of their desert, he had never suffered such wretchedness as he now felt; for, then, though he was exposed to almost every personal inconvenience, and uncertain whether he should ever again revisit his native country, he fancied Monimia was in safety; but now, every evil that could surround defenceless innocence, and unprotected beauty, was incessantly represented to his imagination; and, in proportion as time elapsed without his being able to gain any intelligence of her, his despair became intolerable.—Yet other duties, indispensable duties, demanded his attention, and interrupted his pursuit, which alone could relieve his mind, by keeping alive his hopes of finding her.

His new friend, the young attorney, whose name was Carr, told him that he would instantly set about procuring the release of his brother Philip; and if, as he believed, any illegal proceeding had occurred in his confinement, Fisherton, the attorney who was the cause of it, would perhaps be compelled by a little spirit to lower his demands—I know this man well, said Carr, and know that nothing but his impudence can equal his ignorance. *That other honour to our profession*, Roker, is well versed in chicanery, and knows more of the law, or rather of its abuse, than an honest man would wish to know; but Fisherton is so ignorant that, while his lavish expences continually reduce him to necessities that drive him into bold attempts at robbery, his skill in managing them is so inferior that he is almost always baffled, and has been more than once exposed.

How then does he contrive to live? said Orlando: I learn from Philip that he has a house in town, another in the country, and entertains his clients splendidly at both; and that, in his common discourse, he talks as if he was a man of great property.

Oh! as to that, answered Mr. Carr, he has had a contested election for a Western borough to carry on for a Nabob; and since, a process to defend for the same worthy personage in Doctors Commons—This comfortable client has been supposed his principal support for some time; and it is wonderful how his wild boasting, in which there is not a syllable of truth, imposes upon the world—he is such a man as Shakespeare somewhere describes—

“A gentleman who loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in an hour than he'll stand to in a mouth.”

—I am heartily sorry your brother has got into the hands and into the debt of this yelping fellow; who, even if he could prevail upon himself to be honest, is always from ignorance on a wrong scent. However, we must get him out of so sad a scrape as well as we can; and as all your elder brother's proceedings have been wrong and will only mar ours, since that wretched Roker has purchased his *Solicitor* (for every pettyfogging fellow is now, not an attorney, but a solicitor,) we must begin again, and file a bill of discovery against the younger Roker and his wife.

Orlando then pressed his friend (whom he thought a man of talents, and who had all the appearance of being honest without professing it) to set about the release of his brother immediately.—This he willingly agreed to, and said he would instantly go about it to one of the persons concerned, who lived also in Clement's Inn—I shall not be gone a quarter of an hour, said Carr: Perhaps you

would like to stay till my return—here is a newspaper, if you will amuse yourself with that; but books I have none, but law books, which I suppose you have no taste for.—Orlando assured him that his mind was not in a state to receive amusement from any of the usual resources; and entreated him to go instantly about Philip's business, and allow him to wait in his chambers till his return.

Carr departed; and Orlando sat for a moment, his eyes fixed on the fire, in sad contemplation, of which Monimia was the principal object. The clerk brought him in candles (for he and Carr had conversed by fire light) and the newspaper; but he was too much occupied by his private distresses to be able to attend to public occurrences, interesting as they were at that period to every Englishman, and particularly to one who had seen what Orlando had seen, of the war then raging with new violence in America.

He read, however, in a lingering expectation of hearing of Warwick, which never wholly forsook him, the list of the killed and wounded in an engagement or rather skirmish which was related in that paper, and when he read that the American soldiers, fighting in defence of their liberties (of all those *rights* which his campaign as a British officer had not made him forget were the most sacred to an *Englishman*), had marked their route with the blood which flowed from their naked feet in walking over frozen ground, his heart felt for the sufferings of the oppressed and for the honour of the oppressors*.

But from the contemplation of both, his private

* The perusal of the History of the American Revolution, of Ramsay, is humbly recommended to those Englishmen who doubt whether, in defence of their freedom, any other nation but their own will fight, or conquer.

miserics recalled him—In laying down the newspaper on a long desk that was in the room, he cast his eyes accidentally on some of the bundles of papers that were ranged on it, tied with red tape, and saw on one—Bagshaw v. Fleming. The name of Fleming instantly brought to his mind his regretted friend the lieutenant, and his heart as instantly reproached him with breach of promise, and want of gratitude, in not having sooner enquired after the family of the lieutenant, who had with his last breath recommended them to his friendship. Nor could he forgive himself for his neglect; though a mind of less generous sensibility might easily have found excuses in the multiplicity of more immediate claims and family distresses which had overwhelmed him on his return to England.

When Carr returned, he gave to Orlando a more favourable account of his mission than he had expected; and as soon as they had agreed upon what was to be done the next day to hasten the liberation of Philip Somerive, Orlando asked him If he had a client of the name of Fleming? Carr replied that he had, and that she was a widow who was under very melancholy circumstances: Her husband, added he, was a lieutenant, killed in America, and she has nothing or very little more than her pension to live upon, with five children, all young; and is besides involved in a suit by the villainy of some of her husband's relations, which I am defending for her.

Good God! cried Orlando, it is the widow of my dear old friend, whose last breath left his gallant bosom as he, grasping my hand while I knelt on the ground stained with the blood which flowed in torrents from his breast, bade me be a friend to his poor wife, to his orphan children—And I have neglected this, shamefully neglected it! and have

selfishly suffered my own sorrows to absorb me quite.—Where do Mrs. Fleming and her family live?—Where can I see them?—If they are in town I will go to them this evening.

Carr smiled at the vehemence of his young friend, and said, What pity it is, Somerive, that such an heart as yours should ever lose this amiable warmth, and become hackneyed in the ways of men!

I trust, answered Orlando, that it never will; but Carr, you do not answer my question—does Mrs. Fleming reside in London?

No, replied Carr; she is at present near Christchurch in Hampshire, where a friend has lent her a cottage, for she is by no means in a situation to pay rent for such a house as her family requires. Orlando then taking an exact direction, determined to see the widow of his deceased friend as soon as he had visited the other prisons of the metropolis in search of Mrs. Newill. The following day, therefore, after passing some time with his brother, who appeared satisfied with the prospect of his immediate release, he went to the King's Bench prison, and, his enquiry there being fruitless, to the other receptacles of the unhappy debtor; but no such person as a Mrs. Newill was to be heard of, and Orlando returned in deeper despair than ever.

In two days the spirit and assiduity of Mr. Carr had been so effectually exerted that Philip Somerive was released, but at the expence to Orlando, of somewhat upwards of an hundred pounds, including the fees which are on these occasions paid to the satellites of our most excellent law; nor would the sum have been so moderate, but from the exertions of Carr, and his threats of exposing the conduct of Fisherton. Orlando fetched his brother away in a hackney-coach to a

lodging he had provided for him; where he supplied him with present money, and where he hoped he should be able to support him till something (though he knew not what) should happen to give a fortunate turn to the affairs of their family.

Philip was pensive, silent, and, as Orlando hoped, penitent. He had not as yet spoken of him to his mother; and though the circumstances that would have most sensibly afflicted her were now at an end, Orlando, who saw his mother in that state of spirits which even the sudden opening of a door, or any unexpected noise were sufficient to upset, dared not yet ask her to receive and to forgive a son, who, though she still loved him, had given her so much cause of complaint—as well since, as before his father's death.

The whole fortune of Orlando was now reduced to about two hundred and fifty pounds; for his commission did not produce him quite four. On this fortune, however, he was still bent on marrying Monimia, if he could find her; and of trusting to Providence for the rest.

A few more mornings were still passed in fruitless research. It was now the beginning of January; and this beginning of Term his bill was to be filed against the persons who were supposed to have any knowledge of Mrs. Rayland's having made another, and a subsequent will. It was in search of these people, of the servants who had lived with her at the time of her death, and of the lawyers who had made the will, that he was now compelled for many days longer to employ himself: every hour increasing the agony of mind with which he thought on the fate of Monimia, while all the consolation he had was in talking of her to Selina, if he could at any time steal an hour with her alone. On these occasions he wearied himself with conjecture as to

what was become of her ; repeated the same questions on which he had already been often satisfied ; and imagined new means of tracing her, which when he pursued, served only to renew his disappointment and regret.

At length—having learned that the lawyer who made the will was dead, and his clerk who had accompanied him to Rayland Hall settled at a town in Wiltshire—he resolved, by the advice of Carr, to go thither in search of him, and then to visit the village near Christchurch, where Mrs. Fleming and her family resided. He communicated this scheme to his mother, who, while she allowed the necessity of his finding a person whose evidence might be so very material to him, could hardly prevail upon herself to let him go for ten days from her ; for so long he imagined it would be before he could return.

At length he fixed the day with her approbation, hired an horse for the journey, and took leave of his mother and his sisters. He then visited Philip, whom he found in a very silent, and, as he thought, somewhat sullen mood. He gave him a ten pound bank note, as he complained of being without money ; and, in depressed spirits, with hardly a glimpse of hope to cheer his melancholy way, he began his journey.

The weather was severe ; but, on the first night of his journey, a deep snow threatened to render his progress more slow, and compelled him to stay till a late hour of the day, that the road might be beaten, for all was now a pathless plain, and he was a stranger to the road. About one o'clock, however, he left the town where he had passed the night, and went slowly on. He was inured to the cold by his abode in America ; and in no haste to get to his inn, where nothing awaited him but a solitary supper and mournful reflections.

Again he ran over in his mind every possible circumstance that could rob him of Monimia—and awakened in his breast all the scorpions of distrust, dread, and jealousy; for, whatever attempts he made to conquer so horrible an apprehension, it was to Sir John Belgrave, and to the success of his cruel artifices, that his fears most frequently pointed; and there were moments in which he thought, that, were a person before him who could tell him all he so solicitously desired to know, he should not have courage to ask; for, should he hear that Monimia was lost by the infamous seduction of such a man, he believed he should die on the spot, or lose his reason in the greatness of his sorrow.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening of his second day's journey, that, in a wild and moory country, where extensive heaths seemed to spread without end before him, he began to think it time to seek a lodging for the night. All around was dreary and silent; and blank, he thought, as his destiny. Yet he wished the torpid sensation that being long exposed to the cold had given to his limbs could reach his heart, which was too acutely sensible! In the midst of the uniform waste stood a small village, the rustic inhabitants of which had long since retired to their hard beds; and every thing was as quiet in their houses as it was around the little church that rose beyond them. Orlando would have enquired the distance to the next post-town, but no human creature appeared, and he passed on; his thoughts (as he compared their peaceful slumbers with the state of his own troubled mind) assuming a poetical form, in the following

SONNET.

While thus I wander, cheerless and unblest,
And find, in change of place, but change of pain;

In tranquil sleep the village labourers rest,
 And taste repose, that I pursue in vain.
 Hush'd is the hamlet now ; and faintly gleam
 The dying embers from the casement low
 Of the thatch'd cottage ; while the moon's wan beam
 Lends a new lustre to the dazzling snow.
 —O'er the cold waste, amid the freezing night,
 Scarce heeding whither, desolate I stray :
 For me ! pale eye of evening ! thy soft light
 Leads to no happy home ; my weary way
 Ends but in dark vicissitude of care :
 I only fly from doubt—to meet despair.

After being near an hour longer on his horse, he arrived at Chippenham, where the lawyer lived from whom he expected information ; and going extremely fatigued to an inn, he sent, at an early hour the following morning, to the person in question, who immediately came ; and, inviting him to his house for a farther discussion of the business, he received him there with hospitality, and answered him with candour.

This gentleman, whose name was Walteson, informed him that it was very true he, being then clerk to a Mr. Lewes, accompanied his principal to Rayland Hall, where Mr. Lewes was closetted two days with Mrs. Rayland ; after which he was called upon with another person, who he thought was a tenant, or son to a tenant of Mrs. Rayland's, to witness it : but he did not hear the contents, nor know what was afterwards done with the will ; relative to which every thing was conducted with great secrecy —That he was employed to engross some other writings about one of Mrs. Rayland's farms ; but that he never copied the will, nor knew more of its contents than what passed in conversation afterwards between him and Mr. Lewes—who, as they travelled together to London, afterwards said, in going through the park, out at the north lodge, that

he thought Rayland Hall one of the finest old places he had ever seen; and added, speaking of the Somerive family, And I am very glad that the old lady has determined to give it to the right heirs—because Mr. Somerive is a very worthy man, and that younger son of his a fine young fellow.—That, on some farther questions from him, Mr. Walterson, Mr. Lewis spoke as if the bulk of the fortune was given to Mr. Orlando Somerive.

Orlando made minutes of what Mr. Walterson said, who assured him he would be ready at any time to give his testimony in a court of law—He in vain endeavoured to recollect the name of the person who was witness with him to the will, and whose information he advised Orlando by all means to procure; but he described him as a stout man, between thirty and forty, with a very florid complexion and dark straight hair, who was dressed like a substantial farmer. Orlando, having thanked Mr. Walterson for all his civilities, and received gratefully his advice for the conduct of the business, mounted his horse and proceeded towards Salisbury, meditating sometimes on the hopes he had of obtaining restitution of the Rayland estate; but oftener on Monimia, for whose sake more than his own he wished to possess it.

His journey, almost across the whole country of Wilts, was long, and rendered particularly tedious by the vicissitudes of frost and thaw that had prevailed for some days—which had made the roads, where the snow half dissolved had been again suddenly frozen, so dangerous, that he was often under the necessity of leading his horse for many miles together. He proposed, after visiting Mrs. Fleming, to cross the country to Rayland Hall; and, whatever pain it might cost him to revisit those scenes of his former happiness, to discover, if pos-

sible, the person whom Walteson described as having with him witnessed Mrs. Rayland's will.—He suddenly recollected that, in his way, he should be within a few miles of the residence of Mrs. Lennard—for so he called her, forgetting at that moment her change of name; and that it could at least do no harm if he saw her, and endeavour to find in her conversation, if not from her candour, something which might lend him a clue for the discovery of Monimia.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT Salisbury Orlando determined to make some slight alteration in his plan, and instead of going from thence to Christchurch, to go first into the more eastern part of Hampshire, to the residence of Mrs. Roker; for though this would make his journey considerably longer, yet, having now seized the idea that by this visit some intelligence might be obtained of Monimia, every other consideration yielded to that hope.—Somewhat cheered by it, remote and uncertain as it was, he traversed the dreary flat of Salisbury plain, and by the evening arrived at Winchester, where he vainly enquired for that relation of Mrs. Newill (the person with whom Monimia was placed) who had given his sister Selina all the intelligence she had ever received of her. Nobody knew; or wished to aid his search after an obscure woman who had probably been only a lodger in the place; and with an heart sinking under the disappointments he had already experienced, and those he yet feared, he proceeded to Alresford, near which town was situated the estate which Mrs. Rayland had given her old com-

panion, and which she had so worthily bestowed on Mr. Roker the younger.

It was about one o'clock when Orlando found the place; a red brick house with a court before it, and a garden walled behind, on the banks of the Itching. This had been a farm-house, but had been smartened and new cased by Mr. Roker, who, assuming all the dignity of a man of landed property, was no longer the assistant steward, or the humbly assiduous attorney, but a justice of the peace, and an esquire—a title which he held the more tenaciously, as he suspected that it was believed by other esquires that he had no right to it. He was not indeed very eminent either for *morals* or *manners*; but he was a man of property, and a thriving man in the world, and his neighbours were not therefore disposed to trouble themselves either with one or the other. As he still practised the law, he was usually in London in the winter; and of late it was observed, that his ancient spouse was always by indisposition prevented from accompanying him when he accepted the invitations to dinner, which were frequently given to them both by the neighbouring families; and some stories were in circulation not much to the honour of his conjugal affection; but whatever were his domestic faults, he was every where received and considered as a respectable man, because he had every appearance of becoming a rich one.

When Orlando arrived at the outward gate, he left his horse, and proceeded up a gravel walk that led to the door of the house, at which he tapped; a maid servant looked out at the parlour window, of which the shutters were before shut, and said, Master ben't at home.

It is not your master, said Orlando, that I want, but your mistress. Mistress be'nt well, answered the girl, and you cannot see her.

Is she confined to her bed then? enquired Orlando.

Aye, cried the girl, confined enough for matter of that.

I should be very much obliged to you, said Orlando, if you could procure me only a few minutes conversation with her. I have some very particular business with her—it really is very material to me, and I will not be ungrateful if you will oblige me so far. He then took out half a guinea, and said, Perhaps this may be some small acknowledgment for your taking the trouble to oblige me.

Half a guinea! cried the girl—Ecollys I haven't a no objection to that, sure enough; for 'tis a sight as we don't oftensee at our house; but, Lord, I wish I dared! but, no, I mawn't.

Why not; said Orlando eagerly—Pray, my dear, do, and I'll make this half guinea a whole one!

Will you by George! answered the peasant girl, who was quite a rustic from the fields—what! gi me a whole entire guinea?

Yes, said Orlando—Here, this very guinea.

A bran new one, as I hope to live! exclaimed the girl; but I'll tell you master, if I does, and I should be found out, I shall lose my place.

I'll get you a better place, cried Orlando.

He! he! said the girl with an idiot laugh—what would mother say?

Tell me, pray, cried Orlando, why you would lose your place for letting me see your mistress?

Why, Lord! don't you know? Mistress is gived out to be mad, thof she's no mad *nor* I be—and so when master e'ent at home, ye see, his sister keeps watch like over her, and never lets nobody see her; and when we be hired, we be told never to let no strangers in to see mistress upon no account whatever; for master and his sister, and his nasty old un-

ele as comes here sometimes, they will all have it; that mistress she's out of her mind, and that strangers makes her worse; and so she's locked up stairs, and have a been ever so long; though, poor old soul! she's tame enough for aught I ever see, and I'm sure repents her many a time as she have got into their clutches—But hark! oh Gemini! our Tyger barks! I warrant you Miss Sukey is coming home.

Who is she! pray hasten to tell me, and take your money. Oh, the Lord! answered the girl, Miss Sukey is our master's sister, a nasty cross old maid—She've been to Alresford this morning, or else, mun, I shouldn't have talked here so long—and now if she catches me——

Orlando, into whose mind a thousand confused ideas now rushed, of the cause of Mrs. Roker's confinement, now dreaded lest the only opportunity he should have of hearing of or seeing Mrs. Lennard should escape him.—Can you not give your mistress a letter said he, if you think she is in her senses, and bring me an answer this evening? I'll try, answered the girl; but you'll give me the guinea then—and where shall I get the letter, and how will you get the answer? Lord, Sir! it must be at night, after Miss Sukey is a-bed; and I must get out of our pantry window, as I gets off the hooks every now and tan—for the bar on't is loose, so I takes it out. That will do, said Orlando; I'll go write my letter;—where will you come for it?

Down to the hovel, answered the girl, there, close along the gert barn—I'll slip down there when I goes a milking: and then if Madam will gi an answer, why you must stay there till ater our folks be all a-bed; but God a bless you go now! for I sees Miss Sukey coming along.

Take your money, said Orlando, giving her the

guinea that had so tempted her, and be punctual to the place—You mean that red-roof'd barn on the edge of the turnip field?

Yes; yes, answered the girl—Go, pray, now! and as you'll run bump up against our Miss Sukey, tell her as how you wanted master, and I wouldn't let you in.

Orlando, not without somewhat admiring the talent for intrigue, of which even this rude peasant girl had so considerable a share, walked back along the gravel walk; and at the wicket gate, which opened at the end of it to the road, he was accosted by a short, thick, red-faced woman, dressed in a yellow-green riding habit, faced with orange colour, and trimmed with silver, and a hat with green and black feathers in it. Her whole face was the colour of bad veal; the shade towards her nose rather more inveterate, and two goggle-grey eyes, surmounted by two bushy carrotty eye-brows, gave to her whole countenance so terrific an air, that Orlando absolutely started back when his eyes first distinguished it; while this amiable figure, stepping in the gate-way, and putting one hand on her hip, while the other held a cane, said in a loud and masculine voice to Orlando—Who are you friend? and what is your business here?

Orlando answered as he had been directed, that he wished to speak to Mr. Roker, but found he was not at home.

You may leave your business with me, said Miss Sukey. Orlando answered, No; that there was no haste, and he would call again. He then passed by this person, who gave him an idea of a fury modernized; and observed that she surveyed him with scrutinizing looks, and watched him till he was out of sight.

He hastened back to the inn he had left, and sat

down to compose his letter to Mrs. Roker, in which he found much more difficulty than he had at first been aware of.

If she was confined by her husband under pretence of madness, as he thought was very probably the case, in order to prevent her testimony being received, or her discovering what it was supposed Roker had insisted on her continuing to conceal, she would probably still be deterred, by her fears and her shame, from declaring the truth; and if she was indeed mad, his letter to her would avail nothing, or perhaps be prejudicial, by falling into the hands of her keepers. There was also a third possibility, which was, that she might still retain so much affection for her young husband, as to resent the interference of any one who supposed her ill used, even though they offered her the means of escaping from her tyrant. However, as no other chance seemed to offer, he determined to hazard this measure; and wording his letter as cautiously as he could, so as not to offend her, he offered, if she was in any degree unpleasantly situated, to send her the means of escaping, and entreated her to tell him where Monimia was, and all she knew of Mrs. Rayland's affairs at the time of her death; assuring her, in the most solemn manner, that if ever he recovered the estate, and by her means, he would not only enter into any agreement she should dictate to secure to her all she now possessed, but would, if she had given all up to her husband, settle upon her for life a sum that should make her more rich and independent than she had been before she gave herself to Mr. Roker; and that she should inhabit her own apartments at the Hall, or any house on the estate which she might choose. He ended with some professions of personal regard to her, as well on account of their long acquaintance, as because she was the relation, and had been the benefactress of his beloved Monimia.

This letter being finished, he again set out on foot; and as it was nearly dusk, concealed himself in the hovel which the servant girl had directed him to, where he had not waited many minutes before his emissary arrived, breathless with her fears of being discovered. He gave her the letter; with which she hurried away, charging him to stay there till she returned to him, though it should be twelve o'clock at night. He promised her a farther reward if she succeeded in procuring him an answer; and then, as the hovel was not in very good repair, and the cold extremely severe, he opened a door in it, made for the purpose of throwing straw out of the adjoining barn, and took shelter in the barn itself—repeating those lines of Shakespeare where Cordelia describes her father; and, in recollecting all that had of late befallen him, all that he had lost, and the cruel uncertainty of his future destiny, as he applied to himself those descriptive lines,

To “hovel him with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw,”

he remembered the preceding exclamation,

“Alas! alas!

’Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.”

Thus, in meditations more moral than amusing, Orlando passed two or three tedious hours, sheltered by pease-halm and straw, which he gathered around him, and leaning against the boards of the barn, that he might not fail to hear when the ambassadress entered the out-house adjoining to it. About ten o'clock, as he guessed by the time he had been there, he heard a rustling among the wood and refuse of the hovel; and eagerly listening, in expectation of being called by his female Mercury, he heard a deep sigh, or rather groan, and a voice, very unlike a female voice, lamenting in very bitter and

somewhat coarse terms the cruelty of fate: the person soon after made his way through the same door by which Orlando had found entrance, and going farther into the barn, he heard this unwelcome guest make a noise which he knew was striking a light, and, putting a candle into a lantern, which he seemed to have hid, he set it down by him, and began to eat his miserable supper, consisting of scraps and dry crusts.—Orlando, peeping over his fortification contemplated for a moment this forlorn outcast, whose head, shaded by a few white locks, was on the crown and temples quite bald, and otherwise resembled him who is described as the occasional visitor of the simple village priest :

“ The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast.”

He resembled too the Broken Soldier of the same admirable poem*; for he had lost one leg, and wore the remnant of a coat that had once been scarlet. As the faint and dull light of a small candle through a thick horn lantern fell upon the furrowed countenance of this unhappy wanderer, Orlando contemplated it with pity, which for an instant detached him from the recollection of his own miseries; and he said to himself—How unworthy, how unmanly are my complaints, when I compare my own situation with that of this poor old man, who, trembling on the verge of life, seems to have none of its common necessaries; yet perhaps has been disabled from acquiring them by having lost his limb in the service of what is called his country, that is, in fighting the battles of its politicians; and having been deprived of his leg to preserve the balance of Europe, has not found in the usual asylum a place of rest, to make him such amends as can be made for

* Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

such a misfortune; All the horrors of which he had been a witness in America now returned to his recollection; and the madness and folly of mankind, which occasioned those horrors, struck him more forcibly now than when his spirits were heated by having been a party in them. In a few moments, however, he recollected, that though he wished to give some relief to the distressed veteran before him, it would not be at all convenient that he should hear the purport of his conversation with his emissary; but before he had time to consider how this might be prevented, he heard her enter the hovel; and, without farther consideration, his eagerness to know if she had a letter for him, induced him to rush out and meet her.

Speak softly! said he, as soon as he found it was really his messenger—there is a beggar in the barn who will hear you; have you a letter for me?

Lord; yes! answered the girl; and such a twitter as I be in surely!

Give me the letter, cried Orlando, trembling with haste; and pray speak softly, lest the old man within should betray us!

'Tis only old Thomas, answered the girl, I dare say; for he lies every night all winter long in our barns; and I'll warrant you he'll tell no tales—for in the first place he knows how he'd get no more of our broken victuals if he did; and in the next place he's as deaf as a post.

Orlando, whose impatience to read the letter was quite insupportable, then thought he might safely avail himself of the convenience of the old man's lantern to read it by. The girl assured him he might, and they entered the barn together for that purpose; but there was no longer any light, and all was silent. The girl, however, at the earnest entreaties of Orlando, called aloud to her old acquaintance,

and assuring him in a very elevated voice that it was only Pat Welling who wanted him to do a message for her at town the next day—a grumbling assent was soon after heard, and at her request he struck a light, relighted his candle, and brought it to the gentleman, who eagerly tearing open the billet, read these lines.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have received yours. I do not know what is become of the girl you enquire for, as she chose to quit the worthy person I put her to, after perversely and wickedly refusing a great and high match with Sir John Belgrave, Bart. the which I doubt not but she has reason to repent of before now; though I do heartily beseech the Lord that she may not have taken to wicked courses, as there is great reason to fear; but my conscience is clear thereon. I assure you, if I know where she is to be found, I will let you know, if you please to leave your direction with Martha Welling the bearer hereof: at the same time, as to myself, thanking you for your kind offers, have no need to trouble you at present; and know of no such thing as you are pleased to name, in regard to my late dear friend, deceased, Mrs. Rayland. Must beg to have no applications of like nature notwithstanding, because interference between married people is dangerous, generally making matters worse; and if any little disagreements, which I wonder that you should have heard, have passed, it is no more than I have heard happens between the happiest couples; and I am sure Mr. Roker really has an affectionate regard for me, and I am willing to impute all that seems to the contrary to his family, who are very disagreeable people, and such as I confess I should be glad to be out of their way, if

so be as it could be done without offending Mr. Roker, whom I must love, honour and obey till death, as in duty bound. Same time should be glad to do you any service not inconsistent with that; and, as I said before, would be glad of your direction, who am, dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

RACHEL ROKER."

" Lessington House, near Alresford, Hants, 10th January 1779."

" P. S. Mrs. R. hopes Mr. S. will be cautious in mentioning having received these few lines, as it would be disagreeable to Mr. R.——"

Orlando thought that in this letter he saw the struggle of its writer's mind, between something which she fancied was love, with shame and revenge. She had been too much flattered at first by the very unexpected acquisition of a young husband, to own now, without reluctance, that he was a savage who had robbed her under pretence of marrying her, and who now confined her, that she might not either discover his amours, of which he was said to have a great number, or be tempted through resentment of them, or her natural ill humour, to declare the conduct she had at his persuasion adopted; while her asking for Orlando's direction, and not seeming offended at his letter, persuaded him that she was pleased with the opportunity it gave her, to gratify the revenge which was always in her power, while she knew where to apply to one so much interested in the discovery she could make.

Orlando now determined, since the servant assured him there was no chance of his being admitted to see her, to write to her again, and await her answer at the inn the next day. He thought there

was an opening for suggesting to her much that he had before omitted, and he had at all events assured himself by the letter he was now in possession of, that she was not mad; a plea which he perfectly understood her husband meant to set up against the evidence she might otherwise be brought to give.

It was not difficult to engage the old beggar to become his messenger on this occasion, nor to prevail on Patty to give him the next letters she should get from her mistress, on condition however that her profits should not be lessened. He gave her another present; comforted the beggar with an earnest of his future generosity; and bidding him come by day-break the next morning for the billet he intended to send to Mrs. Roker, he took leave for that time of his two newly acquired acquaintance, whom he left much better content with the events of the day than he was—since, whatever reason he had to believe that he might recover his property, he felt with increase of anguish that he had no nearer prospect of recovering Monimia. Determined however to lose no opportunity of continuing his correspondence, he sat down the moment he came to the inn, and composed a very long letter, in which he enlarged on the ill treatment of her husband, whose gallantries he touched upon, affirming they were the more unpardonable when compared with her merit, and the obligations she had conferred upon him; he hinted at the consequence of her being compelled to appear, to answer upon oath to what she knew; and entreated her to save him the pain of calling into court as a party in secreting a will, a person for whom he had so much regard and respect; and he concluded with renewed offers of kindness in case of her coming voluntarily forward to do him justice.

His wandering messenger was the next morning punctual to his appointment; Orlando sent him away with his letter; and notwithstanding his age and his having but one leg, he returned again in about two hours—but, to the infinite mortification of Orlando, with a verbal message, which, though it had passed through the memory of Mrs. Patty, was very clearly delivered, and was to this effect—That Madam had got the gentleman's letter; and being prevented from writing at this present time, begged him of all love to leave the country for fear of accidents, and he might depend upon hearing of her shortly. Not satisfied with this, Orlando now paid his bill at the inn, and went down to the barn, where he sent his vagabond ambassador to seek for the maid to whom he owed the little progress he had made. With some difficulty he found her, and prevailed upon her to revisit the place of rendezvous, where she informed Orlando that Miss Sukey had been watching about old mistress more than ordinary, and that the poor woman was frightened out of her wits lest Orlando's having written to her should be known; wherefore, as Miss Sukey seemed to suspect something, old Madam did entreat the squire not to stay thereabouts; because she should in that case be more strictly confined, and never should be able to write to him, which she now promised to do, if he would only leave the country. As this was all the intelligence the disappointed Orlando could now procure, he was compelled to obey this unwelcome injunction, lest he should lose all future advantage; and engaging by renewed presents the fidelity and future assistance of his two emissaries, he remounted his horse, and took the road to Winchester. He now fell again into melancholy reflections: every hour added to his despair about Monimia, and without her, life was not

in his opinion worth having. From these thoughts a natural transition led him to consider the wonderful tenacity with which those beings clung to life, whose existence seemed to him only a series of the most terrible sufferings:—beings, who exposed to all the miseries of pain, poverty, sickness and famine; to pain unrelieved, and the feebleness of age unassisted, yet still were anxious to live; and could never, as he at this moment found himself disposed to do—

“ Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
Which none but fools would keep.”

Yet he had seen many die in the field, who neither seemed to fear nor feel the stroke of that destiny which miserable age still recoiled and crept away from. The poor maimed wanderer, whose daily wants he had for a little while suspended, was an instance that the fear of death makes the most wretched life supportable. In pursuing this train of thought he arrived at Winchester, where he intended to remain till the next day.

CHAPTER XX.

EARLY on the following morning Orlando left Winchester; but it was between three and four o'clock before he arrived at that part of the New Forest which is near Christchurch, and the frost, now set in with great severity, had made the roads very difficult for a horse, especially the way which he was directed to pursue, through the forest to the residence of Mrs. Fleming.—It was a deep, hollow road, only wide enough for waggons, and was in some places shaded by hazle and other brush-wood; in others,

by old beech and oaks, whose roots wreathed about the bank, intermingled with ivy, holly, and ever-green fern, almost the only plants that appeared in a state of vegetation, unless the pale and sallow misletoe, which here and there partially tinted with faint green the old trees above them.

Orlando, as slowly he picked his way over the rugged road, whose poached surface, now hardened by the frost, hardly allowed a footing to his horse, recollected the hunting parties in the snow, which had amused him in America; but the scene on each side of him was very different. The scanty appearance of foliage was quite unlike an American forest, where, in only a few hours after the severest weather, which had buried the whole country in snow, burst into bloom, and presented, beneath the tulip tree and the magnolia, a more brilliant variety of flowers than art can collect in the most cultivated European garden. Orlando, however, loved England, and had early imbibed that fortunate prejudice, that it is in England only an Englishman can be happy; yet he now thought, that were he once sure Monimia was lost to him (and his fears of finding it so became every hour more alarming) he should be more wretched in his own country than in any other, since every object would remind him of their cruel separation. In this disposition, trying to accustom himself to reflect on a circumstance which now distracted him, he made a sort of determination, that if all his endeavours to find Monimia were baffled, as they had hitherto been, he would remain only to see the termination of the suit relative to the Rayland estate, in hopes of leaving his mother, brother, and sisters, in a more fortunate situation; and reserving for himself only, as much as would support him in the itinerant life he should embrace, to wander alone over Europe

and America. While he pursued these contemplations, the way became almost impassable; for a small current of water filtering through the rocky bank, had spread itself over the road, and formed a sheet of ice, on which his horse was every moment in danger of falling, though the precaution had been taken to turn the shoes.—He had before dismounted, and now contrived to get his horse up the least steep part of the hollow, and then, still leading it by the bridle, he followed the foot-path which led along its edge.

The tufts of trees and thick underwood now became more frequent; and though it was a fine, clear evening, the winter sun, almost sunk beneath the horizon, lent only pale and cold rays among the intervening wood.—Orlando supposing, that if he were benighted, he should no longer distinguish the path, quickened his pace; and the path he followed, diverging a little from the horse road, brought him to a place where the inequalities of the ground, half shaded with brush-wood, shewed that beneath it were concealed more considerable fragments of ruins, than what appeared above among the trees, from whence the masses of stone were so mantled with ivy, they could hardly be distinguished. The path which Orlando continued to pursue, wound among them, and led under broken arches and buttresses, which had resisted the attacks of time and of violence, towards an old gateway, whose form was yet entire.

Every thing was perfectly still around; even the robin, solitary songster of the frozen woods, had ceased his faint vespers to the setting sun, and hardly a breath of air agitated the leafless branches. This dead silence was interrupted by no sound, but the slow progress of his horse, as the hollow ground beneath his feet sounded as if he trod on

vaults. There was in the scene, and in this dull pause of nature, a solemnity not displeasing to Orlando, in his present disposition of mind.—Certain that the path he was pursuing must lead to some village or farm-house, and little apprehensive of the inconvenience that could in this country befall a man accustomed to traverse the deserts of America, he stopped a moment or two indulging a mournful reverie, before he began to remove, in order to make a passage for his horse, a kind of bar, or rather broken gate, which, with thorns, and a faggot or two piled under it, passed from one side to the other of the broken arch, and made here, with an hedge that was carried among the ruins, a division of the forest, or perhaps one of its boundaries.

As he meditated here, he heard, not far from him, human voices, which seemed to be those of children; and, leaning over the bar, to see if he could discern the persons who spoke, he observed a female figure seated on a mass of fallen stone, and apparently waiting for two girls, one about nine, the other seven years old, who were prattling together, as they peeped about in search of something among the fern-stacks and low tufts of broom that were near. The woman, whose face was turned towards them, seemed lost in thought—Her straw bonnet was tied down close to her face, and she was wrapped in a long black cloak; a little basket stood by her, and her appearance, as well as that of the children, was such as seemed to denote, that though they were not of the peasantry of the country, they were as little to be ranked among its most affluent inhabitants.

Orlando, apprehending that the approach of a stranger, in such a place, and at such a time, might alarm so defenceless a party, proceeded with as

little noise as possible to unfasten the bar; but, on his approach, the young woman arose, and in apparent hurry said, Come, my loves! you forget how late it is, and that your mamma will expect us.

The voice riveted Orlando to the spot for a moment; he then involuntarily stepped forward, and saw——Monimia!

He repeated her name wildly, as if he doubted whether he possessed his senses; and as he clasped her to his bosom, and found it was indeed his own Monimia, she was unable, from excess of pleasure and surprise, to answer the incoherent questions he asked her. Half frantic with joy as he was, he soon perceived that the suddenness of this meeting had almost overwhelmed her. Silent, breathless, and trembling, she leaned on his arm, without having the power to tell him, what he at length understood from the two little girls, who had been at first frightened, and then amazed at the scene—That Monimia, or, as they called her, Miss Morysine, was now, and had been for some time, under the protection of that very Mrs. Fleming, the widow of his gallant friend, whom he was now going to visit. Neither of them knew how they arrived at her humble retirement, a cottage among the woods fitted up and enlarged with two additional rooms by a sea officer, the distant relation of Fleming, who was now in America, and who had lent this pleasant, solitary house as a shelter to his widow and her children.—Nor was it for some time possible for Orlando properly to explain to Mrs. Fleming who he was, or how different those motives were, which induced him now to see her, from any hope of finding, in the pious office of visiting the family of his deceased friend, the sole happiness of his life.

When at length, amid this disjointed and broken conversation, Mrs. Fleming was brought not only to recollect the young man, who, on her husband's embarkation for America, had taken so much pains to be useful to him, in the trying moment of separation from his family, but to acknowledge him who had actually received his last breath, and now brought her his dying blessing; her own afflictions; to a lively sense of which Orlando's account of Fleming's death had awakened her, prevented her; for some time, from attending to the unexpected happiness of her young friends. Unable to hear, with composure, the account which Orlando held himself bound to give, yet solicitously asking questions, the answers to which made her heart bleed afresh, Mrs. Fleming at length requested leave to retire: and taking her children with her, Monimia was left at liberty to give to the impatient Orlando the account he so eagerly desired to hear; of what had happened to her since the date of the only letter he had ever received from her, which was written not more than six weeks after his departure; —She doubted of her own strength to give, and of his patience to hear this recital: but he appeared so very solicitous, that she determined to attempt it; and while his eyes were ardently fixed on her face, and watched every turn of her expressive features, which, though she was pale and thin, Orlando thought more lovely than ever, she thus in a soft and low voice began:

As well as I can recollect, Orlando, I related to you, in my long letter, the troublesome and impertinent intrusion of Sir John Belgrave; and Selina has told you since, that, as he carried his persecutions so far as to come into the house, and endeavour to force his way into my room, I was under the necessity of telling my aunt how he found ad-

mittance, and of betraying a secret I had so many reasons to wish might never have been discovered.—Alas! Orlando, how much did I not suffer from the bitterness of her reproaches! sufferings which were sharpened by my being compelled to acknowledge, that I had in some measure deserved them, by having carried on a correspondence contrary to what I knew was my duty.—Indeed the punishment I now underwent, from day to day, seemed sometimes much heavier than the crime deserved; especially when my aunt, to whom my moving was inconvenient (though certainly, in that great house, there was room enough for me without interfering with her), began to make the discovery, I had thus been compelled to make, an everlasting theme of reproach to me: to say, that such a cunning, intriguing creature was not fit to be in any house, and to threaten me continually to ruin you, Orlando, with Mrs. Rayland, by blowing us up, as she was pleased to term it. All this I bore, however hard it was to bear, with silence, and, I hope, with patience, flattering myself, my dear friend! that the anger we had perhaps mutually deserved would thus be exhausted on me, and that I alone should be the victim, if a victim were required: yet, when my cruel aunt, unmoved by my resignation and submission, seemed so desirous of getting rid of me, that I believe she would have been glad to have sold me to Sir John Belgrave; and when she insisted upon my consenting to marry him, though I do not believe he ever intended it, and only made that a pretence for getting me into his power; I own there were moments, when, in absolute despair, I thought it would hardly have been criminal to have put an end to a life so very insupportable; nor could I, I think, have lived, if some of those books you taught me to read, and to understand, had

not instructed me, that it was impious to murmur or resist the dispensations of Providence, who knew best what we were able to bear.—Perhaps too, the hope, the dear hope of living in your affection, and of being beloved by you, however hard my lot, lent me a portion of fortitude, for which, surely, nobody ever had more occasion: for in proportion, Orlando, as Mrs. Lennard became attached to that odious Roker, the little affection she had ever shewn me declined, and was changed into dislike and hatred.—She was sometimes so much off her guard, as to suffer her excessive and ridiculous attachment to him to diminish her attention to her mistress, and on these occasions, I used to supply her place;—yet then, if Mrs. Rayland seemed pleased with my attendance, she would quarrel with me for attending, and say, that she supposed the next thing such an artful slut would think of, would be to supplant her with her lady; and then again she would threaten to blow you up.

Indeed, I believe, that no situation could be less enviable than that of my poor aunt was at this time; for though certainly, at her age, one would have thought she might have been exempt from suffering much pain from love, she did really appear so tormented by her excessive passion for Roker, and her fears of losing him, that she was an object of pity.—If I was below with her lady, while she was with him, then she was afraid of my getting into favour with Mrs. Rayland; and if I was above, and he was in the house, she was in terror lest so intriguing a creature should carry off her lover. When I so firmly resisted all the insidious offers of Sir John Belgrave, she doubted whether this delectable Mr. Roker was not the cause of it; and even when he happened to come into the room where

I was, though she was present, she turned pale with jealousy, and, I suppose, tormented the man, who, though one of the most horrid-tempered monsters existing, commanded himself so much, that he bore it all with an apparent increase of affection; and pretending, in his turn, to be jealous, said, that he could not bear to divide her affections even with me.

I saw that they were determined to get rid of me, but could not immediately settle how; for though Roker, from time to time, started some plan for that purpose, the lady, always suspecting that he liked me, was fearful lest he should only divide me from her, to secure me to himself.

Execrable villain! cried Orlando starting up—he dared not think of it.

Be patient, Orlando, or I shall never have courage to go on. I know not what was in his imagination, though certainly he took every opportunity of making very improper speeches to me; but detestable as I believe his morals are, his avarice is greater than any other of his odious passions; and this he found he might gratify, when the success of any other was uncertain; and therefore he affected to be as anxious as my aunt was, to remove me from Rayland Hall.

Ah, my dear friend, what an autumn was that I passed there! yet my fate, dreary as it appeared to me, was not then at the worst; I had still some sweeteners of my melancholy existence; for I sometimes met Selina, and wept with her; and sometimes, when I was convinced Sir John Belgrave no longer lingered about the park (where for many weeks I could never go without being insulted by him), I used to get out alone; and stealing away to some of those places we used to visit together, I would lean my head against a tree, or hide my face

with my hands, and listening, with closed eyes, to the sounds that were then familiar to us, used to fancy I heard your footsteps among the leaves, or your voice whispering in the air that sighed among the trees. Once, at the old seat on the Hurst hill, I saw your name, so lately cut as the very day before you went away; and could I have wept on the letters, I believe the tears I afterwards shed there would have worn them out.—I took a fancy to the place, which nobody else ever thought of frequenting; and often, as autumn came on, and the days grew short, I staid till I was frightened at being out so late, and have run home terrified at every noise.—If a pheasant flew up, or an hare darted across the path, they threw me into such terrors, that I could hardly reach the house. On these occasions, all was well if my aunt's Adonis was with her; but if it happened that he was out when I was, she took it into her head that we were together, or that we might meet, and then she was, I really believe, out of her senses. Very unluckily for me, I came in one evening later than usual, breathless with my foolish fears, and found my poor aunt in terrible agitation, because Mr. Roker had promised her to be in at tea-time, and he was not yet arrived.—She questioned me sharply where I had been; and I said in the mill wood, which was the truth; for I had that evening met Selina. She asked me, with still more asperity, if I had not met somebody? The consciousness that I had, made me blush, I believe, very deeply, and I faltered as I said No! In a moment Roker came in, half drunk, and the poor old lady flew at him like a turkey-cock, and asked him which way he came? As he was less upon his good-behaviour than usual, he said, Came! why I came by the mill; which way should I come from the place where I have been?—This confirmed, she

thrust me out of the room, and ordering me to go up stairs to bed that moment, she threw herself into a fit, as Rebecca told me afterwards. I do not know how Mr. Roker contrived to appease her—she was reconciled to him the next day; but I was the victim, and was, after that time, forbidden to go out without her leave. This, hard as it was, I could still have borne, because it was just at that time Mrs. Rayland seemed to grow particularly kind to me; and to have even a degree of pleasure in talking to me of you. It was now time to expect to hear from you, and I observed her anxiety every day increase.—She often sighed when she spoke of you; and once said, that her house seemed to have lost all its cheerfulness since you had left it;—and often she would look at an old enamelled picture of Sir Orlando, her grandfather, and, comparing his features with yours, admire the likeness—then, again, regret your absence, and sink into low spirits. Indeed her health seemed every day to decline: and I sometimes thought she was discontented with Mrs. Leonard, though from long habit she was more entirely governed by her than ever. Pattenson's having dealt so largely in smuggled goods, and having even made her house a receptacle for them, was discovered by his not being able or willing to bribe a new officer who succeeded some of his old friends, and who, upon that Jonas Wilkins's turning informer, came one night to the Hall, and made a seizure of about two hundred pounds worth of spirits, tea, and lace: a thing that offended Mrs. Rayland extremely, as she thought it derogatory to her dignity, and a profanation of her cellars, which, as we know (and Monimia faintly smiled) are immediately adjoining to the family vault of the Raylands. This, and other things, particularly some of his amours, which now came to her knowledge, had oc-

casioned her to dismiss Pattenson, and to think higher of you for the pains Pattenson had taken to prejudice her against you : but the dismissal, and soon afterwards the death of Pattenson, and the disgrace of the old coachman, who was a party concerned in this contraband business (and who had besides displeased Mrs. Rayland by setting up a whisky, and dressing his daughters in the most expensive fashion), threw the old lady more than ever into the power of my aunt ; though, how she escaped being included in the charge, I never could imagine : I know she was acquainted with, and I believe she was concerned in the clandestine trade which had for so many years been carried on at Rayland Hall ; but probably Pattenson dared not impeach her, lest, though he might ruin her, he should at the same time provoke her to discover some things in his life which would have effectually cut him off from that portion of favour he still possessed with Mrs. Rayland ; who, angry as she was with him, stocked the farm he retired to, furnished his house, and continued to him almost every advantage he enjoyed at the Hall, except the opportunity of making it a receptacle for smuggled goods.

However that was, my aunt certainly continued to have great influence over Mrs. Rayland, though I often thought it was more through habit than love ; and I am persuaded that, if she had not always guarded against the inclination which Mrs. Rayland at times betrayed to take your mother and sisters into favour, they would by degrees have acquired that ascendancy over her from their own merit, which Mrs. Lennard had now only from habit—But my aunt was too cunning to give them an opportunity : and that, I believe, was partly the reason why she was so afraid of my being taken into Mrs. Rayland's kindness, since nothing was more natural than

for me to speak in their favour. She need not, however, have dreaded this; for, however willing or anxious I might be, my awe of Mrs. Rayland was too great for me to aspire to the character of her confident: and she looked upon me as a mere child.—Probably our ages differed too much to allow any great sympathy between us—and I could give her no other pleasure than by attending to the stories she used to love to repeat, of the days of her youth.—But Mrs. Lennard, though by no means desirous of being herself the auditor, and never easy but when she could remain unmolested with her dear Mr. Roker, was still jealous lest her lady should feel any degree of kindness for me; and, I believe, by imputing to me faults which Mrs. Rayland took her word for, contrived gradually to get her consent to my going apprentice, under the idea of my being enabled to get my own bread honestly in business; while she obviated the inconvenience of my departure by introducing a new servant to be about her lady, who was entirely devoted to her own interest—and kept away the old cook as much as she could, whom Mrs. Rayland never would part with, but whom my aunt feared and disliked, because she was an honest blunt creature, who never feared speaking her mind, and was particularly a friend of yours, as you may, I am sure, recollect. Latterly she became more than usually disagreeable to my aunt and Roker, because she used to rejoice in the thought that her dear young captain would one day or other be master of the Hall; and when Lennard angrily asked her how she dared talk of any one's being master of the Hall while her lady lived? she replied, that she dared talk so, because Madam herself had told her so.

And where, my Monimia, is this good old friend of mine now? said Orlando—Her evidence may be

of great importance to us.—Alas! replied she, I know not: I only heard from your sister, that Dr. Hollybourn, who acted as executor to the only will that was produced, immediately discharged all the servants, giving to each of them a present above the two years wages which Mrs. Rayland had in that will given to each of the inferior ones; and, with many good words, got as many as he could of them into other services, at a distance from the country—But I recollect that the cook had relations in the neighbourhood of the Hall, of whom, I dare say, intelligence about her may be procured.

Ah, dear Orlando! if the account I have already given you of my unhappy life after your departure has affected you, what will you feel when I relate what passed afterwards, to which all my preceding sufferings were nothing!—It is true that, as I lay listening of a night to the howling of the wind in the great melancholy room at the end of the north gallery, where I was locked up every night, I have frequently started at the visions my fancy raised; and as the dark green damask hangings swelled with the air behind them, I have been so much terrified as to be unable to move or to summon to my recollection all the arguments you were wont to use against superstitious fear—Then too I have been glad even to hear the rats as they raced round the skirting boards, because it convinced me there were some living creatures near me, and helped me to account for the strange noises I sometimes heard. As winter came on, my misery in this great room became worse and worse; and such was my terror, that I could hardly ever sleep—I once contrived to get candles, and set up a light in my room; but this only served to shew me the great grim picture over the chimney, of one of the Rayland family in armour, with a sword in his hand: and I was

indeed, besides this, effectually cured of wishing for a light on the second night I tried it—for a party of my friendly rats, perceiving the candle, which was to them a delicate treat, took it very composedly out of the socket, and began to eat the end of it which was not alight.—This compelled me to leave my bed to put it out, and them to flight; while the terror I suffered was only increased by this attempt to mitigate it.—Good God! how weak I was to add imaginary horrors to the real calamities of my situation; rather than try to acquire strength of mind to bear the evils from which I could not escape!

It was at this time that Sir John Belgrave, who, on finding his insulting proposals treated with the contempt they deserved, had left the country for some time, returned thither; and as Jacob, his confident, could no longer find means to put his letters in my way, or to harass and alarm me by coming to the door of the turret, he changed his plan, and pretended that his views were highly honourable. In a letter to my aunt he entreated her interest with me, and that she would prevail upon me to see him: and then it was, Orlando, that my sufferings were almost beyond the power of endurance.

What! exclaimed Orlando, was the infamous woman base enough then to betray you to this villain?

Have patience, I entreat you, Orlando!—She betrayed me then, so far as to insist upon my seeing Sir John, and hearing what I had to say.

Eternal curses blast them both! exclaimed Orlando:—but I terrify you, my angel!

You do, indeed, answered Monimia; and I shall never, Orlando, conclude my mournful narrative, if you will not be more calm.

I will, replied he ; at least I will try at it—Pray go on.

I resisted this proposal of seeing Sir John Belgrave for many days ; till my aunt, enraged at what she called my stupid idiotism, declared to me that, if I persisted to behave so senselessly, she would relate to Mrs. Rayland all my clandestine meetings with you, and then turn me out of the house to take my own courses.—I would willingly have left the house, and, rather than have undergone one day longer the misery I hourly experienced, I would have begged my way to you in America (Orlando sighed and shuddered) ; but when my cruel aunt threatened to take such means as I knew would ruin you, and blast all those hopes on which alone I lived, of seeing you return to happiness and independence, I own I could not bear to hazard it, and at length consented to see this detested suitor—not without some hope that my peremptory refusal repeated (for I had already given it him in writing) might put an end to all his hateful pretensions. A day therefore was fixed : but Sir John, either repenting that he had gone so far, or from some caprice, wrote to my aunt to say he was that day sent for express to London, to attend a dying relation from whom he expected a great acquisition of fortune. This might be true—I cared not whether it was or no, but blessed the fortunate relief from persecution. In the interim your father, who was taken ill some time before, died.—Oh ! how much did I see Selina suffer during his illness—how much did I suffer myself ! and all was aggravated to an indescribable degree of wretchedness, by our believing that you, Orlando, were lost in your passage to America !—If I thought my former condition insupportable, what was the increase of my sorrows now, when torn from the last consolation I had left,

that of weeping sometimes with Selina!—My aunt, almost as soon as Sir John Belgrave had left the country, informed me that she had found a person at Winchester willing to take me for a small premium, and that I was to go the following Thursday.—I never knew how all this was settled; but very very certain it is, that it was arranged between her, her lover Mr. Roker, and Sir John Belgrave. She was impatient to have me gone; and sent the old cook, to take care of me, as far as Havant, where Mrs. Newill, to whom I was consigned, met me, and conducted me to a little miserable apartment, which, with a small bow-windowed shop, she inhabited at Winchester, and where she was to teach me a business which I soon found she did not know herself.

Mrs. Newill was said to have been well brought up; but, if she were, her having long associated with people in very inferior life had considerably obliterated the traces of a good education; and the inconvenient circumstances to which she had been exposed, in consequence of having had a brutal and extravagant husband, seemed at once to have soured her temper, and relaxed her morals.—She had some remains of beauty, and was fonder of talking of its former power than I thought redounded much to her honour.—Her husband had possessed a place in the dock-yard at Portsmouth, from whence he had been dismissed for some heavy offences, and lived now upon the wide world; while his wife was, by the assistance of her friends, trying to get into business to support herself; their only son, a young man of twenty, was in the navy.—The greatest personal hardship I endured on this my change of abode, was sleeping in the same bed with Mrs. Newill, which I did for the first week:—but, fortunately for me, though it was pro-

bably much otherwise to her, her husband, believing she had money, for he had heard of her having taken an apprentice, came suddenly to her house, or rather lodging, and I was dismissed to a little closet in a garret with a truckle bed: but it was paradise compared with my share of Mrs. Newill's; for now I could weep at liberty, and pray for you!

The arrival of such a man as Mr. Newill did not much contribute to the prosperity of his wife's business—Those who, from their former knowledge of her, were willing to promote her welfare, grew cold when they found their bounty served only to support her husband in drunkenness, and her distress became very great, of which I was a sharer; but I endeavoured to do all I could to continue her business, which was now almost entirely neglected.

This went on for six weeks, when a regiment came thither to assist in guarding the prisoners at the castle; and Sir John Belgrave suddenly made his appearance, protesting to me, that he knew nothing of my being there, and only came down on a visit to some of his friends in the newly arrived corps.

I did not believe this, and found every day more cause to suppose that Mrs. Newill's necessities had driven her to the inhuman expedient of betraying me to him. Though I had often ridiculed the stories in novels where young women are forcibly carried away, I saw great reason to believe some such adventure might happen to me, for I was totally unprotected, and I believe absolutely sold.

Orlando, starting up, traversed the room; nor could, for some time, the soothing voice of Monimia restore him to sufficient composure to attend to her narrative.

At length his anxiety to know what he yet trem-

bled to hear obliged him to reassume his seat, and she thus proceeded :

Surely, Orlando, you do not suppose that any distress, any misery, could have induced me to listen to Sir John Belgrave, though, instead of the advantages he affected to offer me, he could have laid empires at my feet.—It is true that I now suffered every species of mortification, and even much personal inconvenience; but my heart felt only the horrid tidings I received from Selina. Mrs. Rayland's death, and the total disappointment of your family's hopes, were very melancholy; but when Perseus arrived, and your death, Orlando, was confirmed by the testimony of a man who had seen you fall, my wretchedness so much exceeded all that I believed it possible to bear, that I became stupified and insensible to every thing else, and walked about without hearing or seeing the objects around me. I never slept, but with the aid of laudanum—I could not shed a tear, and my heart seemed to be turned to marble. I had nobody to hear my complaints, and therefore I did not complain; and the only circumstance that roused me from this state of mind, was the renewal of Sir John Belgrave's visits, who after an absence of seven or eight days, returned with new proposals, and dared to triumph in the knowledge that his rival, as he insolently called you, was no longer in his way.

It was now, Orlando, that a new method was pursued. He contrived, what was not indeed very difficult, to gain over Mr. Newill to his interest.—I was now treated with great respect—A room was hired for me in the same house, and Mrs. Newill offered me credit for any clothes I chose to have. I, who was hardly conscious of my existence, who mechanically performed the business of the day,

and cared not whether I ever again saw the light of the sun, refused her offers, and desired nothing but that I might be protected from the affront of Sir John Belgrave's visits. If I sat at work in the shop he was there:—if I quitted it he came into the work-room, under pretence of speaking to Mr. Newill. I found that Newill was a wretch who would have sacrificed a daughter of his own for a few guineas, with which to purchase his favourite indulgences; and Sir John Belgrave scrupled not to say, that, since I had refused his honourable offers, he held it no dishonour to compel me, by any means, to exchange my present wretched dependence, for affluence and prosperity—that I could not now have the pretence of constancy to you, and that his excessive love for me would in time induce me to return it.—Such were the terms in which he pressed his suit, giving me at the same time to understand that I was in his power.

But, liberal as I have reason to believe he was to Mr. Newill, his debts were too numerous and extensive to be so settled; and, in consequence of one of these, to the amount of five hundred pounds, he was arrested in London, and sent for his wife to attend him in the King's-Bench.

This the unhappy woman prepared to do in two or three days; and, in that time, made over the little stock for sale to one of her friends, who had advanced money for her.—But what was to become of me?—As she had no longer a business, she could have no occasion for an apprentice, and I could be only a burthen to her; but I soon found that it was her husband's directions that she should take me with her, and I determined at all events not to go.

I now again wrote to my cruel aunt, who though she almost immediately after Mrs. Rayland's death

settled within twelve miles of the town whither she had sent me, had never taken any other notice of me than to send me a small supply of clothes and two guineas, together with a verbal message, that the reason she had not answered any of my former, nor should answer any of my future letters, was, that she would not encourage in her perverseness a person so blind to her own interest, and that, till I knew how to behave to Sir John Belgrave, I should find no friend in her. It was in vain I wrote to her, urging every plea that I thought might move her, and soliciting her pity and protection, as the only friend I had in the world. She either hardened her heart against me, or perhaps never got my letters. The business that detained Mrs. Newill at Winchester, could not be settled so expeditiously as she expected. In the mean time, what a situation was mine! I had nothing to hope but death, and death only could deliver me from the fear of evils infinitely more insupportable. Orlando, how earnestly did I pray to join you in heaven! how often did I invoke you to hear me! and casting towards the west my swollen eyes (for I was now able to weep in repeating your name,) how often have I addressed the setting sun, which, as it sunk away from our horizon, might illuminate, I thought, that spot in the wilderness of America where all my happiness was buried!

Orlando kissed away the tears that now fell on her lovely cheeks, and mingled his own with them; when Monimia, after a little time, recovered her voice, and went on—It was to indulge such meditations, the only comfort I had, that I stole out whenever I could be secure that my persecutor was with his military friends; and as I dared not go far, the church-yard on that side of the cathedral

where the soldiers did not parade, or sometimes the cathedral itself, were the only places where there was a chance of my not being molested; and there, if I could ever procure quiet for a quarter of an hour, the daws that inhabited the old buildings, and who were now making their nests (for it was early spring,) recalled to my mind, by the similarity of sounds, Rayland-Hall; and when I compared my present condition with even the most comfortless hours I passed there, I reproached myself for my former discontent, and envied all who were at peace beneath the monumental stones around me.—Later than usual one evening I returned from this mournful walk, and, making my way with some difficulty through the crowds who were assembling in the streets to celebrate some victory or advantage in America (and at the very name of America my heart sickened within me,) I was overtaken near the door of Mrs. Newill's lodgings, by the person whom I most dreaded to meet—Sir John Belgrave, evidently in a state of intoxication, with three officers in the same situation, who insisted on seeing me home. I was within a few yards of the door, and hastened on to disengage myself from them; but they followed me, or rather Sir John Belgrave with one arm round my waist hurried me on, talking to me in a style of which I was too much terrified to know more than that it was most insulting and improper.

In this way, however, while I remonstrated, and trembled, and entreated in vain, I was forced into a little room behind the shop, where Mrs. Newill usually sat, where, instead of her, there sat by the side of a small fire (for the weather was yet cold) a young man in the naval uniform, who starting up on the abrupt entrance of such a party, stood amazed a moment at the language of Sir John Belgrave and

his friends, and then, fiercely demanding what business they had in that house, ordered them to leave it; and, taking my hand, he said—I am ashamed, gentlemen, of your treatment of this young woman—Don't be alarmed, miss—I will protect you.

I most willingly put myself into the protection he offered, when Belgrave, enraged at being thus addressed by a person whom he considered as so much his inferior, uttered a great oath, and said—And, pray, fellow, who are you? and what the devil have you to do with this girl?—Master of my mother's apartment, (replied the young sailor, who I now understood was Mrs. Newill's son)—and an Englishman! As the first, I shall prevent any ruffian's insulting a woman here; as the second, I shall defend her from insult any where.—You be d—d! cried Belgrave; you impudent puppy, do you think that black stock makes you on a footing with a gentleman?—Belgrave's companions had by this time wisely retired; for, as I was not *their* pursuit, they saw no occasion to incur the danger of a quarrel in it. The only answer the stranger gave to this additional insolence of Belgrave was a violent blow which drove the aggressor against the side of the wainscot, that in so narrow a room prevented his falling; and then young Newill seizing him by the collar, with a sudden jerk threw him out of the room, and shut the door. The noise all this made brought Mrs. Newill down stairs, who demanded of her son what was the matter? He answered, that some brutal officers, very drunk, had insulted a young lady who had taken shelter in that room, and whom he had rescued from their impertinence by turning them out of it. His mother, in additional consternation, then turned to me, What! said she, it was you, miss, was it? And I suppose the gen-

tleman was Sir John Belgrave—Fine doings! And so, William, this is the way you affront my friends?

I care not whose friends I affront, replied he: if they behave like brutes to a woman, I would affront them if they were emperors. His mother, who I am afraid had been solacing herself above stairs with some of those remedies to which she often applied for consolation, now began to cry and lament herself; and, in her pathetic complaints, bemoaned her ill luck that had given her an apprentice that, so far from being an assistant, was only a trouble to her, and did nothing but offend her customers. Young Newill then, for the first time, understood that I was this apprentice; and as I sat weeping in a corner, I saw he pitied me—Come, come, Madam; said he to his mother, no more of this, if you please—nobody has offended your customers; but, on the contrary, your customers, as you call them, have offended me; let us look a little after this good friend of yours, perhaps he may have some farther commands for me—it is unhand-some to sink such a fine fair-weather jack, without lending a hand to heave him up. He then, in despite of his mother's entreaties, opened the door; but no Sir John Belgrave appeared, and the sailor observed that he had set all his canvas and scudded off. So now, dear mother, said he, pr'ythee let's have no more foul weather; but let us sit down to supper, for I'm sure this young woman must be glad of something after her fright—poor little soul, how she trembles still!—and you should remember that I have rode from Portsmouth since dinner, and a sea-man just come from two months cruise must eat. Mrs. Newill still however appearing to think more of Sir John Belgrave than her son, he became presently impatient; and going out to a neighbouring inn, he

ordered a supper and some kind of wine or punch ; which being soon brought, Mrs. Newill consented to partake of it, though she still behaved to me with such rude reserve, that I would immediately have retired, if young Newill had not insisted on my sitting down to supper with them, and I was too much obliged to him to refuse.

You were certainly obliged to him, said Orlando in a hurried voice ; but after such a scene I wonder you were able to remain with these people—What sort of a man is young Newill? Is he a well-looking man?

Yes, replied Monimia, rather so ; but I hardly knew then how he looked—and in the scene I have described, I rather recollected it afterwards, than attended to it at the time.

Pardon me, interrupted Orlando, with quickness—you must have attended to it at the time, or you could not have recollected it afterwards. Have you often seen this Mr. Newill since? What is become of him now?

He is gone to sea, replied Monimia.

You have not then seen him since?

Yes, certainly I have—I saw him the next day.

Where? cried Orlando, impatiently.

I was obliged, answered Monimia, because Mrs. Newill was now going immediately to join her imprisoned husband, to be up early to pack up some things in the shop for the person who had bought them ; and while I did it, all my sorrows pressing with insupportable weight on my mind, and above all, your loss, Orlando—I wept as I proceeded in my task of tying up band-boxes and parcels, and yet I hardly knew I wept ; when young Newill entered the place where I was, and offered to help me—Good God! said he, you are crying! He took my hand, it was wet with tears.

And he kissed them off, cried Orlando, again wildly starting from his chair, I know he did—yes! this stranger, infinitely more dangerous than Belgrave

Oh! dear Orlando, said Monimia, with a deep and tremulous sigh, what is it you suspect me of? Do not, I beseech you, destroy me as soon as we have met, by suspicions, which indeed if you will hear me with patience

Go on, Monimia, said he, recovering himself—go on, and I will be as patient as I can—but this Newill—Always, said Monimia, behaved to me like the tenderest brother, and it is to him alone I am indebted for the safety and protection I have found. Yet it is true, Orlando, and I will not attempt to conceal it from you, that young Newill in this first interview professed himself my lover; but when I assured him that all my affections were buried with you, that it was out of my power to make him any other return to the regard he expressed for me, than gratitude; and if he would be so much my friend as to influence his mother, either to prevail upon my aunt to receive me, or to let me remain with any creditable person in the country, instead of taking me to London (where I had too much reason to believe I was to be exposed anew to the persecutions of Sir John Belgrave), I should be eternally indebted to him—this he promised to undertake, and seemed to acquiesce in my refusal of his addresses, which had I been capable of listening to them, it would have been very indiscreet on his part to have pursued; for he was possessed of nothing but the pay of a midshipman, and out of that little had often contributed to relieve the distresses of his parents; and now on hearing of his father's confinement, immediately after his return from a cruise, in which

the frigate he was on board had taken two small prizes, he hastened to their assistance; and bearing with sailor-like philosophy all present evils, and never considering those of the future, he was treating for the advance of his pay for the next half year, in order to enable his mother to discharge some debts for which her creditors were very clamorous, before she left the town. Yet did he, under such circumstances, think very seriously of a wife—I believe that he supposed the dejection of my spirits was rather owing to my forlorn situation, than to an attachment which he had no notion of as existing after the death of its object, and that I should gradually be induced to listen to his love.

Yet, cried Orlando warmly, yet you talk of the brotherly and of the disinterested regard of this new friend of yours.

It was so in effect, Orlando, and I did not too minutely enquire into the motive of his conduct. Allow me to go on and you will own that we are both much obliged to him. When he fully understood the nature of my situation, my invincible aversion to Sir John Belgrave, and my fears, which, mortifying as they must be to him, I could not help expressing, lest his father should prevail on Mrs. Newill to betray me entirely into his power—he expressed in his rough sea language so much pity for me, and so much indignation at the conduct of his family, that I became persuaded I might trust him. But alas! I had nothing to entrust him with—no means of escape from the evils I dreaded to propose to him—except Mrs. Roker, I had no friend or relation in the world.—I had written three letters to Selina, but I received no answer—and she too had, I feared, by the troubles of her own family, been compelled to appear for a while unmindful of her unhappy Monimia.—

Young Mr. Newill desired a few hours to consider what he could do for me; and in that time he talked to his mother of her ungenerous and base conduct in regard to me, with so much effect, that, after a struggle between her necessities and her conscience, she promised her son to receive no more the bribes of Sir John Belgrave, and even to let me quit her, if I insisted upon it. Having obtained thus much, he returned to me, and I was then to determine whither I would go. Oh! how gladly would I then have accepted of the lowest service! But who would take a creature apparently so slight as not to be able to do any kind of household work; and from such a woman as Mrs. Newill, who was but little esteemed either for her morals or her œconomy? In this distress I wrote again to Selina, entreating her to enquire for a place for me: but no answer came in the usual course of the post, and Newill's leave of absence expiring in three days, it became necessary to determine on something. Fruitless as every written application had hitherto been to Mrs. Roker, I could think of nothing better than to address her in person; and as I dared not go so far alone, being ever in apprehension of meeting Sir John Belgrave, Mr. Newill offered to go with me, and

How did you go? said Orlando, interrupting her.

In the stage to Alresford, replied Monimia; and from thence we walked to the house, where, however, I was refused admittance by a sister of Roker's, who told me her poor dear sister-in-law was in a bad state of health; that nobody could be admitted to see her; and advised me by all means not to depend upon any thing she could do for me, since her condition put all attention to business out of the question; and Miss Roker was sorry indeed to remind me, that my perverse un-

dutiful behaviour had not a little contributed to derange the faculties of my worthy relation. I could have answered, that her faculties were certainly deranged when she married Mr. Roker; but I had no opportunity to make this observation if I had had courage enough—for the woman shut the door in my face, repeating in very rude terms, that any visits there would be to no purpose.

Thus driven from the habitation of my only relation, I returned more broken-hearted than I set out to Winchester.—And your protector, I suppose, renewed his solicitations by the way? said Orlando.

No indeed, answered Monimia, he had too much sensibility; and whatever he might intend for the future; he too much respected the grief into which this cruel repulse had plunged me. The next day but one he was to go back to his duty, with a young shipmate who was visiting his mother then at Southampton, who was to call upon him, that they might return together. While I was yet undetermined what to do, time passed away, and this comrade of Mr. Newill's arrived. It was young Fleming, the eldest son of your friend, whom his mother's relation, an old captain of a man of war, had taken from Winchester college at eighteen, and adopted at his father's death upon condition of his becoming a sailor—a condition which Mrs. Fleming, who had so recently lost her husband, lamented, but dared not oppose. War had just deprived her of her first support; yet him on whom she next relied she was compelled to part with for the same dreadful trade, because her pension, as a lieutenant's widow, which was almost her sole dependence, was very insufficient for the support of her four other children; the two little girls you saw with me last night, another yet younger, and

her second boy, whom her relation partly supports at an academy, intending him also for the sea—and who would have been so much offended, had she thwarted him in regard to taking the eldest son from college, that he would have renounced the whole family.

To this young man, who was his most intimate friend, Newill communicated, but not without first asking my permission, the difficulties I was under: concealing however those circumstances that seemed to reflect so much disgrace on his mother. They consulted together what I could do . . .

Excellent and proper counsellors truly! exclaimed Orlando impatiently.

Less improper than you imagine, replied Monimia. Fleming had not, like Newill, been so long at sea as to acquire that steadiness of mind which enables men of that profession to look on all personal danger with indifference, and on moral evil as a matter of course. But yet, recollecting not only his classics, but the romances he had delighted in at school, he had that natural and acquired tenderness of mind which made him sensible at once of all the discomforts of my situation. He saw in me a poor, deserted heroine of a novel, and nothing could be in his opinion so urgent as my relief—Accustomed in all emergencies to apply to his mother, to whom he is the most affectionate and dutiful of sons . . .

What is become of this Fleming? enquired Orlando, is he often at home with his mother!

No; he went almost immediately after my first becoming acquainted with her, to the East-Indies—but your impatience, Orlando, will not let me conclude my sad story. Fleming seeing the affair in the light I have described, settled with his friend

Newill that the latter should return alone to the ship—make some excuse for Fleming's being absent two days longer, while he would return to his mother, and endeavour by her means to find some proper asylum for me. The readiness with which Newill consented to this plan, convinced me of his disinterestedness; though I own I had little hope of its success. I supposed that Mrs. Fleming would have suspected the zeal of so young a man for a woman of my age, in distress, and would decline interfering for a person of whom she could know nothing. But the generosity of my young advocate rendered him eloquent; and she to whom he pleaded was not only naturally of the most candid and humane disposition, but her own sorrows had so softened her heart, that calamity never pleaded to her in vain, though her circumstances are such as do not always enable her to relieve it, as her heart dictates.

This excellent woman reflected, that there must be something remarkable in the situation which had made so great an impression on her son; and that even if I was a young woman whom necessity had reduced to a discreditable mode of life, her kindness might yet save me from deeper destruction. With this humane persuasion, and remembering always the maxim of doing as she would be done by, she came herself to Winchester, to enquire what she could do for me—thinking, as she has since told me, that she ought to do this if she hoped for the mercy of Heaven towards her own girls, who might, by so likely an event as her death, be as desolate and friendless as I was.—I am too much exhausted, Orlando, to be particular now in relating our first interview. We shall, I hope, have frequent opportunities of admiring the simplicity of character, the goodness of heart, and the attractive manners

of my benefactress, who from your description of your mother is almost her counterpart. It is sufficient if I tell you that Mrs. Fleming not only implicitly believed my melancholy story, but, as nothing immediately occurred to her for my permanent relief, determined to take me home with her, till some eligible situation could be found. When she had been a little accustomed to me, she would not part with me; I have been so happy as to make myself useful to her and her children; and in acquitting myself as far as I could of my debt of gratitude, I have found the best and only defence against that regret and anguish which devoured me. She had sorrows enough of her own; I forbore therefore to oppress her with mine, and I tried to be calm when I could not be cheerful; but when the conversation turned on the loss she had sustained in her husband, I mingled my tears with hers, and wept for Orlando.

Orlando, forgetting in this tender confession the little jealousies he had felt, while he considered her liable to the addresses of a rival, now pressed her fondly to his heart; and seeing her quite overcome by the fatigue of relating so long a narrative, and the violence of those emotions she had so lately experienced, consented to leave her, and they parted for the night; though Orlando could not wish her good night without protesting to her that he would never again consent to be separated from her, even for a day; for that if ever he was absent from her again, the insolent Sir John Belgrave would incessantly pursue her in imagination, and he should believe her exposed again to dangers and insults which it almost drove him to madness to recollect she had already endured.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN retiring to the room Mrs. Fleming had ordered to be prepared for him, Orlando attempted not to sleep, but his imagination was busied in considering how, since he had so unexpectedly found Monimia, he might escape the misery of ever again parting with her. Poor as he was, he had long since determined that if she was restored to him, he would marry her, and trust to Providence, and his own exertions, for her support:—and since he had heard all the dangers, trials, and insults, to which her unprotected and desolate situation had made her liable, he could not bear to think of ever quitting her again, even for a day.

Yet, circumstanced as he was, their immediate union was attended with innumerable difficulties: his mother would, he feared, be secretly averse, though she might not openly oppose it; and as to deceiving her, he would not think of it.

Monimia, being under age, could not be married without the consent of her aunt, her only relation, which he knew it would be impossible to obtain; and all the other impediments were in the way which occur in regard to a minor, and which there seemed no ways of obviating but by a journey to Scotland. Yet the business of the disputed will, so very important to him, was to come on, as he believed, the ensuing Term, and it was to begin in a few days; a consideration that, added to the expence of such a journey, out of his little fortune, which was reduced within an hundred and fifty pounds, made him hesitate concerning an expedition so distant and expensive. After long debates with himself, he recollected that Warwick had been married to Isabella at Jersey or Guernsey; and as

he was so near the coast, from whence a passage to those islands might be obtained, he resolved to propose such an excursion to Monimia, and to procure the consent of the friend to whose kindness she was so much indebted.

This was not difficult; for Mrs. Fleming, prejudiced in favour of Orlando, on account of the friendship her husband had for him, and believing that his mind possessed all those virtues his ingenuous countenance and liberal manners expressed;—knowing too how truly her young friend was attached to him, imagined that she must be happy in such a union, whatever might be their pecuniary difficulties. Monimia had no will but his; and no anxiety now hung on the mind of Orlando, but in regard to his mother.—He doubted whether he ought not to consult her before he married; yet as her disapprobation would only render him and Monimia unhappy without changing his resolution, he concluded it would be best to trust to her affection for him, and the impression which Monimia's beauty and innocence could not, he thought, fail to make in her favour, when he presented her to his mother, as his wife. Very little preparation was necessary for their short voyage.—Mrs. Fleming gave her blessing to the weeping Monimia as she parted with her, and gave it with a tenderness and fervency not always found in the friends who surround the brides of higher fortune.—It was agreed that the young couple should return to her as soon as they were married, and go from thence to London.

Orlando found no difficulty in procuring a vessel to transport them to Guernsey.—Notwithstanding the season of the year, the weather was mild, and the wind favourable. Within ten days from their departure, Orlando brought back his wife to Mrs. Fleming's solitude, secure that death alone could divide them.

They remained with their respectable friend only two days. It was now time for Orlando to be in London, and they hastened thither, too happy to reflect on what was to become of them, and with no other solicitude on their minds, than what arose from the idea of their first meeting with Mrs. Somerville.—And this dwelt more on the spirits of Orlando, than he chose to communicate to his wife.

On their arrival in town, he ordered the chaise to the chambers of his friend Carr, as he would not abruptly introduce Monimia to his mother. He went alone to procure a lodging in the neighbourhood of his family; which being easily found, they took possession of it in the evening—as Orlando required yet some time to prepare himself for disclosing a secret, which he still feared, manage it how he would, might give pain to his mother.

About one o'clock, however, the following morning he went to Howland-street. His mother, who had been very uneasy at his long absence, received him with even more than her usual affection; but her expressions of pleasure at seeing him, were mingled with tears. All that had happened to his brother, had come to her knowledge; and to his excessive concern, he heard that Philip, after applying to his mother for money, with which she could not supply him, had again disappeared, and was, as they had reason to believe, again imprisoned.

In beholding his mother under such depression of mind, he could not determine to inform her of what might possibly add to it; but instead of speaking to her of Monimia, as he intended, he endeavoured to appease the agony of her mind about Philip, whom he promised to find, and gave her hopes that they should succeed in the recovery of the Rayland estate. To Selina alone he communicated his recent marriage; and found with addi-

tional concern, that she dreaded the effect this intelligence would have on her mother, who was already overwhelmed with anxiety for her eldest son, and whose maternal grief had been lately awakened by having heard that her daughter Isabella was certainly living in one of the American islands with her husband, long after they had been given over for lost:—yet, as she had never heard from them, she concluded that her daughter, if yet living, was totally estranged from her family, or regardless of their distress; a reflection not less bitter than it was to consider her as dead. The doubt of what was really her fate, proved perhaps more distressing than any certainty. With all this, were Orlando's marriage to be discovered to her, while she was continually expressing her anxiety how he would himself be supported, Selina dreaded the consequence of her uneasiness; and therefore entreated Orlando to defer the discovery at least for a few days, in hopes that something favourable might happen; while she herself expressed the warmest solicitude to see and embrace Monimia, as her beloved sister; and they agreed that Orlando should find some pretence to take her the next day out with him, and carry her to his lodgings for that purpose.

With an heavy heart he now returned to Monimia, who anxiously expected him.—A poor dissembler, he could not conceal from her the state of his mind; but he led her to believe it was rather owing to the new distress occasioned by Philip's disappearance, than to any doubts as to her reception by his mother. Her gentle and soothing conversation was the only balm for his wounded heart; and while he felt himself unhappy, he considered how much less so he was now, than when, in addition to the calamities of his family, he had the loss of his Monimia to

lament, and the dread of all those evils to which her desolate state exposed her.

As soon as he had dined, he set out, in pursuance of his promise to his mother, to find Philip; but while Carr sent his clerk, and went himself to some of the places where it was but too probable he was to be found, Orlando himself visited another; but when they met at night at Carr's chambers, all their enquiries were found equally fruitless; and they agreed, that if this unhappy young man was, as there was too much reason to believe, in confinement, he had taken precautions not to be discovered. With this unsatisfactory intelligence, Orlando, late as it was, went back to his mother; but, assuring her he would never rest till he had found out and relieved his brother, he told her, that as he must now be constantly engaged with Mr. Carr in arranging the business of the lawsuit, and must be at his chambers early in a morning, he had taken a lodging near him, the time of going so far as from Howland-street to the inn of court being more than he could now spare. This accounted for his absence tolerably well; yet his heart smote him for this temporary deception, which was however, considering his circumstances at this juncture, only a pious fraud.

Another, another, and another day passed away without any news of Philip; and, to add to the vexation of Orlando, he found new difficulties likely to arise in his suit. Old Roker, to whom subornation of perjury was familiar, and every other infamous device which an unprincipled villain could be guilty of, had not only taken the usual method of gaining time by artificial delays, but was, it was feared, putting it out of Mrs. Roker's (Lennard's) power to give her testimony against the will that had been proved, by making her a lunatic; he was infamous

enough to have taken still more decisive means of quieting both her conscience and her evidence, if they had not been rendered less eligible by the circumstance of great part of her income having been left her for life only.

Carr, who had all the zeal of a young man for his client, and was perfectly convinced, from the substance of Mr. Walterson's report, that there had been another will, was yet doubtful of their success against the impudence and chicanery of the Rokers; supported by two such powerful motives, as their own interest, and the purse of a rich body of clergy. Orlando therefore saw with anguish of mind his own little fund dwindling away, without any certainty that such part of it as went to the payment of law expences would ever be repaid him: and the sad idea of Monimia in as great poverty as that from which he had rescued her, continually corroded his heart; while she, from his long delay in presenting her to his mother, and from the knowledge she had of his little fortune, perceived but too clearly, in a depression of spirits which he could not always disguise, what were his fears. These she tried to dissipate, by assuming herself an air of cheerfulness—
I have always been used to work, Orlando, said she—you know that I never was brought up to any other expectation—where then will be the difficulty or the hardship of my employing myself to assist in our mutual support? and surely it will be better to begin now, than to wait till our necessities become more pressing. Since I shall not disgrace your family by it; since I am unknown to every body but Selma, who has too much sense to love me less, why should I not directly engage in what sooner or later I must, I ought to have recourse to?—Orlando, who thought that all the world ought to be at the feet of a creature whose mind seemed to him even

more lovely than her person, was so hurt and mortified whenever she thus expressed herself, that she by degrees ceased to repeat it; but as he was now very much out with Carr, she contrived in his absence to apply to a very considerable linen warehouse in the neighbourhood, the proprietors of which at first trusted her with articles of small value to make; by degrees she acquired their confidence; and, by the neatness and punctuality of her performance, entered soon into constant employment. — Orlando saw her always busy; but he made no remarks on what occupied her; and without shocking his tenderness or his pride, she was thus enabled to add a little to the slender stock on which depended their subsistence. Thus in continual combats with himself, whether he ought not to acquaint his mother with his situation, in fruitless enquiries after his brother, and in hopes and fears about the event of his suit, passed the first six weeks of his marriage. Term was now over, and the discovery of the true will of Mrs. Rayland did not seem to be at all nearer than when he first undertook it.

Encouraged, however, by his friend Carr, to proceed, though he often trembled at the proofs that came to his knowledge, of the successful villainy of Roker, Orlando failed not to pursue such means as his solicitor thought most requisite; and, amid all the fatigue and disappointments of the law's delay, which often baffled him where he most sanguinely hoped for advantage, the tenderness, the sweetness of Monimia soothed and tranquillized his troubled spirits; and when he returned to her of an evening, wearied with the contradictory opinions of counsel, or tormented by trifling and unnecessary forms, he seemed to be transported from purgatory to paradise, and forgot that, if some favourable event did not soon occur, he should be unable to support this

adored being, to whom he was more fondly attached as an husband than he had been as a lover.

His mother, who had been at first satisfied with his reasons for absenting himself from her house, now began (since his law business was, she thought, for a while suspended) to express her uneasiness that he no longer resided with her. To the expression of this discontent she was particularly excited by her brother, Mr. Woodford, whose boisterous manners, though softened even to mean obsequiousness before his superiors, were still exerted to keep in subjection the mild and timid spirit of his sister, who considered herself besides as obliged to him, because he had afforded her some small pecuniary assistance, rather to preserve his own pride from being wounded, than to oblige or serve her.

Orlando, extremely disgusted by the reception he met with at the house of his uncle on his arrival in London, had never again visited him; and had avoided, as if by accident, meeting him at his mother's; where he did not indeed often visit, being become a much richer, and consequently a much greater man, since he had been the *ostensible* possessor of a very lucrative contract, which he held to so much advantage as reconciled him to the necessity of relinquishing a seat in parliament for a Cornish borough, with which he had obliged some of his powerful friends. He was not therefore a *representative of twenty or thirty electors, who had been paid for their suffrages at so much a head*; but such were now his qualifications of purse and of pride, that he was admitted to the cabals of those who had the distinction of an M. P. after their names; and was often closeted with the secretaries of yet greater men, consulted on loans, let into the secret of stocks, and was accommodated with scrip and other douceurs with which those who *deserve well of government* are

gratified; he was besides a director of an opulent company, and received, in addition to the salary of the office, considerable presents from those who had favours to request. Mrs. Woodford waddled about in the most valuable shawls; mandarins and josses nodded over her chimneys; and pagodas and japans ornamented her rooms. The two young ladies were both married; the elder to a merchant, who was a sharer in some of the fortunate adventures of his father-in-law, and besides in a flourishing business. His lady was one of the elegant and fashionable women on the other side Temple-bar: but the little circumstance of her being compelled to live on that other side, continually embittered her good fortune: having been accustomed to see people who are called of rank, in the early part of her life, she was so much flattered by having acquired admission to some few now: that she talked of nothing but lords. If she related what happened at the opera, Lord Robert was sitting by her at the time, and said so and so; if she spoke of her losses or successes at cards, Lady Frances or Lady Louisa were her party; and sometimes Sir James or Sir George betted on her side; but whenever this equestrian order were introduced, she took care to impress upon the minds of her audience, that she spoke of men who really bore the arms of Ulster, and not of any paltry city knight; whom, together with every thing in the city, she held in sovereign contempt; having quite forgotten herself, and desiring that every body else should forget the preceding years, when she was a wine-merchant's daughter in the Strand, and glad of an hackney-coach to a benefit play; or supremely happy to be acquainted with any one who kept their own carriage, and would take her to the other end of the town.

The acquaintance and notice of General Tracy

had been almost their first step towards emerging from middling life to the confines of fashion; therefore the lady now in question, and her sister, who was become the wife of a counsellor in Lincoln's-inn-fields, were never able to forgive the Somerive family, for having first fascinated the uncle, and then the nephew, whose notice they had always coveted, because he was among the first of those who had obtained the name of a fashionable man about town, and one whose approbation was decisive in determining on the beauty and elegance of the female candidates for general admiration.

Young Woodford too, though he had failed of marrying the rich young Jewess, either because of his indifference towards her, or of the preference she gave at the time he was first acquainted with her to Orlando, had since married the daughter of a great underwriter, and was in high affluence. The whole of the Woodford family, being thus circumstanced, looked down with contempt on the remains of that of Somerive; and, under the semblance of pity, enjoyed their depression, particularly that of Orlando, of whom, in talking of him to his mother, Mr. Woodford affected to speak with great concern.

'Tis of no use, said he, to remember what is passed, since to be sure it only serves to vex one; but I must say, it was a thousand pities, sister Somerive, that you suffered this young man to refuse the advantageous offer that I made him. If I had taken him into my house, only think how differently he would have been situated from what he is now!—God bless my soul, I declare 'tis a sad thing!—In the first place, he would have been now as well off as Martin my partner is now, which, let me tell you, is no bad thing; besides that as *my* nephew, and in partnership with *me*, he might have married,

let me tell you, any woman of fortune in the city, and might now be a man of the first consideration; nay, in parliament for aught I know.—Instead of that, what is the case now?—First of all, there was waiting upon and coaxing that foolish, proud old woman, who after all did nothing for him; but saw him set off with a brown musket, to be shot at for half a-crown a day, or whatever it is; and then forsooth left her estate to a parcel of fat-gut parsons, as if that would do her old squeezy soul any good in t'other world—For my part, I don't desire to vex you—what is done, why, it cannot be helped: only I must say that 'tis a devilish kettle of fish altogether. Here, instead of this young fellow's being an help to you, he is like, for what I can see, to be a burthen. Since things are as they are, I see no reason why he should be humoured in idleness now, and, under pretence of following up this law-suit, lounge away any more of his time: as to the recovery of the Rayland estate, you may as well sue for so many acres in the moon; take my word for it, sister Somerive.

This brutish speech being answered only by the sighs and tears of the dejected auditor, her consequential brother stopped a moment for breath, and then proceeded:

However, don't be cast down: you know that though my opinion has always gone for nothing, I am always willing to serve you, sister; and so I wish you would, before 'tis too late, and before your youngest son goes the way of your eldest, think a little of making him do something to get himself on in the world:—for my part, and I'm sure every body as knows any thing of life and human nature, will agree with me, that the boy will be undone if he goes on as he does at present; and I give you warning, that in a little time there won't

be a pin to choose between him and that hopeful youth, 'squire Philip.

This was almost too much for poor Mrs. Somerive, who however commanded her tears and sobs so far as to ask her brother what reason he had to think so.

He then communicated to her, as he assured her in perfect friendship, that there was great reason to suppose Orlando kept a mistress, and was lavishing on her the small remains of the money his commission had sold for; and upon her beseeching him to tell her what reason he had to believe so, he informed her that not only it was false that Orlando had taken a lodging near the inns of court in order to be near Carr, but that he actually lived within two streets of his mother's house, with a young woman who had of late been frequently met with him of an evening, leaning on his arm, and whom, on enquiry, he was found to have brought with him from the country.

Thunderstruck with intelligence which Orlando's general air of absence and impatience when he was with his family gave her too much reason to believe was true, and dreading lest she had lost the sole stay on which she depended for the protection of her two girls in case of her death, the unhappy mother gave herself up to tears, nor could the rough hand of her cruel brother succeed in drying them. Distressed so cruelly, she caught eagerly at whatever had the appearance of relieving her, and therefore promised to adhere to the advice Mr. Woodford gave her. He recommended it to her to press Orlando's return to her house: by which, said he, you will soon find out, if you don't believe it yet, that your pious good boy is not a whit better than t'other. And let me also desire you'll not let him go on helter skelter in this law-suit, with no better advice than a whiffled-headed fellow such as Carr

can give him or get for him ; but send him to Mr. Darby, my son-in-law, a man I can tell you that knows what he's about, and is a thriving man in the law. He shall not charge any thing upon your account for his advice ; so you'll save five or ten guineas at once. I'll speak to Mr. Darby ; and in the mean time, d'ye see, do you have some serious conversation with your son. Let him find out that we are not so easily to be gull'd ; and that 'twont do to take old birds with chaff.

Mrs. Somerive then promised to do as he dictated ; and he left her, after this conversation, one of the most miserable beings on earth.

Orlando, the next time he saw his mother, found the effects of his uncle's ungenerous interference. She received him with an air of constraint to which he was little accustomed, and which seemed to be attended with extreme pain to herself : she questioned him in a tone she had never taken up before ; seemed dissatisfied with his answers, which certainly were embarrassed and contradictory ; and ended the conversation with telling him that, unless he would extremely disoblige her, he must lay the whole state of the question as to the Rayland estate before Mr. Darby, his cousin's husband. This Orlando promised to do, being very desirous of obliging his mother wherever he could do it without betraying a secret which he thought it would distress her to know ; and, desirous to end as soon as he could a conversation so painful, he agreed to go directly to Carr, and procure a proper state of the affair for the opinion of counsel ; and to wait on Mr. Darby the next morning, against which time Mrs. Somerive was to give him notice, by Mr. Woodford, of the application of this client.

Orlando owed too much to the good nature, integrity, and industry of his friend Carr, not to use the

greatest precaution against offending him ; but the moment he opened his business, and told him what his mother had insisted upon, Carr very candidly offered to promote this application without prejudice to those he had already made ; and the case, and steps already taken in the business, having been prepared, Orlando waited the next day on Mr. Darby according to his own appointment, and for the first time was introduced to him at once as his cousin and his client. The lady, formerly Miss Eliza Woodford, “ kept her state,” and Orlando, instead of being shewn into her dressing-room to wait till Mr. Darby should be at liberty to speak to him, as he would naturally have been if he had fortunately been a rich relation, was shewn into a back room, surrounded by books that seemed more for shew than use, and desired to wait.

Here he remained more than half an hour, before his relation learned in the law appeared. He was a tall, awkward, rawboned man, with a pale face, two small wild grey eyes, and a squirrel-coloured riding-wig ; who, having coldly saluted his new acquaintance, took his case, and, looking slightly over it as Orlando explained his situation, he said (drawing in his breath at every word, doubling in his lips so that they disappeared)—Hum, hah ; hum—I see . . . Hum, hum, hum ; I observe a!—Hum a!—I perceive a! Yes a—Hum ! dean and chapter—hum ; so a—Doctor Hollybourn a, hum—I know him—hum a—know him a little. . . . Then rubbing his forehead, added, a respectable—hum ! a—man, a—a Doctor Hollybourn—man of very considerable,—um, a—property, a—hum, a—

Orlando, marvelling how this man, with his inverted lips, and the hum-a’s that broke every second word, could be reckoned to make a respectable figure at the bar, now began, as the eloquent coun-

sel was silent, another explanatory speech ; which, however, he was not allowed to finish, for Mr. Darby, again assuring him that Doctor Hollybourn was very rich, and of course very respectable, said, he could not think that—hum, a—the doctor, so worthy a man as he was, would be accessory in—hum a, injuring any one, or keeping the right heir out of his estate ; but, hum a—hum a—there must be some misrepresentation : but that, however, he was engaged that morning with two briefs, of the utmost importance ; therefore, he would consider the thing at his leisure, and let him know in a few days—hum a—. —Orlando, then leaving his compliments to Mrs. Darby, hastened away, rather repenting of his visit, and having gained, he thought, nothing by it, but what was likely to end in a hum a !

On his return to Carr's chambers, his friend accosted him with an enquiry how he liked the special pleader?—A special pleader d'ye call him? cried Orlando; for Heaven's sake, wherefore?

Because it is our name, replied Carr, for a particular branch of our profession.

Curse the fellow! cried Orlando—A special pleader! why he cannot speak at all—with his hum a, and hum a.

That would not signify so much, said Carr, if the man was honest; but I may say to you, that, under the most specious professions of honesty, I don't believe there is a more crafty or mercenary head in Westminster Hall, than that orange tawny caxon of his covers. The hesitation and embarrassment of his oratory was at first the effect of stupidity; but by degrees, as acquired chicane supplies the place of natural talent, he has continued it, because it is a sort of excuse for never giving an immediate or positive answer; and while he is hum a-ing and

haw a-ing, he is often considering how he may best make his advantage of the affairs confided to him.

Good God! exclaimed Orlando; and why, then, would you let me apply to such a man?

Nay, replied Carr, how could I pretend to engage you to decline a reference recommended by your mother? Besides you know, my friend, that in our profession we make it a rule never to speak as we think. What? would you have an apothecary declaim against a physician in whose practice it is to occasion the greatest demand for drugs?

Hang your simile! said Orlando: I am afraid you are all rogues together.

More or less, my good friend—some of more sense than others, and some a little, little more conscience—but, for the rest, I am afraid we are all of us a little too much professional rogues; though some of us, as individuals, would not starve the orphan, or break the heart of the widow—but in our vocation, Hal! labouring in our vocation, we give all remorse of that sort to the winds.

Would your profession were annihilated, then! cried Orlando.

Why, I do not believe, answered Carr, that the world would be much the worse if it were; but, my friend, not to be too hard upon *us*, do reflect on the practices of other professions. The little, smirking fellow, with so smiling an aspect, and so well-powdered a head, whom you see pass in his chariot, administers to his patient the medicines a physician orders, though he knows they are more likely to kill than cure; and, in his account at night, thinks not of the tears of a family whom he has seen in the greatest distress, but of the bill he shall have for medicines and attendance. The merchant, who sits down in his compting-house, and writes to his correspondent at Jamaica, that his ship, the Good Intent of Liver-

pool, is consigned to him at Port-Royal with a cargo of slaves from the coast of Guinea, calculates the profits of a fortunate adventure, but never considers the tears and blood with which this money is to be raised. He hears not the groans of an hundred human creatures confined together in hold of a small merchantman—he

Do, cried Orlando, dear Carr, finish your catalogue of human crimes, unless you have a mind to make me go home and hang myself.

No man would do that, answered Carr, who had such a lovely wife as you have—she would reconcile me to a much worse world than this is.

The friends then parted; Orlando very far from being satisfied with his visit to his cousin learned in the law—and very uneasy, on his arrival at his mother's, to observe, in her behaviour to him, increased symptoms of that discontent he had observed the day before.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEARLY SIX weeks more now passed; another Term was almost wasted in those contrived delays which destroy all the boasted energy and simplicity of the British laws; when Mr. Carr advised Orlando to see Dr. Hollybourn himself; which, however disagreeable it was to him, he at length consented to do, at the earnest and repeated request of one who he believed had his real interest much at heart. Orlando had lately suffered so much uneasiness at the deception he had been and was still guilty of towards his mother, that he found it almost impossible for him to continue it; but he was continually withheld from the avowal he wished to make, by

the tears of Selina, and by his fears for the effect that a reluctant, or even an affectionate reception might have on the timid spirits of his wife, whose situation increased his tenderness and anxiety; while his reduced finances filled him with the most painful solicitude, as he reflected that, when they were quite exhausted, he should have nothing to support his Monimia and the infant he expected she would give him.

Sacrificing to the remotest hope of benefiting objects so precious to him, his own reluctance to make a very disagreeable visit, he repaired to the residence of Doctor Hollybourn, at an hour when he was told the reverend Divine was most likely to be at home.

On his arrival, however, he heard the Doctor was out: but as a coach was waiting at the door, he doubted this: and, while he was yet speaking to the footman at the door, another from the top of the stairs called out, Let counsellor Darby's coach draw up!—Orlando then stepped forward into the hall, telling the servant that he had very particular business with Doctor Hollybourn, and could not call again; therefore that he must see him:—at the same moment Mr. Darby himself hurried down stairs, and Orlando met him in the hall.—The lawyer seemed in as much confusion when he met him, as such a lawyer is capable of being: slightly bowing, and muttering something of haste as he passed, he hurried into his coach; while Orlando, without waiting for the return of the footman, who was gone up to announce him to the Doctor, walked up stairs, and entered a very elegant room, where the worthy Doctor, looking more than ever like the uncle of Gil Blas, was squatted on a sofa, with some papers before him, which on the appearance of Orlando (whom he was ordering his servant to dismiss,) he huddled away in some confusion.

Orlando now approached, and in few words opened his business, laying some stress upon the hardships he had suffered in being deprived of an estate to which his father was undoubtedly next heir, while it went to enrich a body who had no manner of occasion for such an acquisition of wealth.

The divine professor of humility and charity—he who some few months before offered his most accomplished daughter to the then fortunate Orlando, now deigned not to ask him to sit; but, cocking up his little red nose, and plumping down again on his cushion, he began to snuffle forth his wonder at this application. He said, God forbid, young man, that I, as executor to the late worthy lady of Rayland Hall, whose soul is now with the blessed, should defraud you or any man! But that pious woman, the last remains of an ancient, honourable, and religious family, to be sure knew best what would most contribute to the glory of the Lord, and the good of his creatures, among the poor and needy of whom she left her noble fortune to be divided, and I shall take care most sacredly to perform her worthy wish, and to sanctify her estate to the holy purposes she intended it for.

Orlando, who could not command the indignation he felt against this canting hypocrite, now very loudly and peremptorily demanded to know, Whether Doctor Hollybourn was not well apprised, that there was a will made by Mrs. Rayland, after that under which his society claimed the estate? and whether two persons had not declared, at Rayland Hall, that they knew it to be so, whose evidence Roker had since been employed to stifle? —To this the Doctor said, He understood he was to reply upon oath in putting in his answer to the bill in chancery, and therefore he should say nothing: but if you, young man, have any thing more to

say, you know where to find Mr. Roker, my solicitor; to him I refer you.—Here—Richard!—Peter!—John!—shew this person down!—Orlando, by no means disposed to submit to this cavalier treatment, though the age and profession of the Doctor protected him from the effects of the resentment he felt, began however a more severe remonstrance; which the Doctor not being disposed to listen to, rose from his sofa, and with the grace of a terrier bitch on the point of pupping, he waddled into the next room, and shut the door. Orlando then finding his attempts to argue such a sordid and selfish being into any sense of justice totally useless, left the house, and, returning to his friend Carr, related his adventures; where he had the mortification to have his suspicions confirmed by Carr, that, so far from his application to Mr. Darby being likely to produce any good, there was every appearance that he had entered the lists on the other side—And this, said Carr, has been a frequent practice with him; it being with this worthy man an invariable maxim, inherited I believe from his father, that no man is poor, but from his own faults and follies—for which, though no man has been guilty of more than he has in the former part of his life, he professes to have no pity—And as to law, he is not much out, nor was your honest friend the miller, in saying, that he who has the longest purse is in this country the most frequently successful.

Orlando, with an heart not much lightened by the transactions of the day, returned to his lodgings to a late dinner.—Monimia was ill, a circumstance that added to the gloom that hung over him:—she made light of it however, and endeavoured to restore to him that cheerfulness, of which, she observed with great uneasiness, he had been some

time deprived; but it is difficult to communicate to others sensations we do not feel ourselves.—She smiled, but tears were in her eyes—She assured him she suffered nothing; but he saw her pale and languid, and now was confirmed in what he had long fancied, that the air of London did not agree with her; and it was with inexpressible anguish he reflected, that now, when the tenderest attention to her health was necessary, he was deprived of the means of procuring her country air, which, as spring advanced, she seemed to languish for.—London, where she had never been before, was unpleasant, and now disgusting to her; but she never betrayed this but by accident, and wished Orlando to believe that with him every place was to her a heaven.

He now more seldom went to his mother's than he used to do; because, since her dialogue with Mr. Woodford, all her tenderness for him did not prevent her teasing him with questions, and very earnestly pressing him to return to his usual apartment in her house. This somewhat estranged him from his family: but in absenting himself, he found no peace; for though he saw less of his mother and sisters than he used to do, he was as fondly attached to them as ever: and while he thought he saw, in the conduct of his mother, new reasons to adhere to that secrecy which it had already given him so much pain to observe, he imputed it all to the influence of the unfeeling and mercenary Mr. Woodford, and, in his most gloomy moods, wished that so unhappy a being as he was had never been born. A thousand times he repented of his having ever left Rayland Hall, to which unfortunate absence all his subsequent disappointments were owing; and sometimes lamented, though he could not repent, that he had married his Monimia,

without being able to shield her, as his wife, from the poverty of her former lot.

Nothing gave him more mortification, than to find that his mother was not satisfied with his conduct in regard to Mr. Darby; and would not be persuaded that it was the affluence of his opposers and not his doubts about the cause, that prevented his engaging in it. Mr. Woodford, taking advantage of the faith his sister reposed in him as understanding business, had so harassed her with representations of Orlando's neglect, the inexperience of Carr, and the want of skill in the counsel he employed, that Mrs. Somerive now often pressed him to leave the management of the whole to his uncle, and to withdraw it from Carr; and wearied by these importunities, and by the delays which the adverse party seemed determined still to contrive, Orlando was sometimes half tempted to give up the pursuit, and, with the little money he yet had left, to retire to some remote village, where wholly unknown, he might work at any certain, though laborious business, for the support of his wife and child:—but, when he saw the tears that his mother shed in speaking to him of his brother Philip, who had entirely deserted his family, after having, as far as he could, undone it, he could not determine to plunge her into equal, perhaps greater uneasiness on his account; and he then resolved rather to suffer any pain himself, than to fail in those duties which he felt he ought to fulfil.

It was in one of the most melancholy moods, which the increasing difficulties of his situation inspired, that Orlando, sitting alone in the little dining room of his lodgings, when Monimia's indisposition confined her to her bed, that he composed a little ode to Poverty, which he had hardly put upon paper, when Carr came in, to whom he

carelessly shewed it. Carr, who had a taste for poetry, desired a copy of it; to which Orlando replied, that he was too idle to copy it, but that he might have the original, for he should himself perhaps never look at it again. Carr put it into his pocket, and, asking if he might do what he would with it? Orlando answered, Yes, and thought no more about it.

Carr had often told Orlando, as they talked over his situation together, that he had literary talents which might be employed to advantage; and he said, he should get acquainted with some of the writers of the day, who were the most esteemed, or at least the most fashionable, who would help him into notice.

Nay, said Orlando, if what I write will not help me into notice, I am afraid, my friend, the trade of authorship, which will not do without recommendation, will be but little worth following.

It is not certainly, replied his friend, the very best trade that can be followed in any way, but yet it is not so despicable as you suppose:—for example, if you could write a play now, and get it received by the managers; and if it should be successful

Dear Carr, cried Orlando, how many ifs are here!—I have no dramatic talents; nor, if I had, do I know one of the managers; or could I conquer, by dint of attendance, the difficulties which, I have heard you say, they throw in the way of authors—I should probably not be successful.

And yet, said Carr, there have been very successful authors, who have not the natural turn to poetry which you seem to me to have; indeed, who have none; but who have contrived, by bringing together a few scenes without any plot, a scattering of equivocal expressions, and some songs (which, being set to pretty music, we do not discover are not even

rhyme), have really had wonderful success; and those who have succeeded once, get into fashion, and succeed in a second piece, because they have done so in the first.

They must, however, said Orlando, have more genius than you are willing to allow them.

You shall judge, if you will, said Carr, of them, as far as conversation will enable you to judge.—A relation of mine is a constant attendant at the conversations of one of our celebrated authoresses—I have sometimes gone thither with him, and have been often invited to go, since my first introduction, either with him, alone, or with any literary friend. The lady is never so well pleased as when her room is crowded with men, who either are, or fancy they are, men of genius. She professes to dote upon, to adore genius in our sex; though, in her own, she will hardly allow it to any body but herself.

Orlando hesitated, at first, whether it was worth while to give up Monimia's company for an evening, for the sake of being introduced into this society, of which he did not form any very great expectations; but Carr, who saw how much his spirits were depressed, urged him to try the experiment. The assembly is not, I own, said he, the very first of the kind in London; for, to the first, neither my relation or I have any chance of being admitted; but, I assure you, the lady of whom I speak is celebrated for her wit, and for the novelty of her poetry, if not for that of her plays; and you will find some people there, who may be worth being acquainted with.

Orlando then consented to go on the following Friday, and Carr attended him accordingly.

He was introduced to a little ill-made woman, with a pale complexion, pitted with the small-pox; two defects which her attachment to literature did not prevent her from taking all possible pains to con-

zeal: there was in her air a conviction of self-consequence, which predominated over the tender languor she affected—Indeed it was towards the gentlemen only that this soft sensibility was apparently exhibited: Ladies, and especially those who had any pretence to those acquirements in which she believed herself to excel, were seldom or never admitted; and she professed to hold them in contempt.

Though no longer young, she believed herself still an object of affection and admiration; and that the beauties of her mind were irresistible to all men of taste.—They were indeed of a singular cast: but as there are collectors of grotesque drawings, and books, no otherwise valuable than because they are old; so there were minds who contemplated hers with some degree of admiration; who thought her verses were really poetry, and that her dramas (the productions of writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries modernized) had really merit. As she was by no means insensible to perfection, if it appeared in the form of a young man, she was immediately struck with the figure and address of Orlando; and, amidst the something which was called wit and literary conversation that now began, she addressed herself particularly to him—enquired into his studies, and his taste in poetry—besought him to favour her with some of his productions, and seemed disposed to elect him to emulate, if not to rival, the Florios and Philanders with whom she held a tender correspondence in the news-papers.

Orlando, naturally of a gay temper, and easily seizing the ridiculous, entered at once into this singular character; and before he had been half an hour in the company of this modern Centlivre, she declared in a loud whisper to Carr, whom she beckoned across the room to come to her, that he

was the most divine creature she had ever conversed with. A gentleman was now announced by the name of Mr. Lorrain, at whose arrival the lady of the house expressed great pleasure; and said to Orlando, Oh, Mr. Somerive! I shall now have an opportunity of introducing you to one of the most sublime geniuses of the age—a man of the warmest fancy, of the most exquisite wit.—Orlando looked towards the door where this phænomenon was expected to enter, and saw, to his utter astonishment, a gentleman who seemed to him to be—Warwick. /

He remained riveted to his chair, gazing on the stranger, who approached the lady of the house without noticing her guests. After he had however paid her some very extravagant compliments on her looks, and received her answers, which were designed to be at once tender and spirited, she desired to introduce him to a newly-acquired friend of hers; and Mr. Lorrain, turning his eyes to the young man who sat next her, discovered immediately, by the wonder expressed in his looks, that in this new acquaintance of hers, he had found an old acquaintance of his own.

A few confused words were all that either the one or the other was at first able to utter. Orlando, not much pleased with a change of name, which he thought boded no good to his sister, enquired very earnestly after her:—his brother-in-law, in increased confusion, which he seemed endeavouring to conquer, answered, that she was well; and then, as he found Orlando in no humour to connive at the deception, which for some reason or other he chose to practise, as to his name and situation, he took him by the arm, and begged he would walk with him to the other end of the room, where he told him, in a hurried way, that he was but lately come to England, after a variety of distresses, and being

afraid of his creditors, and for other reasons which he would hereafter give him, he had changed his name for the present; of which he desired him not to speak in the company they were in. But my sister, sir, said Orlando, where is my sister?—has *she* too changed her name?—Of course, replied Warwick, who seemed hurt at the vehemence with which he spoke.—Well, Sir, but by whatever name you choose to have her called, you will allow me immediately to see her—Is she in town?

Yes, replied Warwick coldly; here is a card that will direct you to her—All I request is your silence this evening in regard to my change of name; a matter that surely cannot be material to any one here.

Orlando assented to this, and they returned together towards Mrs. Manby, the lady of the house, to whom Warwick, assuming again the name of Lorrain, said, in a careless way, that he now owed her another obligation, by having been introduced by her means, to an old friend, for whom ever since his arrival in London, he had been enquiring in vain. The conversation then became general. Some other visitors arrived, some departed; and Orlando, impatient to have some private conversation with Warwick, asked if he would accompany him and his friend Carr?—To this he assented; but Mrs. Manby would not release them till they had promised to visit her again the following week.

Carr, as soon as he learned from Orlando who Warwick really was, took leave of him, under pretence of business in another part of the town; and as the evening was fine, Orlando and his brother-in-law walked homewards together.

As soon as they were alone, the former expressed his surprise at meeting thus unexpectedly, and

under another name, one who had so long been given up for lost; and his still greater wonder, that it was possible for his sister to be in London, without having seen or made any enquiry after her mother and sisters, or her family.

Suspend our astonishment, Somerive, said Warwick, or at least suspend your blame: when you hear all we have suffered, and all we have contended with, you will find at least no occasion for the latter; and though I own it appears extraordinary that my wife has not yet sought her family; that circumstance will seem less so, when you know that it is not above three weeks since we came out of Scotland; and that, after our long detention in America, we returned to Europe, without being able to return to England—and have been in Spain, in Portugal, in Ireland, and at length in Scotland.—When I can relate to you in detail all these adventures*, you will find more to pity, than to reproach us for.

But, my dear Warwick, said Orlando, who already forgave what he had before thought there was cause to resent, will not our Isabella see her mother now?—Will not she give this inexpressible comfort to a tender parent, who has never ceased to regret her loss?

You must settle that with her, my friend, to-morrow, when I beg you will breakfast with us. Your sister has two little boys to present to you, and will be delighted I know to see you, but it must not be without some preparation. Orlando promised to be with them at breakfast; and on Warwick's expressing a wish to hear how he was himself situated, he gave a brief detail of all that had happened from their last parting at Rayland Hall to the present time.

* Which may perhaps appear in a detached work.

Warwick heard him with attention, and then said, So, my dear boy! it does not appear that thy piety has succeeded better than my rashness:—I have been disinherited and bedeviled by my uncle for marrying the girl I liked—and you, who sacrificed your own inclinations to your virtue, have been disinherited, for these orthodox fellows in their cauliflower wigs and short aprons—Why, you could not have been worse served, if you had taken off your little nymph with you to America, as I took off mine.

Yes, surely, replied Orlando, I should have been worse off; for I should not have what is now and will be, in whatever extremity I may be, my greatest consolation, the consciousness that I have never to gratify myself, given pain to those who had a claim to my duty; and that if I am unfortunate, I have at least not deserved my ill fortune.

Bravo! cried Warwick—

“Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it.”

I wish you joy, my young Cato: but for my part, I find I have no qualms of conscience about bilking the old boy in Grosvenor Place—I rather think I have done him a kindness, and perhaps one day or other he may find it out.

In the mean time, however, I suppose General Tracy remains inexorable.

Faith! answered Warwick, I have never tried; and one reason of my taking another name was, that he might not know I was in England.

They were now arrived at a street where, as Warwick's lodgings were near Leicester square, and those of Orlando in a street near Oxford street, it was necessary for them to part for the evening. Orlando, whose affection for Isabella was already revived, sent her a thousand kind remembrances;

and Warwick, in return, told him, he longed to be introduced to the nymph of the enchanted tower, whom he never had an opportunity of seeing at Rayland Hall. Orlando, after he had left him, considered with astonishment the volatility of his temper—His person was a little altered by change of climate; but his spirits were not at all depressed by a change of situation so great as between being the heir of General Tracy, and a wandering adventurer, for he did not conceal from his friend that such was his present situation; that it was in consequence of his having written something for the news-papers, that he had become acquainted with Mrs. Manby, who had answered them; and that he was now soliciting the managers to accept of a play he had finished. The humiliating attendance which he owed this pursuit seemed likely to render necessary, was added to the reasons he had already given Orlando why he wished to be known at present only as Mr. Lorrain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON his return home, Orlando related to his wife his extraordinary meeting with Warwick: and though he expressed great delight in knowing that his sister was living and well, he could not but feel concern for the situation in which he found her. He knew not whether Warwick did not, notwithstanding his apparent gaiety and carelessness, repent him of his precipitate marriage; and he feared, that, by a man of so volatile a temper, the evils of narrow circumstances would not be softened to Isabella.

He hastened to her the next morning, and she

received him with blended emotions of joy and distress, particularly affecting. It was not till some time after Warwick left them together, that Isabella had courage to ask the circumstances of her father's death : yet she was consoled by hearing, that *her* elopement did not appear to have hastened it. Orlando then entreated her to determine on seeing her mother immediately, and she left it to him to manage it as he would. He embraced her two lovely children with affection, and could not behold them, without representing to her how necessary it was to think of some means to reconcile Warwick to General Tracy.

Isabella answered, that they had come to London with that intention ; but that Warwick's pride, and his uncle's having certainly made a will in favour of his brother's son, had combined to throw difficulties in the way of a reconciliation ; and she now despaired of Warwick's pursuing his hopes of it, or of their being crowned with success if he did. —His change of name, she said, had been made partly to avoid his creditors, who now believed him dead, till he could find means of paying them ; and partly that General Tracy might not be informed of his being in London, till he could know whether there was a likelihood of his being forgiven. The vivacity of Isabella seemed subdued, but she was not dejected ; and after she had wept over the account of her father's death, her brother's misconduct, and the dispersion of her family, she recovered some degree of cheerfulness, and seemed to prepare herself for an interview with her mother with more resolution than, from all that had happened, Orlando thought it possible for her to assume.

This formidable meeting was fixed for the next day ; and when Orlando left his sister, he began to

consider if he might not, at the same time, acknowledge his own marriage, and put an end, at once, to the state of uneasiness, and consciousness of violated integrity which he now was in.

When he rapped at his own door, he was told by the maid who opened it, that the porter whom he saw in the passage had been waiting for him some time with a letter, which he was directed to deliver into no hands but his own. He opened it with precipitation, and found these words written in a hand hardly legible :

“ DEAR ORLANDO,

“ IF my having left you so long ignorant of what is become of me, has not entirely estranged you from me—come to me at the place the bearer will shew you, and perhaps it will be the last trouble you will ever receive from

Yours,

P. SOMERIVE.”

Orlando, shocked and surprised, enquired of the man, who stood by, where he had left the gentleman who sent him? the man replied, that he had orders not to answer, but to shew him the way :—that the gentleman was ill in bed, and given over by the doctor. Still more alarmed by this account, he bade the man wait a moment, while he went up to speak to Monimia, in order to account for his being so much longer absent, and then hastened with his conductor to an obscure street leading from the Strand to Covent Garden; where, in an attic room, very dirty and very ill furnished, Orlando found his unhappy brother, in an illness which seemed to be the last stage of a rapid decline, brought on by debauchery and excess.

It might give too tragical colouring to the conclu-

sion of this narrative, were the scenes of some days to be minutely described—it may therefore suffice to state, that Orlando could not conceal from his mother the situation of her eldest son, who, conscious of his approaching end, and conscious too of all his offences towards her, implored her pity and forgiveness. In his repentance, however late, his mother forgot his errors, and as solicitously tried to save him as if he had never offended her.—With difficulty he was removed to her own house, where she constantly attended him, with Orlando, and where there were, for some days, hopes of his recovery. It was in this interval that Orlando, who could not bear to be so constantly separated from Monimia, and whose heart continually reproached him with the deception he was guilty of towards his mother, concerted with Selina the means of declaring both his marriage, and the return of Isabella to London. Mrs. Somerive, on the point of losing one of her children, embraced, with transport, the daughter she had so long believed lost; and though she trembled for the consequence of Orlando's marriage, when there seemed so little probability of his finding a support for a family, she acknowledged that Monimia, of whom she soon became passionately fond, was an apology for his indiscretion. With the tenderest assiduity, Monimia shared the fatigue of attending on the dying brother of her husband; and in despite of the remonstrances and displeasure of Mr. Woodford, who did all he could to irritate his sister against Orlando, and who mingled the pecuniary favours which she was obliged to owe him, with admonitions and reproaches that destroyed all their value, Mrs. Somerive not only forgave Orlando, but seemed to love him more fondly than ever. That cruel want of money, which too often divides families, and estranges even the child from the pa-

rent, served only to unite this family more closely. The pride of Warwick alone kept him at a greater distance than the rest; and unable, under his present circumstances, to appear as he once did, he could not bear to appear at all before those, who had once seen him so differently situated. He avoided therefore going to the house, when he thought there was a probability of his meeting any of the Woodford family; none of them indeed but Woodford himself were very likely to be there; but from him Warwick would have flown with more apprehension than from the rest, not only on account of his coarse jokes, but because of his connection with General Tracy.

But Isabella, though equally desirous of escaping the unfeeling raillery or cold remonstrance of her uncle, was, without meeting him, constantly with her family, and was, with Monimia and Selina, the support of the unhappy Mrs. Somerive, when, after lingering about a fortnight after his removal her eldest son expired in the arms of Orlando.

There is a degree of folly, and of vice, which gradually dissolves the tenderest affections, weans the friend from the beloved companion of youth, and renders the ties of blood the most galling and insupportable chains. To this point of irreclaimable misconduct Philip Somerive had long since arrived. He had too plainly evinced, that to his own selfish gratifications he would always sacrifice the welfare, and even the subsistence of his family; yet, in his repentance on the bed of pain and languor, his mother forgot and forgave all she had suffered from him; and when he died, she wept for him as the child of her early affection, whose birth and infancy had once formed her greatest felicity. In shedding tears over an object once so beloved by her husband, she seemed a second time to have lost

him; and the first subject to which she attended, was to have his remains deposited with those of his father, in the family vault at West Wolverton.

In this Orlando determined that she should at all events be gratified, whatever inconvenience might in their present narrow circumstances arise from the expence; he gave therefore directions accordingly; when he found that Mr. Woodford took upon him to oppose this wish of his mother, in a way so rude and savage, that after very high words had passed between him and his uncle (in which Woodford reproached Orlando with all the pecuniary favours he had bestowed upon his family, and ridiculed his beggarly marriage), Orlando at the last part of his conversation entirely lost his temper, and desired the unfeeling man of consequence to leave the house.

He had then the additional difficulty of concealing this disagreement from his mother, and of finding the means to supply that deficiency which this cruelty of his uncle would create. The little sum left of his commission, after paying some late expences of his brother's and for his own lodgings, was reduced within thirty pounds, in which consisted his whole fortune. His uncle, who had till now contributed yearly to the support of his mother and his sisters, now protested that he would do no more. From his eldest sister married in Ireland, who had a family of her own, very trifling assistance only could be expected; and Warwick could not provide for his own family. Thus Orlando saw, that on an income of hardly an hundred a year, his mother and his two unmarried sisters were to live; and that Monimia and her family, whom he could not think of suffering to be any additional burthen to them, could have no other dependence than on his exertions; yet into what way of life to enter, or where to seek the means of providing for them, he knew not.

Sad were his reflections on the past, on the present, and on the future, when he set out with the melancholy procession that was to convey the remains of his deceased brother to the last abode of the Somerive family; and little was the correspondence between his internal feelings and the beauty of the season, which gave peculiar charms to the country through which he passed. The tears of the family he had left, of which Monimia was during his absence to be a part, seemed to have deprived him of the power of shedding a tear; but with eyes that gloomily surveyed the objects around him, without knowing what he saw, he reached at the close of the second day's journey West Wolverton; and at a little alehouse, the only one in the village, the funeral stopped that night, while Orlando went out alone to direct what yet remained of the necessary preparations.

It was a beautiful still evening, towards the end of May; but the senses of the unhappy Orlando were shut to all the pleasures external objects could bestow. When he had visited the church, and spoken to the curate, he walked back towards the house once his father's. The grass was grown in the court, and half the windows were bricked up; the greater part of the shrubs in the garden were cut; and the gates out of repair and broken. All wore an appearance of change and of desolation, even more deplorable, in the opinion of Orlando, than the spruce alterations, and air of new-born prosperity, which, on his former visit, he had remarked as the effect of Mr. Stockton's purchase.

Pain, and even horrors, were grown familiar to Orlando: and he seemed to have a gloomy satisfaction in the indulgence of his melancholy. He opened, therefore, the half fallen gate, that led from a sort of lawn, that surrounded the house, to the

shrubbery and pleasure ground, and entered the walk which he had so often traversed with his father, and where he had taken his last leave of him on his departure for America. The moon, not yet at its full, shed a faint light on every object; he looked along a sort of vista of shrubs, which seemed to have been left merely because they were not yet wanted as firing; and the moon-light, at the end of this dark avenue of cypress and gloomy evergreens, seemed partially to illuminate the walk, only to shew him the spectre of departed happiness. He remembered with what pleasure his father used to watch the growth of these trees, which he had planted himself; and with what satisfaction he was accustomed to consider them, as improving for Philip. Sad reverse! The father, who thus fondly planned future schemes of felicity for his son, long since mouldered in the grave, whither that son himself, after having been but too accessory to the premature death of this fond parent, was now, in the bloom of life, precipitated by his own headlong folly.

A temper so sanguine as that of Orlando, possesses also that sensibility which arms with redoubled poignancy the shafts of affliction and disappointment. He felt, with cruel acuteness, all the calamities which a few short years had brought upon his family: all their hopes blasted—their fortune gone—their name almost forgotten in the country—and strangers possessing their habitations. He now remembered that he used to think, that, were he once blessed with Monimia, every other circumstance of life would be to him indifferent; yet she was now his—she was more beloved, as his wife, than she had ever been as his mistress; and the sweetness of her temper, the excellence of her heart, the clearness of her understanding, and her tender attachment to him rendered her infinitely dearer to him than that

beauty which had first attracted his early love. But far from being rendered indifferent to every other circumstance, he felt that much of his present concern arose from the impossibility he found of sheltering his adored creature from the evils of indigence; and that the romantic theory, of sacrificing every consideration to love, produced, in the practice, only the painful consciousness of having injured its object.

It was late before the unhappy wanderer returned to the place where he was to attempt to sleep; but the mournful ceremony of the next day, added to the gloomy thoughts he had been indulging, deprived him of all inclination to repose; and as he saw the sun arise which was to witness the interment of his brother—how different appeared its light now, from what it used to do, when from the same village, in the house of his father, he beheld it over the eastern hills, awakening him to hope and health—to the society of a happy cheerful family—and to the prospect of meeting his little Monimia, then a child, who innocently expressed the delight she felt in seeing him!

But to indulge these painful reflections appeared to him unmanly, while they were likely to disable him from the exercise of the melancholy duties before him. These at length over, he found himself, in despite of all his philosophy, so much depressed, that he could not determine to return that night towards London; but sending away the undertaker's people, and retaining for himself the horse on which one of them had rode, he resolved to pass the rest of the day in gratifying the strange inclination he had long felt, to wander about Rayland Park, to visit the Hall, and take a last leave of that scene of his early happiness, the turret once inhabited by Monimia.

This plan would detain him from her another day; but he felt an invincible inclination to make this farewell visit, which he knew Monimia herself would wish him to indulge. Having therefore disengaged himself from the gloomy duties of the day, and sent a few lines to his mother and Monimia, to account for his absence, if the man who carried it should arrive in town before him, he set out towards evening for the Hall, flattering himself that, as he was now known, and made a better appearance than on his former visit, he should without difficulty obtain admittance to the house.—In this, however, he was mistaken: he found many of the windows bricked up, the œconomy of the present possessors not allowing them to pay so heavy a window tax: the old servants hall below was entirely deprived of light; and hardly a vestige remained of inhabitants, in the grass-grown courts and silent deserted offices.

Orlando, after waiting for some time at the door, before he could make any one hear, saw at length the same sturdy clown he had before spoken to, who asked him in a surly tone his business.—Orlando replied, that he desired to be allowed to see the house. The man answered, that he had positive orders from Dr. Hollybourn to shew the house to nobody; and he shut the door in his face.

Thus repulsed, Orlando only felt a more determined resolution to gratify himself by a visit to the library, the chapel, and the turret; and he went round the house with an intention to enter without permission by the door that opened near the former out of the summer parlour—Here, however, he was again disappointed: this door, as well as the windows in the same line with it, was nailed up, and boarded on the inside; and while Orlando, thus baffled, was examining the other wing of the house,

to see if he could not there obtain entrance, the man who guarded it looked from a window above, and told him, that if any body was seen about the house he should fire at them, for that nobody had no business there.

From the savage brutality of his manner, Orlando had little doubt but that he would act as he said; yet, far from fearing his fire arms, he told him that he would see the house at all events, and that opposition would only serve to give more trouble, but not deter him from his purpose. He then attempted to bribe this guardian of the property of the church, and offered him a handful of silver: but his answer was, that he should fetch his blunderbuss.

Orlando now thought that it would be better to return to West Wolverton, and to write to a lawyer in the neighbourhood, employed by Dr. Hollybourn in the management of the estate, requesting leave to see the house; though he foresaw that it would be difficult to make such a man comprehend the sort of sensations that urged him to this request—and that it was possible he might impute his desire of visiting the Hall to motives that might make him refuse his permission.—Resolved however to try, he returned slowly and disconsolate through the park; and observed, as he reached the side of it next the lake, that in the copse that clothed the hill many of the large trees were felled, and some others marked for the axe.—His heart became more heavy than before; and when he reached the seat near the boat-house in the fir-wood, which was now indeed broken down, he rested a moment against the old tree it had once surrounded, to recover from the almost insupportable despondence which oppressed him.

Absorbed in the most melancholy thoughts, every object served to increase their bitterness—He lis-

tened to sounds once so pleasing with anguish of heart bordering upon despair, and almost wished that he had been drowned in this water when a boy, by the accident of falling from a boat as he was fishing on the lake, from whence his father's servant had with difficulty saved him.

In such contemplations he remained for some time, with his eyes fixed on the water, when he saw reflected in its surface the image of some object moving along its bank.—The figure, from the gentle waving of the water as it approached the shore, was not distinct; and its motions so slow and singular, that the curiosity of Orlando was somewhat awaked. As it came nearer to him, therefore, he stepped forward, and saw advancing with difficulty on his crutches the old beggar whom he had met in a barn in Hampshire four months since, when he waited for communication with Mrs. Roker.

However surprised Orlando was at the appearance of this person, the man himself seemed to have expected to meet him; for, advancing towards him as speedily as his mutilated frame would allow, he exclaimed, Ah! my dear master! well met: I have found you at last.

Have you been looking for me then, my old friend?

Aye, marry have I—and many a weary mile have my leg and my crutches hopped after your honour.—Why, mun, I've been up at London after you; and there, at the house where you give me a direction to, I met a Neger man, who would not believe, like a smutty-faced son of a b——h as he is, that such a poor cripple as I could have to do to speak with you—and so all I could get of him was telling me that you were come down here—I know's this country well enough; and so I e'en set off, and partly one way, and partly another, I got down and have found you out.

Orlando, not guessing why this wandering veteran had taken so much trouble—was about, however, to ask what he could do for him, when the old man, putting on an arch look, and feeling in the patched pocket of what had once been a coat, said—

And so now, master, since we be met, I hopes with all my heart I brings you good news—There—There's a letter for you from Madam Roker—A power of trouble, and many a cold night's waiting I had to get it: but let an old soldier alone—Egad, when once I had got it, I was bent upon putting it into no hands but yours, for fear of more tricks upon travellers.

Orlando, in greater emotion than a letter from such a lady was likely to produce, took it, and unfolding two or three dirty papers in which it was wrapped, he broke the seal, and read these words:

“DEAR SIR,

“I am sorry to acquaint you that Mr. Roker is by no means so grateful to me as I had reason to expect from the good fortune I brought him, and indeed from his assurances when I married him of his great regard and affection for me. I cannot but say that I am cruelly treated at present. As to Mr. Roker, he passes all his time in London, and I have too much cause to fear that very wicked persons are enjoying too much of the money which is mine—a thing so wicked, that, if it was only for his soul's sake I cannot but think it my duty to prevent: but, to add to my misfortune herein, his relations give out that I am *non compos mentis*; which to be sure I might be reckoned when I bestowed my fortune on such an undeserving family, and made such sacrifices for Mr. Roker, as I am now heartily sorry for.—Sir, I have read in Scripture, that it is never too late to repent; and I am sure, if I have done you a great injury, I do repent it from the

bottom of my soul, and will make you all the reparation in my power: and you may believe I am in earnest in my concern, when I hereby trust you with a secret, whereon perhaps my life may depend: for, besides that I don't know how far I might be likely to be punished by law for the unjust thing Mr. Roker persuaded me to consent to—against my conscience I am sure—I know that he would rather have me dead than to speak the truth; and 'tis for that reason, for fear I should be examined about the will of my late friend, Mrs. Rayland, that he insists upon it I am at this time a lunatic, and keeps me under close confinement as such.

“ Oh! Mr. Orlando, there is a later will than that which was proved, and which gave away from you all the Rayland estate—and with shame and grief I say, that when my Lady died I read that copy of it she gave to me; and finding that I had only half as much as in a former will, I was over-persuaded by Mr. Roker, who had too much power over me, to produce only the other, and to destroy in his presence that copy which my Lady had given to me to keep, charging me to send it, if any thing happened to her, to your family.—I did not then know the contents, which she had always kept from me: and I am sure I should never have thought of doing as I did but for Mr. Roker—I hope the Lord will forgive me!—and that you, dear Sir, will do so likewise, since I have not only been sincerely repentant of the same, but have, luckily for us both, kept it in my power to make you, I hope, reparation.

“ After the decease of my late dear Lady, Mr. Roker had the other will proved; and Dr. Hollybourn and he agreed together in all things. Mr. Roker, to whom I was married, was very eager after every box of papers, and almost every scrap be-

longing to Mrs. Rayland; but I thought him, even in those early days, a little too much in a hurry to take possession of all the jewels, and rings, and effects, of which I had the care; and did not see why, as they were mostly mine, I should give them entirely up to him; seeing that I had already given him my fortune—and that such things belong to a woman, and in no case to her husband.—This being the case, I own, I did not put into his hands some of these things, nor a small rose-wood box of my Lady's, in which she always kept some locketts, and miniature pictures, and medals, and other such curiosities, and some family papers. Mr. Roker never saw this box, nor did I ever have the keys of it, for there are two belonging to it with a very particular lock; my late Lady always kept them in her purse; and it was only after her decease that they came into my possession; and thereupon opening the box, which Mr. Roker knew nothing of, I found a paper sealed up and dated in my Lady's own hand, and indorsed —“ Duplicate of my last Will and Testament, to be delivered to Orlando Somerive, or his Representative.”—I assure you that I had repented me before of the thing I had done in destroying the will, and now resolved to keep it in my power always to make you amends, by taking care of this; which I, knowing I could not do so if I had it in my own possession, put therefore into this box again, with the medals and family papers, and some jewels of no great value, but which I thought would be no harm to make sure of—because, as the proverb observes, things are in this world uncertain at best; and we all know where we eat our first bread, but none can tell where they shall eat their last. Mr. Roker was at that time a fond and affectionate husband; but men are but fickle, even the very best, and none can tell what may befall: by bad people especially, who

are so wicked to meddle and interfere between man and wife, to destroy all matrimonial comfort, as is too often the case.

“ Mr. Roker thought then of residing at the Hall as steward for the Bishop, &c.; but Dr. Hollybourn not being agreeable thereto, it was settled otherwise: only Mr. Roker and I were to go once a year to the Court holding for Manors, and to overlook the premisses till they were disposed of, according to the will of my Lady which was proved, which the worthy Divines seemed not to be in a great hurry to do—Whereupon, as I did not choose for many reasons to carry this small box about with me, I put it into a place of safety in the house.

“ If you have not forgot old times, Mr. Orlando, you know very well that Rayland Hall, which belonged to such famous cavaliers in the great rebellion, has a great many secret stair-cases, and odd passages, and hiding-places in it; where, in those melancholy times, some of my late Lady’s ancestors, who had been in arms for the blessed Martyr and King, Charles, were hid by others of the family after the fight at Edgehill, &c.—which I have heard my Lady oftentimes recount: but, nevertheless, I do not know that she herself knew all those places.

“ By the side of my bed, in that chamber hung partly with scarlet and gold printed leather, and partly with painting in pannels, where there is a brown mohair bed lined with yellow silk, you may remember a great picture of the Lady Alithea, second wife of the first Sir Hildebrand Rayland, with her two sons and a dog—She was an Earl’s daughter, and a celebrated beauty, and great great grandmother to my late Lady. The picture is only a copy from that in the great gallery, and done, as I have heard my Lady say, by some painter of that time when he was a young man—so that, as there

was another, this was not hung in the gallery. Close under that picture there seems to be a hanging of gilt leather: but this is only fastened with small hooks: and under it is a sliding oak board, which gives into a closet where there is no light—but a very narrow stair-case goes from it through the wall, quite round to the other side of the house, and into other hiding-places, where one or two persons might be hid for years, and nobody the wiser.

“Now, Sir, in a sort of hollow place about three feet wide, made like an arch under the thick wall in this closet, is a tin box with a padlock—and in that box this inlaid rose-wood box or casket. There you will find the real will of my Lady, and I hope all you wish and expect in it; and what I desire of you in return is, that you will take means to convince the world that I am not to blame; that I am not a lunatic; and you have so much honour, that I rely upon your promises not to injure me if it should be in your power; but to make me amends for what I thus lose for your sake and the sake of justice—as in your letter you faithfully promise.

“For that poor unfortunate young woman, the daughter of my deceased kinswoman, I do assure you that, if I knew what was become of her, I would give you notice. But she has never been heard of that I know of for a great many months—and I am afraid, from her flippant ways with my Mr. Roker before I was forced to send her away, has taken to courses very disgraceful, and which have made her unworthy of your farther thoughts. God forgive me if I judge amiss herein!—We must be charitable one towards another, as the Scripture says, poor sinful mortals, who have so much to answer for ourselves, as to be sure all of us have!

“And now, dear Sir, I take my leave, having

been four days writing this long letter by fits and snatches, when Mr. Roker's sister, who even sleeps in my room, has been out of the way; for she watches me like a jailor, and I am quite a prisoner: and have not pen and ink but by stealth. If I were to attempt to send this to the post, all would be lost: so I have trusted it to old Hugh March the beggar, by means of the servant girl, and I have given the old man the three keys. Heartily wishing you health and happiness I recommend myself to your prayers, as mine are for your success, and remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

RACHEL ROKER."

" P. S. Pray let me hear speedily by the bearer."

Orlando read this strange confession, this avowal of iniquity so black, mingled with appeals to Heaven, and sentences of religion, with such a palpitating heart, that, when he had finished it, he looked around him to discover whether he was alive—The objects about him seemed real—He saw the old man before him, who, after a long search in his other pocket, produced the three keys; and then pulling off the relics of an hat from his grey head; bowed with an air of much humility, and cried, Well, and what says my young master?—Does his lame messenger bring him bad news or good?—Ah, your honour is a noble gentleman, and will reward your old soldier!

That I will, my honest fellow! to the utmost of your wishes, as soon as I have discovered whether all this is real; but it seems to me at present that I am in a dream.

Wide awake, depend upon it, answered the beggar;—so come, dear young gentleman! will you go back to yon ale-house, and let us see what the good

news will do for us?—I do not very well know, indeed, what it is; but I know that I was promised that you could do me a power of good, if I delivered the letter and the keys safe.—You know I had promised afore to serve you by night and by day, and so I have.—Serve me a little longer, my brave old man! said Orlando; by preserving in the place we are going to the secrecy I desire of you, without which all may yet be lost.—Here, I will share my purse with you—Go back to the ale house, order whatever you like, and shew them that you have money to pay for it.—Do not make use of my name, nor say a word about Mrs. Roker till I return.—I must go to the next town, to consult a friend I have there on the best steps to be taken; in which, if I succeed, I will make thee the very prince of old soldiers.

Orlando then put some guineas into his hand, and saw him take the way to the ale-house, less rejoiced at his future hopes of reward, than at the power of immediate gratification. He somewhat doubted his discretion, but thought that a very few hours would put it out of the power of any indiscretion to mar the happy effects of Mrs. Roker's repentance:—and to set about securing this advantage, he hastened to his friend, Dawson, as he saw that too many precautions could not be taken in an affair so unusual and so important.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE young man to whom Orlando now applied, was very sincerely his friend, and possessed an acute and penetrating mind.—He saw at once all the importance of the business, and the hazard Orlando

would incur by the smallest delay. Mrs. Roker's letter evidently expressed a mind fluctuating between resentment towards her husband, and unwillingness to acknowledge the folly she had committed in marrying him; and as no great dependence could be placed on the repentance of a person under the influence of such a contrariety of passions, there was reason to fear that her love, or, what she fancied so, her pride, her avarice, and her fear, might unite to conquer the compunction she had shewn, and to make her discover the steps she had taken to her husband.

Dawson advised therefore an immediate application to a justice of peace, for a warrant to search the house that night; and as there was none resident in the town, Orlando set out with him in a post-chaise for the house of a magistrate, about seven miles distant, who had formerly been much acquainted with the Somerive family, and had been always full of professions of regard for them.

To this man, now in much higher affluence than formerly, by the acquisition of the fortunes of some of his relations, Dawson opened the business on which they came.

But here he had occasion to remark the truth of that observation *, which, whoever has seen many vicissitudes of fortune, must have too often beheld, as a melancholy evidence of the depravity of our nature, That in the misfortunes of our best friends, there is something not displeasing to us.—Far from appearing to rejoice at the probability which now offered itself, that the son of his old friend would be restored to the right of his ancestors, and from depressing indigence be raised to high prosperity, this gentleman seemed to take pains to throw difficulties

* Of La Rochefoucault.

in his way :—he doubted the letter from Mrs. Roker : he doubted the legality of his granting a warrant ; and it was not till after considerable delay, and long arguments, that he was at length prevailed upon to lend to Orlando the assistance of the civil power, without the immediate exertion of which, it seemed possible that his hopes might be again baffled.

Orlando was not without apprehensions, that this worthy magistrate might send immediate information of what was passing to Dr. Hollybourn ; and he determined, late as it was, to go to Rayland Hall that night. He set forward, therefore, attended by Dawson, two other young men of the same town, who were eager for his success, and the persons who were to execute the warrant. It was midnight when they arrived at the Hall—All was profoundly silent around it, and it had no longer the appearance of an inhabited house. The summons, however loud, was unanswered. As the men rapped violently at the old door of the servants hall, the sullen sounds murmured through the empty courts, and to their call only hollow echoes were returned. These attempts to gain admittance were repeated again and again without effect, and they began to conclude, that there was nobody within the house ; but at length some of them going round to another part of the house, the man who had the charge of it looked out of a window, and demanded their business.

Upon hearing there was a warrant and a constable, the fellow, who had deeply engaged in the same sort of business as that which used to be carried on by Pattenson and Company, imagined immediately that he had been informed against : but as there was no remedy, he came down with fear and trembling to open the door ; and it was a great relief to

him to learn, that it was only for a paper, which might occasion the house to change its master, but not for any of his effects that the intended search was to be made. The posse now proceeded to the place indicated by the letter of Mrs. Roker—the constable, a most magisterial personage, marching by the side of Orlando, while Dawson and his friends followed, with candles in their hands; and as silently they ascended the great stair-case, and traversed the long dark passages that led towards the apartment in question, Orlando could not, amid the anxiety of such a moment, help fancying, that the scene resembled one of those so often met with in old romances and fairy tales, where the hero is by some supernatural means directed to a golden key, which opens an invisible drawer, where a hand or an head is found swimming in blood, which it is his business to restore to the enchanted owner. With a beating heart, however, he saw the picture of the Lady Alithea removed, and the sliding board appear. On entering the closet, the tin box, covered with a green cloth, was discovered. The key which Orlando possessed opened it, and the casket was within it; which he unlocked, in the presence of all the persons present, and saw the important paper, exactly as it had been described by Mrs. Roker.

He now debated whether he should open it; but at length, with the advice of his friend Dawson, determined not to do so till his arrival in London. Replacing every thing else as it was found, and securing the closet and the room that led to it, he now hastened to reward the persons who had attended him on this search—and without resting, set out post with Dawson for London, where they arrived at nine o'clock the next morning.

Orlando hastened immediately to the house of his

mother, with sensations very different from those with which he had quitted it.—He found Monimia alone in the dining room, pensively attentive to the two children of Isabella, who were playing on the carpet.—She received him with that degree of transport which shewed itself in tears; nor could he prevail upon her for a moment or two to be more composed, and to answer his enquiries after his mother and his sisters.—She at length told him, that Mrs. Somerive had been so much affected by the visits her brother had made during his absence, by his reproaches for her false indulgence to both her sons, and by his total dislike to the marriage of Orlando (which he had represented as the most absurd folly, and as the utter ruin of his nephew) and by the disposition he (Mr. Woodford) shewed to withdraw all assistance from her and her two youngest daughters, if she did not wholly withdraw all countenance both from Orlando and Isabella, that Mrs. Somerive was actually sinking under the pain such repeated instances of cruelty had inflicted; and had determined, rather than continue to be obliged to a brother who was capable of thus empoisoning the favours her circumstances obliged her to accept, to quit London, discharge all but one servant, and to retire to some cheap part of Wales or Scotland, where the little income she possessed might be more sufficient to their support.

Orlando, who felt that some precaution was necessary, in revealing to Monimia the fortunate reverse that now presented itself, was considering how to begin this propitious discovery, when his mother, who eagerly expected him, having learned from the servants that he was arrived, sent down Selina to beg to see him.

She put back the curtain as he came into the room; and held out her hand to him, but was un-

able to speak.—The mournful particulars she expected, which however she had not courage to ask, filled her heart with bitterness, and her eyes with tears.

Orlando, affected by the looks and the pathetic silence of his mother, kissed with extreme emotion the hand she gave him—He thanked her, after a moment's silence, for her goodness to Monimia during the few days of his absence; and entreated her to be in better spirits. He then gradually discovered to her, by a short and clear relation of what had happened, the assurance he now had, which the transactions of that evening would, he hoped, confirm, of a speedy change in their circumstances.

The heart of Mrs. Somerive, so long accustomed only to sorrow and solicitude, was no longer sensible of those acute feelings which agitate the warm and sanguine bosom of youth; but to hear that her children, for whom only she wished to live, were likely to be at once rescued from the indigence which impended over them, and secured in affluence and prosperity, could not be heard with calmness. At length both herself and her son acquired composure enough to consider of the proper steps to be taken. Every person interested was summoned to attend that evening at the house of Mrs. Somerive, who found herself animated enough to be present at the opening of the will, at which all who were sent for were present, except Doctor Hollybourn (who sent his attorney) and the Rokers. The elder only sent a protest against it by his clerk; and the younger thought it safer immediately to disappear.

It was found on the perusal of this important paper, and the codicils belonging to it, that, with the exception of five thousand pounds, and two hun-

dred a-year for her life, to her old companion Lenard, Mrs. Rayland had given every thing she possessed, both real and personal, to Orlando, without any other restriction than settling the whole of the landed estate of the Rayland family on his male heirs, and appropriating a sum of money to purchase the title of a Baronet, and for an act to enable him to take and bear the name and arms of Rayland only.

The subsequent proceedings were easy and expeditious. Against a will so authenticated all opposition was vain; and within three weeks Orlando was put in possession of his estate, and Doctor Hollybourn obliged, with extreme reluctance, not only to deliver up all of which he and his brother had taken into their hands, but to refund the rents and the payments for timber; which operation went to the poor Doctor's heart. There are some men who have such an extreme affection for money, even when it does not belong to them, that they cannot determine to part with it when once they get possession of it. Of this order was the worthy Doctor; who, with charity and urbanity always in his mouth, had an heart rendered callous by avarice, and a passion for the swinish gratifications of the table, to which the possession of Rayland Hall, the gardens and hot-houses of which he alone kept up, had lately so considerably contributed, that he could not bear to relinquish them; and actually suffered so much from mortification that he was obliged to go to Bath to cure a bilious illness, which vexation and gluttony contributed to bring on.

Orlando lost no time in rescuing the unfortunate Mrs. Roker from the hands of her tyrant; who, in order to incapacitate her from giving that testimony which he knew was in her power, and with which she often had threatened him, had taken out

against her a commission of lunacy. It was superseded on the application of Orlando, who himself immediately conducted Mrs. Roker to Rayland Hall; where he put her in possession of the apartments she had formerly occupied; and employed her to superintend, as she was still active and alert, the workmen whom he directed to repair and re-furnish the house, and the servants whom he hired to prepare it for the reception of its lovely mistress. He forbore to pursue Roker himself, as he might have done; having no pleasure in revenge, and being rather solicitous to give to those he loved future tranquillity, than to avenge on others those past misfortunes, which perhaps served only to make him more sensible of his present felicity.

Fortune, as if weary of the long persecutions the Somerive family had experienced, seemed now resolved to make them amends by showering her favours upon every branch of it. Warwick had hardly rejoiced a week in the good fortune of Orlando, when he received a summons to attend General Tracy; who, quite exhausted by infirmity, saw the end of his life approaching, and sacrificed his resentment, which time had already considerably weakened. He was not, however, yet able to see Isabella; but his pride had been alarmed by the accounts he had received of Warwick's distressed circumstances, and above all, of his having a play coming forward at one of the theatres; which, though it was to pass as the work of an unknown young author, with a suppositious name, was well known to be, and publicly spoken of as his. That *his* nephew—that the nephew of an Earl should become an author and write for support, was so distressing to the haughty spirit of the old soldier, that though he saw many examples of the same thing in people of equal rank, he could not bear it;

and the very means his brother's family took to irritate him against Warwick, by informing him of this circumstance, contributed more than any thing else to the resolution he formed of seeing his nephew, and restoring him to his favour. Warwick immediately agreed to withdraw his play. His uncle burnt the will by which he had been disinherited, and died about five months afterwards, bequeathing to his two boys by Isabella, all his landed estates, after their father, who was to enjoy them, together with his great personal property, for his life.

In the mean time the happy Orlando had conducted his lovely wife, his mother and his sisters, to Rayland Hall; where, without spoiling that look of venerable antiquity for which it was so remarkable, he collected within it every comfort and every elegance of modern life. With what grateful transports did he now walk with Monimia over the park, and talk with her of their early pleasures and of their severe subsequent sufferings! and how sensible did these retrospects render them both of their present happiness!

Orlando was only a few weeks in undisputed possession of his estate, before he presented to each of his sisters five thousand pounds; and to add to his power of gratifying his mother, it happened that very soon after his arrival at Rayland Hall Mr. Stockton died, the victim of that intemperance which exorbitant wealth and very little understanding had led him into. As he had no children, his very large property was divided among distant relations, his joint-heirs; Carloraine Castle was sold, pulled down by the purchaser, and the park converted into farms; and in this division of property, the house and estate at West Wolverton, formerly belonging to the Somerive family, were to be sold also. This his paternal house had been inhabited

by farmers, under tenants of Stockton, when Orlando's last melancholy visit was paid to it. He now purchased it; and putting it as nearly as he could into the same state as it was at the death of his father, he presented it to his mother with the estate around it; and thither she went to reside with her two youngest daughters, though they all occasionally paid visits to the Hall, particularly Selina, of whom Orlando and Monimia were equally fond.

Incapable of ingratitude, or of forgetting for a moment those to whom he had once been obliged, Orlando was no sooner happy in his restored fortune, than he thought of the widow of his military friend Fleming. To Fleming himself he owed it, that he existed at all;—to his widow, that an existence so preserved, had not been rendered a curse by the estrangement or loss of Monimia.

One of the first uses therefore that he made of his assured prosperity, was, to remove from this respectable protectress of his beloved Monimia, the mortifications and inconveniences of very narrow circumstances. He wrote to her, entreating to see her at the Hall with her children, and that she would stay there at least till after the accession of happiness he was to expect in the autumn. Towards the middle of September, Mrs. Fleming and her younger children arrived; and in a few days afterwards Monimia's gallant young friend the sailor, to whom she owed her providential introduction to Mrs. Fleming, unexpectedly made his appearance. He returned from a very successful cruize; he was made a lieutenant, and had obtained leave of absence for ten days, to comfort with these tidings the heart of his widowed mother; when, not finding her at her usual habitation in the New Forest, he had followed her to Rayland Hall, where he was a most welcome guest.

This young man, who was in disposition and in figure the exact representative of his father, could not long be insensible of the charms of the gentle Selina; and he spoke to Orlando of the affection he had conceived for her, with his natural sincerity. Orlando, who never felt the value of what he possessed, so much as when it enabled him to contribute to the happiness of his friends, seized with avidity an offer which seemed so likely to constitute that of his beloved sister; and he had the happiness in a few days of discovering that the old sea officer, Fleming's relation and patron, was so well pleased with his gallant behaviour in the engagement he had lately been in, that he had determined to make him his heir, and most readily consented to make a settlement upon him more than adequate to the fortune Orlando had given his sister; and it was settled that Selina and Lieutenant Fleming should in a few months be united.

Orlando was very soon after made completely happy by the birth of a son, to whom he gave his own name, and who seemed to render his charming mother yet more dear to all around her. Every subsequent hour of the lives of Orlando and his Monimia was marked by some act of beneficence; and happy in themselves and in their connections, their gratitude to Heaven for the extensive blessings they enjoyed, was shewn in contributing to the cheerfulness of all around them.

In the number of those who felt the sunshine of their prosperity, and prayed for its continuance, no individual was more sincere in his joy, or more fervent in repeated expressions of it, than the useful old military mendicant, whose singular services Orlando rewarded by making him the tenant for life of a neat and comfortable lodge in his park—an arrangement that gratified both the dependent and his

protector.—Orlando never passed through his own gate without being agreeably reminded, by the grateful alacrity of this contented servant, of his past afflictions, and his present felicity.

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